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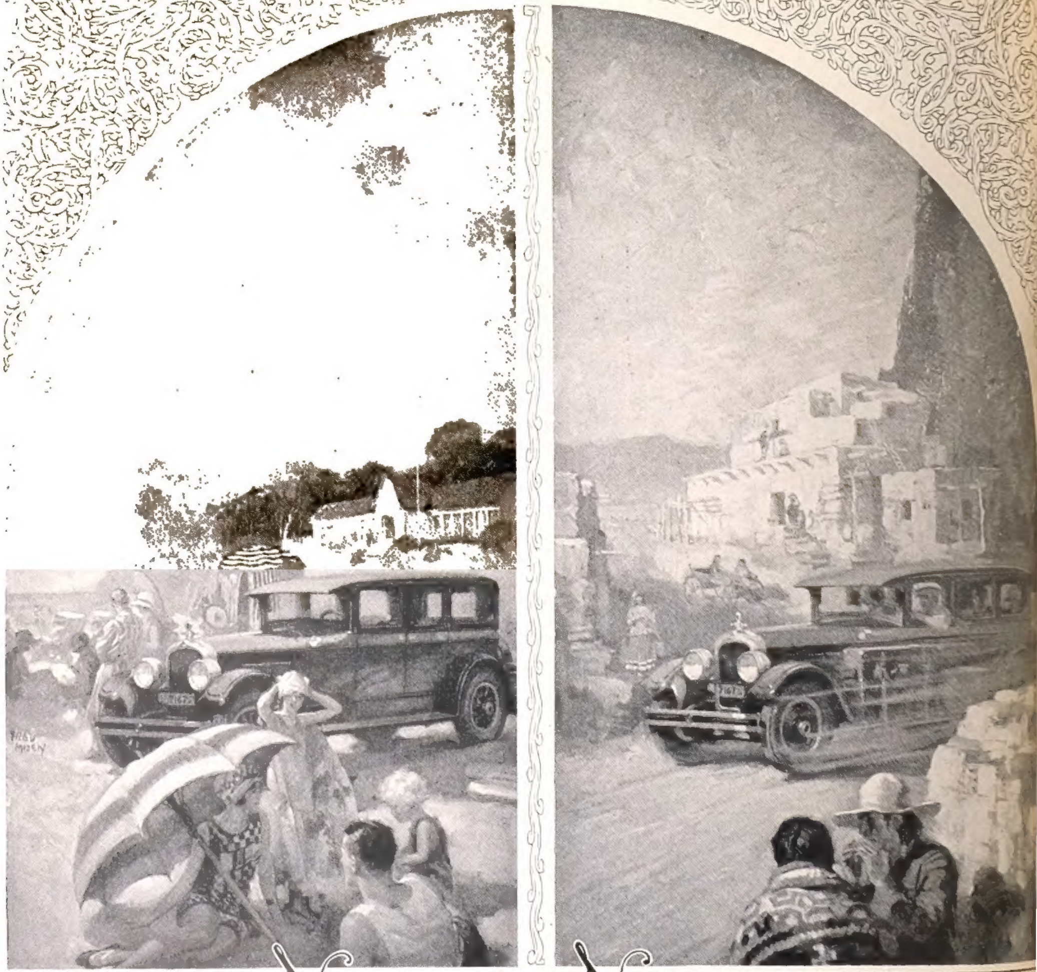

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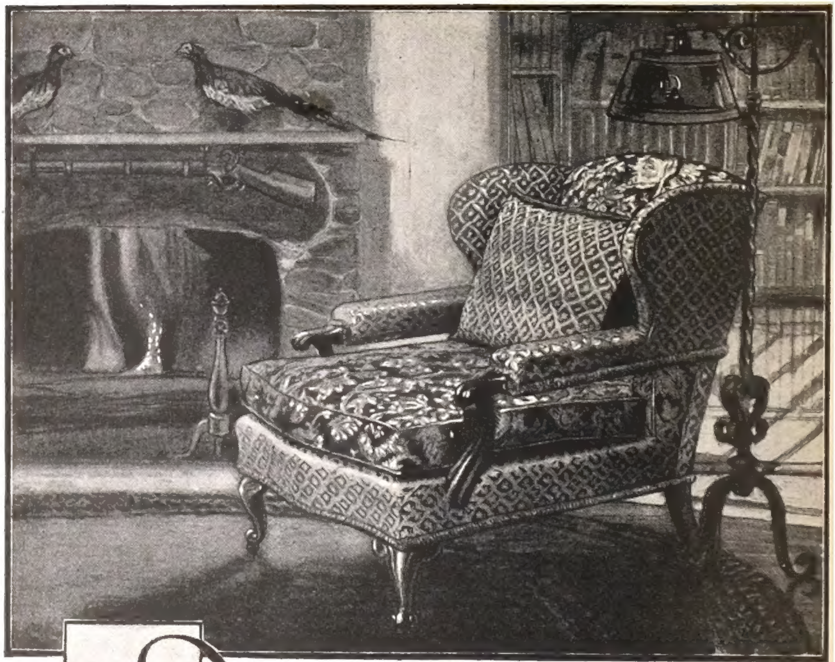

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VOLUME II
Number 9

SEPTEMBER
1925

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:
WM. LYON PHELPS · STUART P. SHERMAN · JOHN COTTON DANA · CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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ALBERT SHAW, Pres. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec. and Treas.

Some Persons of Importance

The Arabs—who have always been the best story tellers—have stated that there are only seven stories in the world. The complications of what is called Social Progress have not increased the number. They have rather restricted it. The emotions can do no more with dollars and girders than they used to be able to do with magic carpets and languishing houris. People love, hate, struggle and fructify, and to set down their story is a nice respectable craft with a fine old tradition—very like chairmaking.

STACY AUMONIER.

IF ONE were asked who Stacy Aumonier was, it would be almost sufficient to say he was the man who wrote "A Source of Irritation."

Yet Mr. Aumonier's reputation rests chiefly on stories that tend more to memorably dramatic episodes, and to subtle delvings into human nature, than to humor of this frankness.

He was born in 1887, became a decorative designer and landscape painter, exhibiting at the big shows, and did not start writing till 1913. Four novels and half a dozen books of short stories have come from his pen since; and there are a great many people today who pick out from any magazine a tale signed by him, with a pleasant sense of anticipation.

* * *

I doubt if "Movements" or "Societies" have often been a vital factor in the production of permanent works of literary art. Literature results from the reactions of a sensitive personality to life and ideas. It is as necessarily individual as any other form of art.

Yet when one looks at the body of poetry, plays and stories which has grown from the efforts of the men and women associated with the Irish Literary Revival, it does seem as if in this case the favorable atmosphere, and the focussing of interest, had really helped. The Southwark Irish Literary Club was formed in 1883; in 1892 it developed into the Irish Literary Club of London; and that same year, in Dublin, the Pan Celtic Society became the National Literary Society, initiated by W. B. Yeats and John T. Kelly.

The total output of the writers associated with this movement would form a large library in itself; and, far more important, the plays of Synge and Lady Gregory, and Lord Dunsany, the poems of Yeats and a few by Alfred Perceval Graves, would in themselves justify the whole effort.

Lady Augusta Gregory has for twenty-five years thrown herself heart and soul into the attempt to express the Celtic soul, by comedies, dramas, poems, tales and collections of folk-lore. Herself a Galway woman, she has a rare perception of those elusive qualities of her folk which baffle the Sassenach or any other foreigner; and she has been the most prolific of all the group in the field of the stage.

* * *

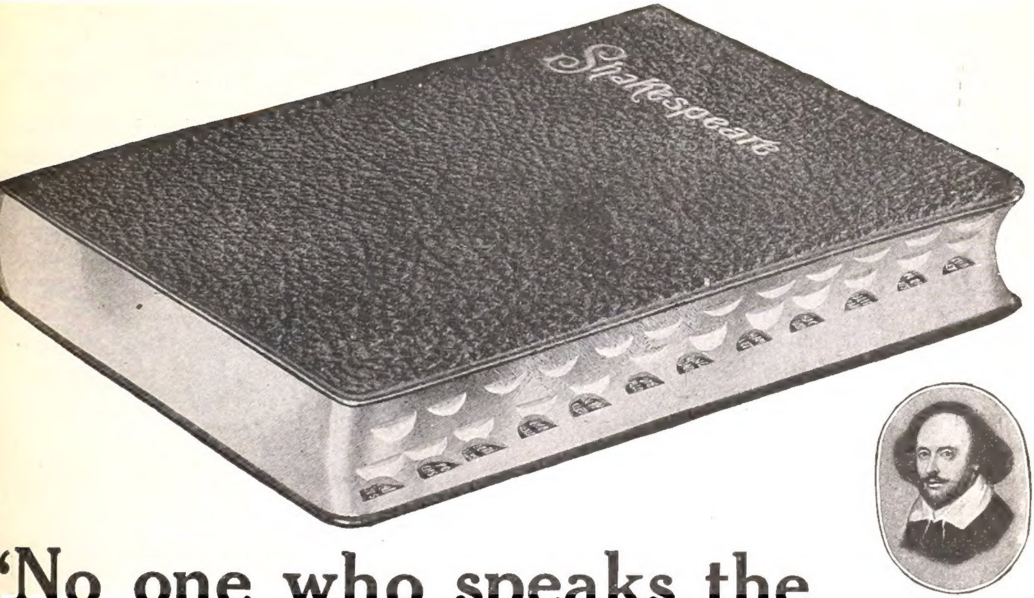
DRISHANE

There was a carved white and gray marble chimney-piece of charming design brought by my great-grandfather from Italy; no lady could require anything more austerely refined, but it, unfortunately, has been slowly destroyed by successive village masons, in the course of exhumations of the corpses of rats and mice; what one of my uncles called a mouse-oleum having been established under the hearth-stone. (It was of this uncle, my mother's elder brother, and of his hound-like gift of locating mouse-oleums, that one of the masons said:

"Surely Sir Joscelyn's the illigant pilot for a shtink!"

EDITH Œ. SOMERVILLE.

(Continued on page 6)



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(*Continued from page 4*)

I am inclined to think that fifty years from now, some of the sporting tales of "Somerville and Ross" will rank higher, as humor and as lasting pictures of interesting humans, than the "classic" stories of the Irishman at home and abroad.

"Some Experiences of an Irish R. M." appeared first in 1899, after having been published serially in the *Badminton Magazine*. The public response demanded fourteen reprints in the next ten years; then the book was reset and has ever since continued to make new friends on both sides of the water. It was followed by "Further Experiences," "In Mr. Knox's Country," and at least seven other volumes—novels, travels and reminiscences—beside a series of "Sporting Picture Books" for younger readers (for Miss Somerville is artist as well as author and M. F. H.). "Philippa's Fox Hunt," in this issue, will be followed by a number of other inimitable tales from these volumes.

It requires no special knowledge of fox-hunting to enjoy these exquisitely humorous episodes—so quietly and naturally presented that one is apt to lose sight of their literary skill. If you have not made the acquaintance of Mrs. Knox of Aussolas, and her grandson Flurry, and Dr. Hickey and the devious Slipper—you have something coming to you.

* * *

I wish I could capture the care-free state of mind in which Mark Twain once came into the office.

It was in those days when *Everybody's Magazine* was evolving from a house-organ of John Wanamaker's into a real magazine. Mark Twain strolled in without any announcement, sat down by my desk, and told me he had an advertisement he wanted me to run in *Everybody's*.

He produced a badly typewritten sheet, his eyes sparkling beneath his shaggy brows.

It was an announcement of a magical "Golden Discovery," a veritable *aurum potabile* which cured every ill known to man. The price was $1—*a drop*.

Even though his name was not to appear, the editor was all for it, and the "copy" was promptly passed on. But unfortunately the advertising department had had its sense of humor somewhat stunned by its impact with uninterested advertisers: such a wail of anguish arose from its earnest cohorts that the plan had to be abandoned.

What I should like to do, if I could reach these heights, would be to secure the complicity of an author whose books sell by the hundred thousand, and publish over his signature one of the best novels of George Meredith, changing not a word except the names of the characters. What do you suppose would be the result?

For instance, "The Adventures of Harry Richmond." This was published something more than fifty years ago. I do not know the facts, but I should be surprised to learn that more than ten thousand copies have been sold in America, whereas there have been surely fifty novels in the last twenty-five years that have reached a circulation of a hundred thousand to half a million.

Yet, forgetting everything else, ignoring the fact that Meredith was surely the greatest mind devoting itself to fiction in English during that period—"Harry Richmond" is as absorbing a *story* as anything I can remember. If it secured the popular start of a new book by one of the writers whose forthcoming work is assured of an advance sale of a hundred thousand, would it not have an easier time in making its way among the "best sellers" than "Main Street," which so many people seem to have struggled through because they were ashamed not to have done so?

Alas! A test seems impossible. The nearest thing which seems practicable is to offer you the beginning of a novelette (complete in three instalments) in the lighter vein of this master of the heart's secrets. "The Tale of Chloe" has almost none of the compression or elliptical "manner" which many seem to find formidable; despite its triumphantly sad ending, it is a sparkling tale of Bath in its glory under Beau Beamish; and it adds, in poor Chloe and that irresistibly beautiful child of nature, Duchess Susan, two figures to Meredith's unmatched collection of "women any man might love."

(*Continued on page 8*)

The Gay Life of a Picaroon

Le Sage has the characteristic, which Homer and Shakespeare have, of absolute truth to human nature.
Encyclopædia Britannica.

Rouses our sense of humor as well as keenest interest.
Encyclopædia Americana.

ng, like D'Artagnan, a sleepy seventeenth ury village, young Gil Blas with forty ts and a mule, came face to face with life its temptations. In a wonderful book he tells the story of his many adventures; how he ut to become a student at Salamanca; was taught by bitter experience not to trust innkeepers and flatterers; forced to join a band of robbers; how an adventuress cozened him; became a lackey to a doctor, then practised as a doctor himself; how he sets up for a gallant and fights a duel; what came of writing love-letters for a rakish master; how he became steward to an actress and what happened during his life among stage folk; how he entered the service of an archbishop; tasted life at a corrupt court and learned the disadvantage of being honest there; how he and a young noble duped a grandee; how he rose to high place and had lackeys of his own, but fell again.

After many years of this adventurous picaroon life he rides back to his native village a wiser and better man, still retaining his cheerfulness and good-humored philosophy. And as he rides he thinks over all that has passed—of the meanness, cruelty, and wickedness of himself and others, and thanks God that he has passed through all and arrived at a stage in life when he sincerely repents. Although Gil Blas often saw the seamy side of life, he remains a decent sort of fellow, the story of whose adventures the world has enjoyed for over two centuries. He is

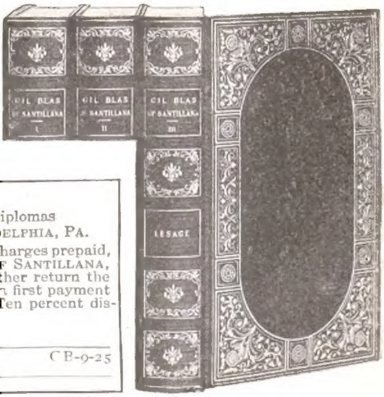
A Lovable Vagabond

accepts the gift of the gods or the buffets of misfortune with admirable equanimity; and who, when the life picaroon ends, is at last truly happy in the midst of a family.

ince of Raconteurs *Most Readable of all Great Books*

he picaresque novel, that of the roguish adventurous hero, has always *the* novel for men. This one has a sauce piquant of its own, its style elightful, and it is vivid with a realism in advance of the time. It will inue to fascinate as long as human nature exists.

e Sage, the genius who wrote this greatest of all novels of adventure, lled the prince of raconteurs by Dr. Saintsbury, Professor of French rature in Oxford University.



ll is easy and good-humored, gay, light, and . . . . faults are follies rather than vices.
Sir Walter Scott.

ur edition, the best translation with beautiful illusons and handsomely bound, is printed from the same s as the edition limited to one thousand sets on Japan m paper published at $45.00, all of which were rly subscribed for by shrewd collectors. This is of- at a very low price. YOU SHOULD AT LEAST SEE IT have satisfied half a million customers and are sure an you. Have a set sent, read the first volume, and u like it send the first payment, ONLY $1.70, within days, and the balance in two monthly remittances.

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(*Continued from page 6*)

Gabriele d'Annunzio's story, "Turlendana Returns," offers a notable case of literary parallelism. De Maupassant, in "The Home-Coming," had written precisely the same account of an Enoch Arden happening, in which a supposedly dead husband returns to find his wife re-married.

In both cases, too, the almost bovine acceptance of the situation by all parties (except the new baby) is insisted on. Little enough here of that tragic soul-searching which Lord Tennyson makes us witness in Enoch.

If one could figure out what an overwhelming proportion of our tragedy is due to the refinements of what we admit to be a higher civilization—perhaps we might not be so sentimental over those "animal tragedies" that have filled many volumes of the nature writers in late years.

D'Annunzio is sixty-one years old, and has written since, at the age of fifteen, he produced his first story, "Cincinnato," and sold it to the *Fanfulla della Domenica* for fifty francs. Assuming that the often-published accounts of his treatment of Duse are even approximately correct, I should say that whatever he has to give the world must be looked for in his books rather than in his life. But he has not failed to narrate, in his "Confessions," how he became a great craftsman in words, and many other personal matters.

❧

Fitz-James O'Brien was a Limerick man, who got rid of a fortune in London and in 1852, aged twenty-four, came to America to pick up another one. He was a successful journalist, short-story writer, and dramatist, "A Gentleman from Ireland" holding its popularity on the stage for some decades. Joining the Seventh Regiment of New Yorkers in 1861, he was wounded next year and died a few months later.

The story of mystery and horror was then in the ascendent, under the powerful stimulus given this kind of tale by Poe; and O'Brien's efforts in this field are most ingenious and effective. William Winter made a collection of his poems and stories in 1881.

❧

Talbot Mundy spent nearly ten years in British Government service in India and East Africa before coming here in 1911. He is a born story-teller, and he has a touch of that faculty of making a stay-at-home fancy he's getting glimpses into dark and alluring mysteries wherein Mr. Kipling is almost supreme among contemporary authors.

I'm inclined to think that Mr. Mundy would rank a great deal higher, in a literary view, if he had written less and put a little more of what he really seems to have into some of his absorbing romances. Still, that is easy to say; and it remains beyond question that he has not only produced tales which carry one along irresistibly, but has created several characters who remain in the memory as real persons, fit subjects for that hero worship which every normal male, of whatever age, accords to d'Artagnan and Athos.

❧

One thinks of Gilbert K. Chesterton as a sort of mental volcano, in an almost perpetual state of eruption. History, poems, essays, polemics, travel, detective stories—out it all spouts, usually in a white-hot state. So prodigious is the vigor of his mind that he is always interesting; his beloved paradoxes, his joy in tilting at popular beliefs, make the mind start pleasantly, have the fascination of any powerful agent at work.

My own opinion is that his "Father Brown" tales are among the best efforts of our day in the over-written field of detective stories. The complete incongruity of the lovable, shabby, insignificant little clergyman, and the crimes he solves, is an effective, if obvious, trick; and Mr. Chesterton does not take undue advantage in working out his problem from the solution, nor does he let his hero's method become too much of a formula. "Arsène Lupin," of course, has a Gallic audacity and brilliance beyond any of these fiction

(*Continued on page 10*)

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Here is your chance to own the unexpurgated Autobiography *of* Benvenuto Cellini

Joseph Schildkraut as Cellini and Nana Bryant as the Duchess in the play, "The Firebrand."

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Live with him through hundreds of extraordinary escapades, where life hangs on the flickering flame of a candle, or is staked on the toss of a coin. Sit in his studio while he models the grim features of Cesar Borgia, or the gracious limbs and throat of the frail *Bona Roba* of Florence.

Go with him to that amazing party in honor of Michael Angelo, where each guest brought the most beautiful girl he knew, and where Cellini snatched the prize by introducing a boy in women's robes, his hair dressed by the waiting lady of a queen.

All this in one handy 454-page volume

Old-fashioned editions of this master work, by no means available in all libraries, comprise two or three bulky volumes. But now you may have it in a single beautiful book, complete and unexpurgated—just as it came from Cellini's pen.

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You have seen, perhaps, in New York, "The Firebrand," a popular play with Benvenuto Cellini as hero. Not only in drama has this amazing book been immortalized, but even on the operatic stage. A vivid picture of the most vivid period in art, and in social and political history. Everything Cellini did or failed to do during his long life is crowded, as jewels into a treasure vault, into this flashing volume.

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(*Continued from page 8*)

man-catchers; but Father Brown carries conviction. On the whole, if you are thinking of committing a murder, better choose almost any other sleuth-hound to elude rather than him.

* * *

Andrew Lang (1844-1912) was my ideal of a truly cultivated man. Translator of Homer; authority on English, French and Greek literature; specialist in recondite matters of Jacobite history; completely at home in anthropology, folk-lore, telepathy, psychical research, and heaven knows what else;—he informed every subject with his charming and alert spirit. I fancy a collection of his "works" would run to at least forty volumes, as diverse as "Angling Sketches," "Custom and Myth," and "Letters to Dead Authors"; but one could be quite sure, no matter what the topic, of finding a human quality, and a lively interest, and the perspective of a man who had read and thought and lived—always along with the most graceful, easy, yet searching, humor.

"The Romance of the First Radical" appeared in a volume, "In the Wrong Paradise," published nearly forty years ago and completely forgotten—except by a few enthusiastic admirers—like the famous librarian who called it to my attention.

* * *

Many people think Luigi Pirandello is the most significant figure in modern Italian literature.

His "Six Characters in Search of an Author" is certainly one of the most original conceptions of the contemporary drama; and the whimsicality of its involuted idea, while it amused the audiences when it was produced here after being a season's sensation in Italy, rather obscured the author's underlying point of view.

What really interests Pirandello is to show, again and again, with subtle irony, with a most vivid grasp of character, that it is almost impossible to understand the complete motives behind another person's actions. Life is a mystery, human nature is unfathomable. Meanwhile, one can smile, one can respond to the pity, and terror and drama and poetry of it all.

Both drama and irony have full swing in the powerful tale in this issue, "A Mere Formality."

H. W. L.

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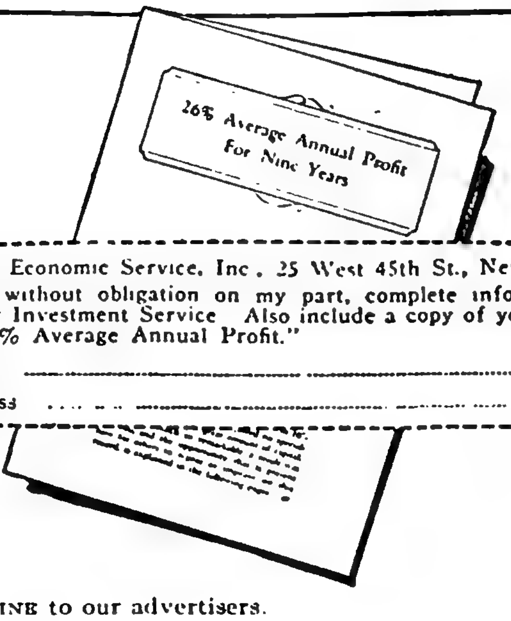

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A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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Stocks for Investment

By the Investment Editor

A growing volume of purchases of stocks for investment is reported by houses which specialize in "odd lots," or less than hundred share transactions. This is not surprising considering the favorable attention that stocks as investments have received in recent writings such as H. S. Sturgis' "Investment a New Profession," Edgar L. Smith's "Common Stocks as Long Term Investments," to which attention was called on this page last month, and a series of articles in Barron's Weekly giving the results of investigations similar to those of Mr. Smith's which compared investments in stocks and bonds back as far as the Civil War.

It is a question whether this turn to stocks is not taking place at a time when the outlook for stocks is less favorable than it has been in the past and when the outlook for bonds is favorable. It was pointed out here last month that Mr. Byron W. Holt was the first to publicly advocate the purchase of common stocks, or equities, as against bonds, because he foresaw a period of advancing prices ahead. That was in the early years of the present century and subsequent events proved how correct Mr. Holt was at that time. Because of his clear vision as to the trend of investment conditions then, it has been most interesting to the writer to receive his views as to the present outlook. They are contained in a letter relating to the investment article which appeared in the Golden Book for August. I am taking the liberty of quoting from Mr. Holt's letter.

"Prices rise or fall (1) because of an increasing or decreasing supply of money—that is gold, (2) because of a diminishing or increasing supply of goods. From 1896-7 to 1914 the dominant factor was the increasing supply of gold. From 1914 to 1920 the dominant factor was the diminishing supply of goods.

"As commodity prices rise or fall the prices of bonds tend to fall or rise—not because people demand a higher return on their money when the cost of living is high, but because of fundamental economic reasons. When commodity prices are rising, producers and middlemen are always speculating—that is, buying more than for their immediate requirements. This makes a demand for money and money rates advance. It is rising and high money rates that cause prices of good securities with fixed incomes to decline.

"Of course this process is reversed when the money sup
is declining (as it is not now, except relatively) or when th
goods supply is increasing—as it now is rapidly.

"My guess is that we are in for five or ten years of fall
prices and wages in this country, and that the prices of m
bonds will hold up or advance while the prices of most i
dustrial common stocks will lose much of their gains of rec
years."

Those who read Professor Irving Fisher's article in th
July *Review of Reviews* on "Stocks vs. Bonds" will rea
that he accepted the theory that stocks are a better inve
ment than bonds without qualification and without refere
to what future conditions might be. It should be sa
however, that Professor Fisher believes commodity pr
are not coming down. His view is that the greater use
credit currency is responsible for rising prices and that th
supply of goods has little to do with it. He thinks ther
more likely to be inflation than deflation during the ne
five years and that prices of commodities will rem
stable.

On this point it is clear that Mr. Holt and Profe
Fisher differ. As the former said in his letter, "History w
prove which is correct." But regardless of this point, the
is at present a temporary condition in regard to stock pr
that it might be well for investors to take into considerati
even though they accept Professor Fisher's view as to th
future price trend and are inclined to buy for investme
common stocks of companies whose business is likely to gr
with the future growth of the country. At present indust
stocks are selling at higher levels than they ever have in th
past, and when the rate of dividend return which they give
taken into consideration, leading industrial stocks are fou
to be selling to return less on their market prices than th
have at any time since the high prices of 1905 and 1906.
might therefore be well for those contemplating investm
in such stocks to wait until a good downward swing
the market places them on a higher yield basis to sta
with.

Of course the next downward swing may not carry all indu
trial stocks down with it. If the investor could pick those th
will not decline, his stock purchases might be made at o
time as well as another. But the greatest safeguard to inve
ments in stocks is wide distribution of risks by selection
a diversified list, and in the case of most any list that mi
be chosen it is probable that there will come a time be
a great while when the total cost will be less and the avera
return on the investment higher than they are today. If th
investor buys then, he will not be in as bad a position if M
Holt's view as to the general trend of prices is correct a

(*Continued on page 14*)

Do you know good cloth when you see it?

A good-looking suit can be tailored from well-woven shoddy and only an expert could know on first inspection that it was not pure wool. But *Time* will not fail to reveal the difference to any buyer. Most men, therefore, not being specialists in textiles, place their confidence in a tailoring firm whose reputation is the assurance of quality.

Investing is much like buying a suit. It is, indeed, the cloth from which your future income is cut. Its fabric must have the virtue of durability.

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Careful buying is always rewarded in terms of *future* value and satisfaction; not by cheapness of price nor, in every case, by attractiveness in original appearance. The well-informed investor follows that principle insistently in the purchase of his securities. He knows that here, as in buying any other article for immediate or future enjoyment, the reputation and experience of the Company he deals with are reflected in greater profit and protection to himself.

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BONDS SHOULD BE KNOWN BY THE COMPANY THEY KEEP

(*Continued from page 12*)

at a better starting point if Professor Fisher is correct. He would also have the additional advantage of the test of a short time at least applied to the views of these two men.

The market situation in regard to the railroad stocks differs somewhat from that of the industrials, and although the railroads, because of their stricter regulation and more definite limitation as to business, do not have the same possibilities of growing in value that some industrial companies may have, yet at this time they may hold the best investment opportunities in the stock field. The *Wall Street Journal* has recently shown that although the average price of the twenty railroad stocks used in compiling the Dow-Jones average is now comparatively high, yet on the basis of dividend return to price they have sold higher in five out of the past eleven years, and on the basis of earnings to price they have sold relatively higher in seven out of the past eleven years. In this their market position differs from that of the industrial stocks as shown above. On the other hand, in any substantial downward market swing in the industrial list the railroad issues are likely to participate to some extent at least for purely technical market reasons.

For the investor who has accepted the forceful arguments that have appeared recently in favor of common stocks as long term investments, possibly the best course to follow at the present time would be the purchase of high grade short term notes or bonds coming due from one to three years hence. These could be realized upon with little or no loss at a time when stock prices might be lower, and, as said before, it may be more clearly evident at that time what the trend of commodity prices is going to be for the next several years. As a matter of fact some of the ablest managers of investments are now investing the funds in their charge in just such liquid securities as here suggested, with a view to waiting to see what is going to happen.

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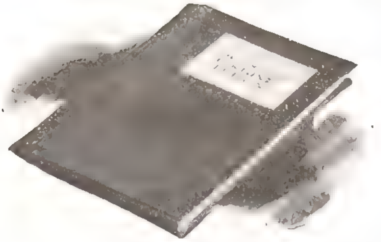

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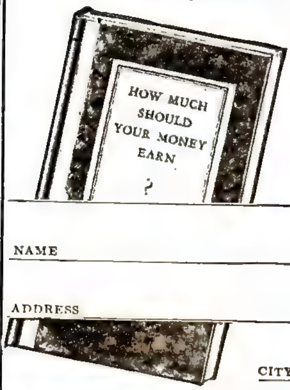

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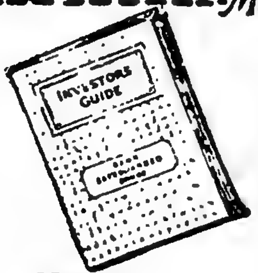

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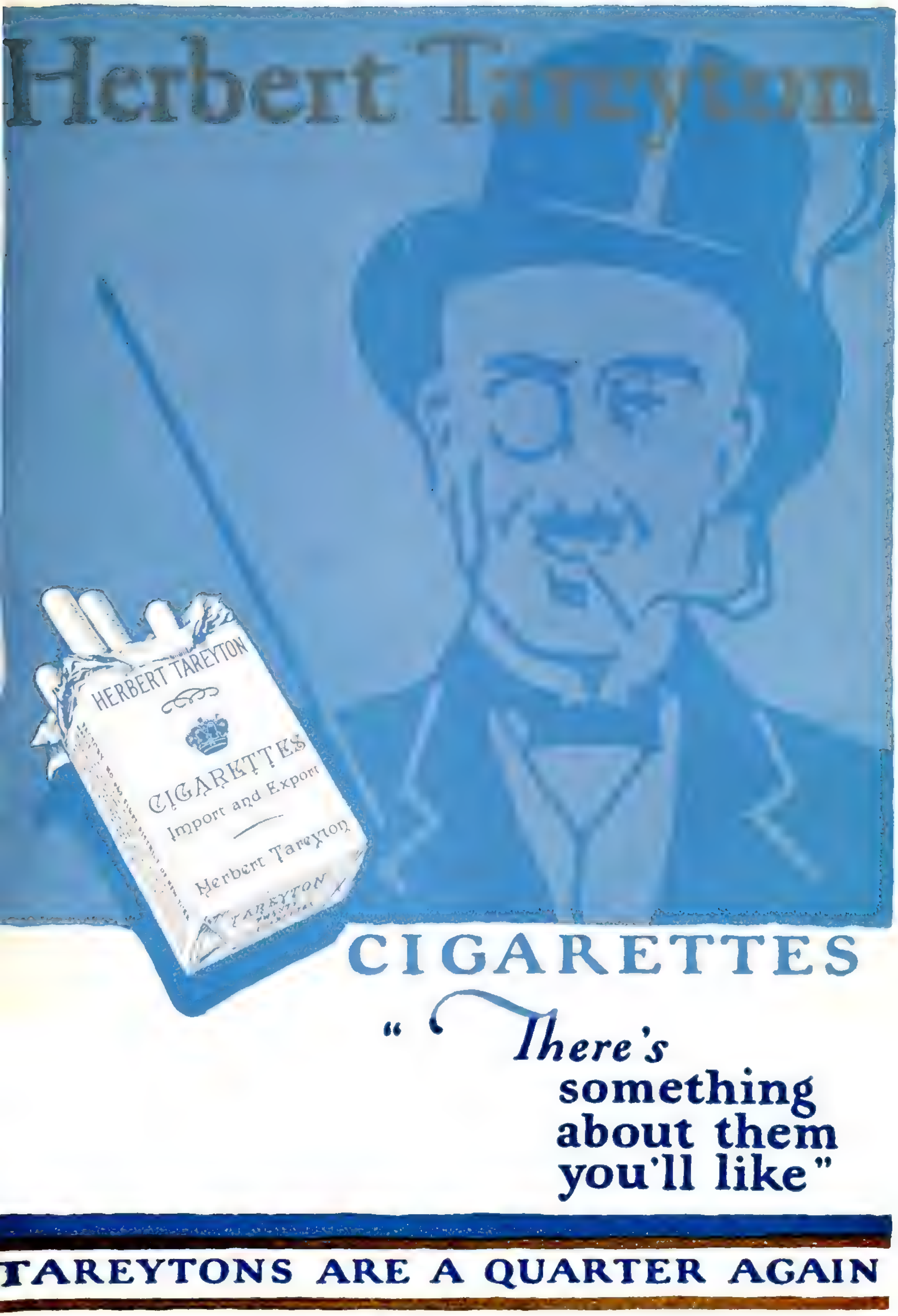
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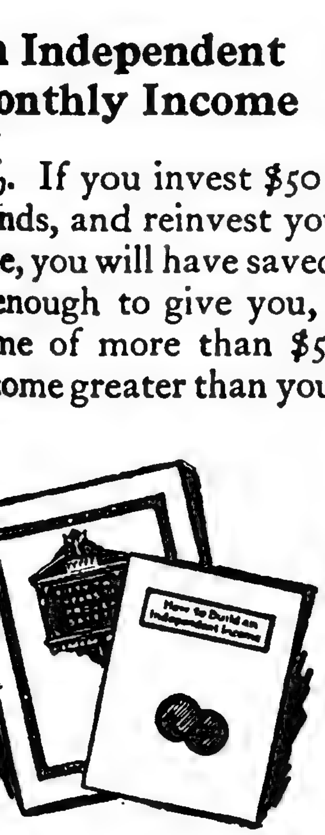
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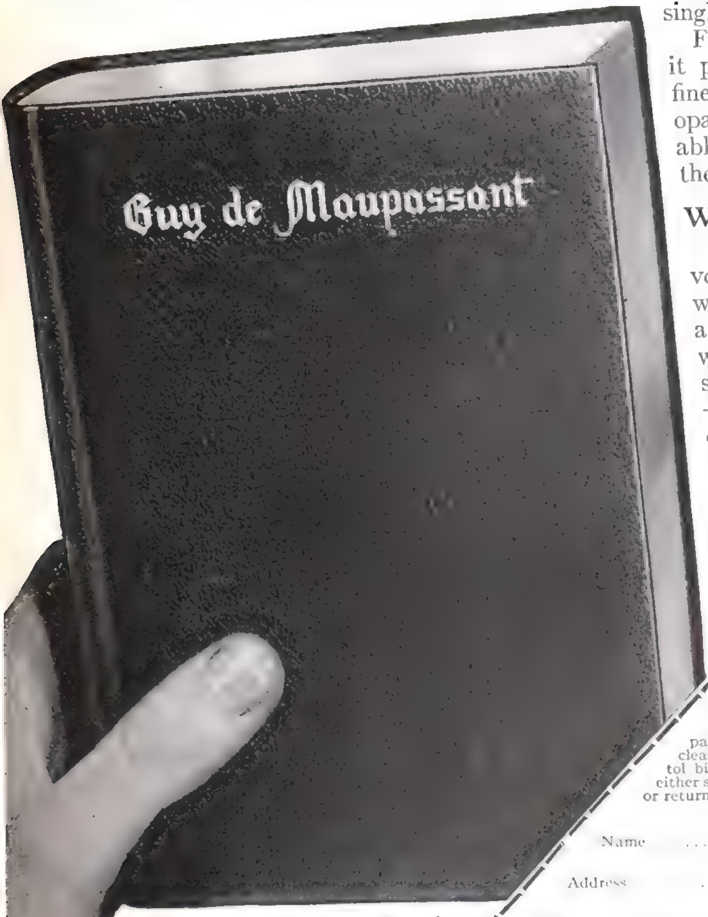

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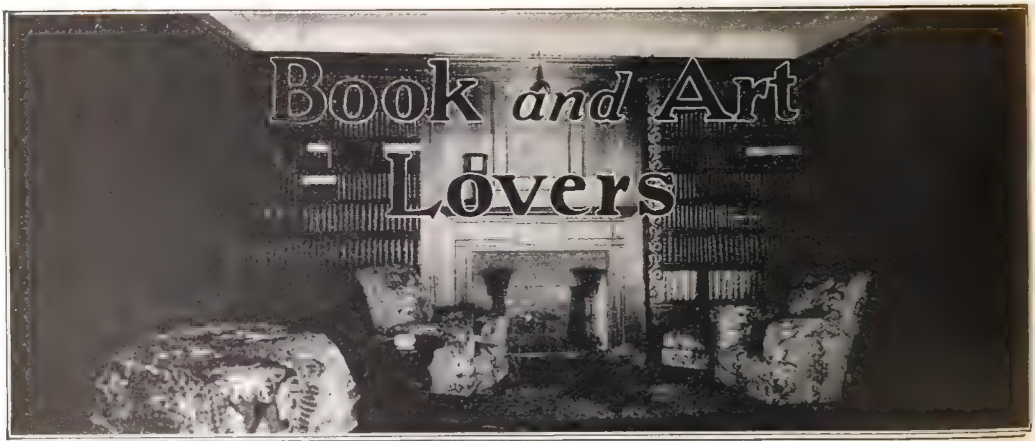

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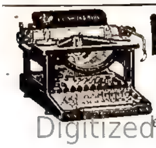

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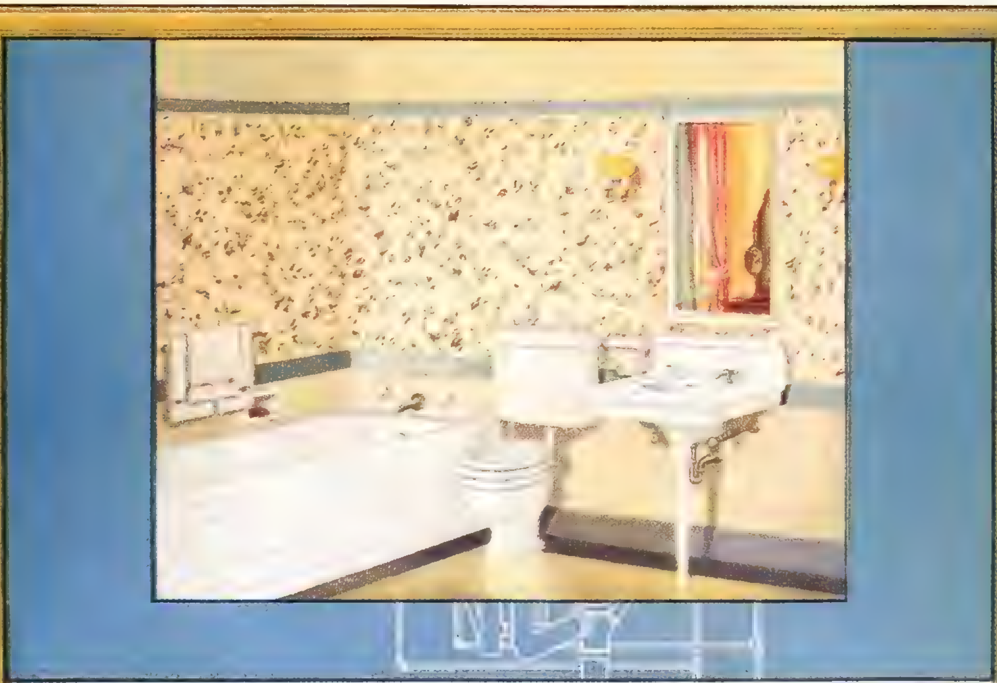

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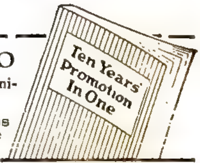
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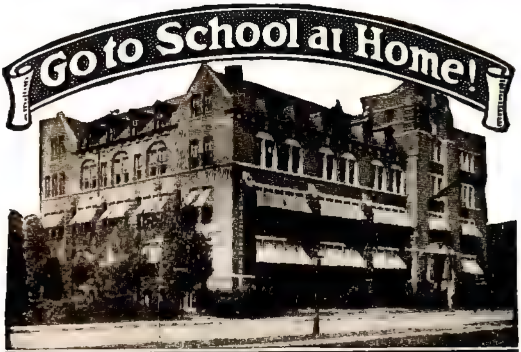

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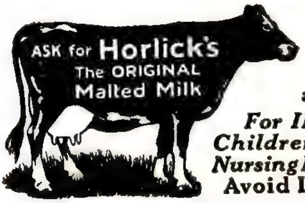

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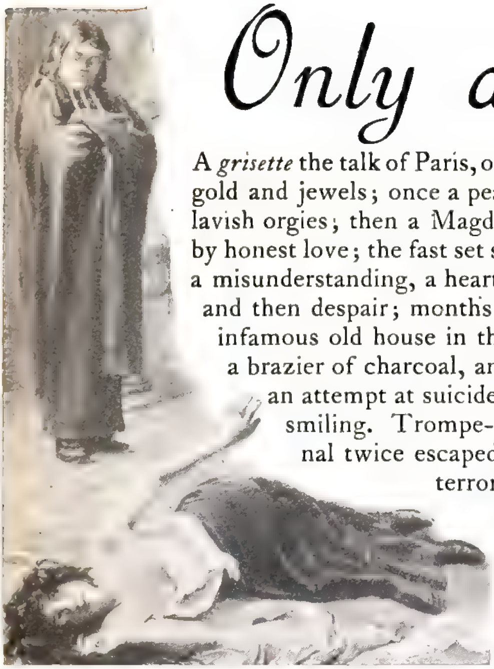

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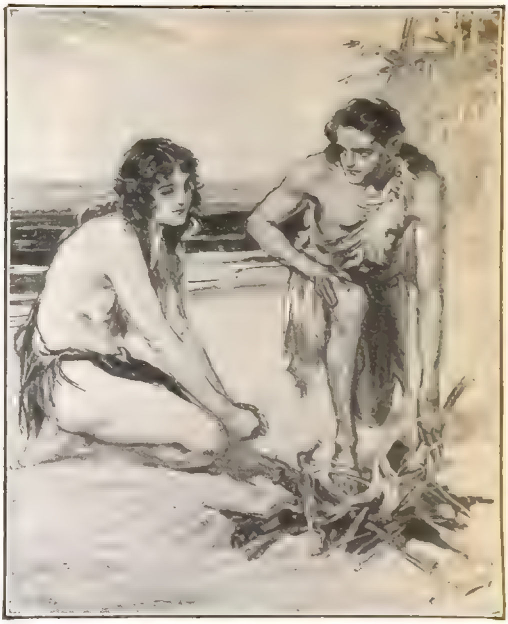

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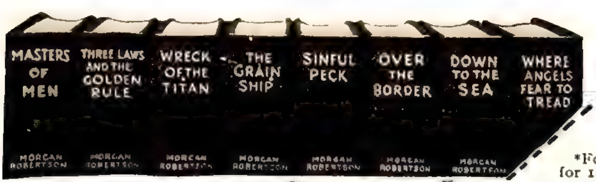

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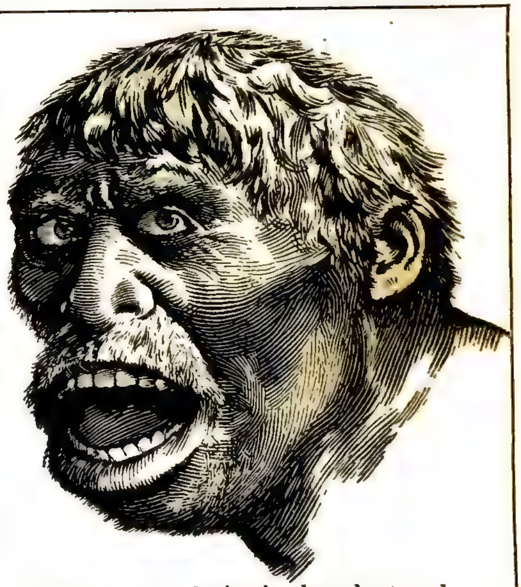

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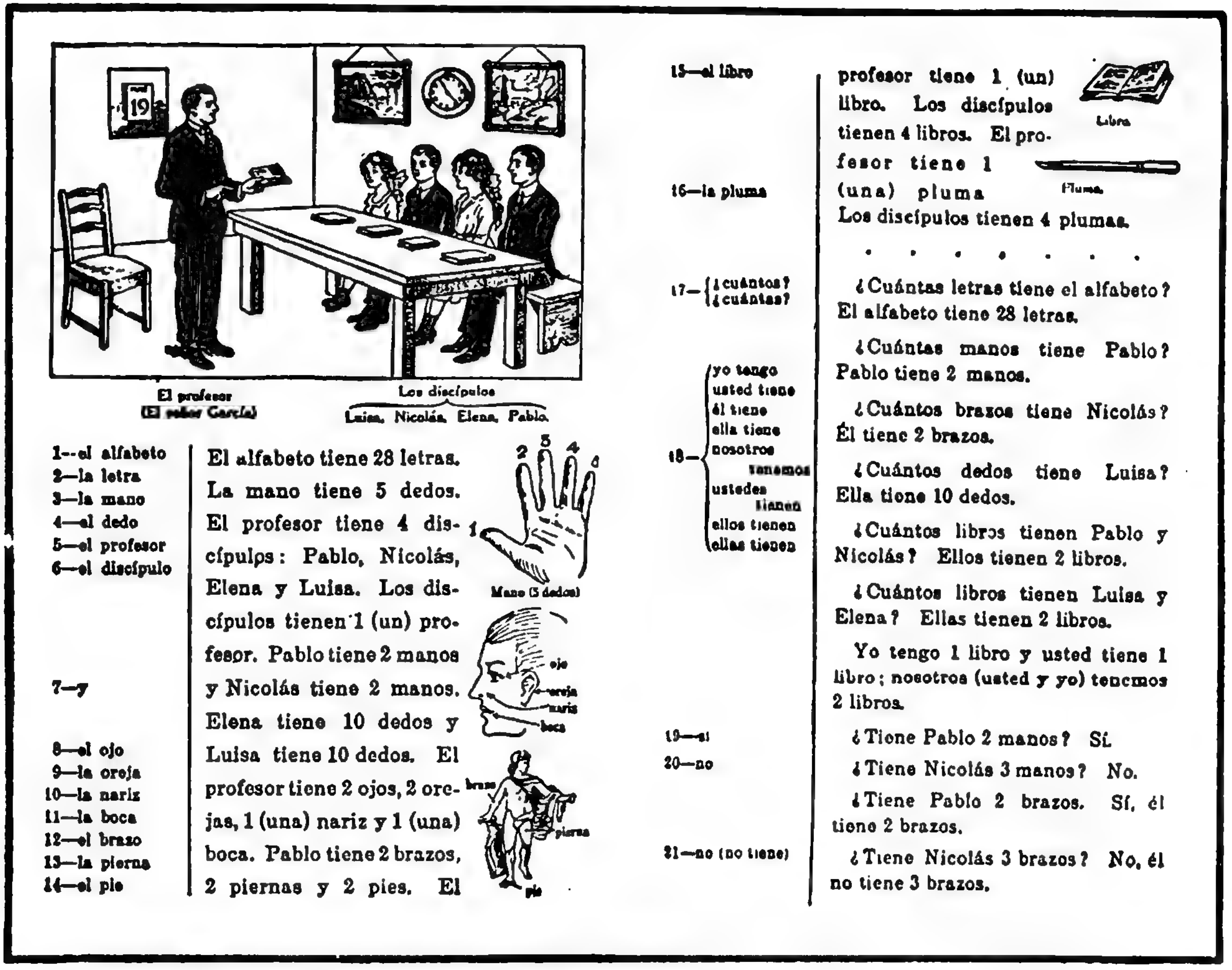
19
2
3
4
5
1
Mano (5 dedos)
ojo
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3—la mano
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5—el profesor
6—el discípulo
7—y
8—el ojo
9—la oreja
10—la nariz
11—la boca
12—el brazo
13—la pierna
14—el pie
15—el libro
16—la pluma
17—¿cuántos? ¿cuántas?
18—yo tengo
usted tiene
él tiene
ella tiene
nosotros tenemos
ustedes tienen
ellos tienen
ellas tienen
19—sí
20—no
21—no (no tiene)

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A Matter of Habit

f you now make frequent errors in ır speech; if you mispronounce words "acclimate," "precedence," "hos-ible"; if you misspell simple words "receive" or "separate"; or if ı make any one of hundreds of similar nmon errors, what is the reason for it? he reason is, simply, that you have uired bad *habits* of speech. Like all its, they are *unconscious*. You sel-n know when you speak incorrectly, others are too polite to point out ır mistakes. They think, perhaps tly, you will resent it. So they ain silent, simply making mental rvation, "After all, he is not so well cated nor so refined as he would e us believe."

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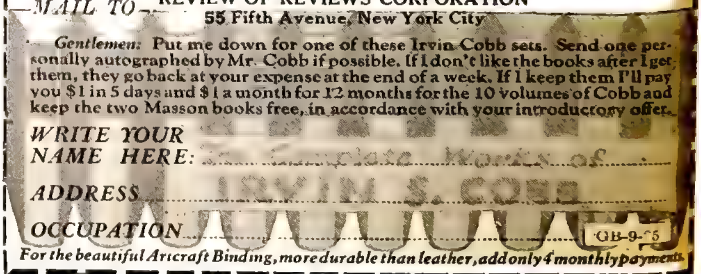

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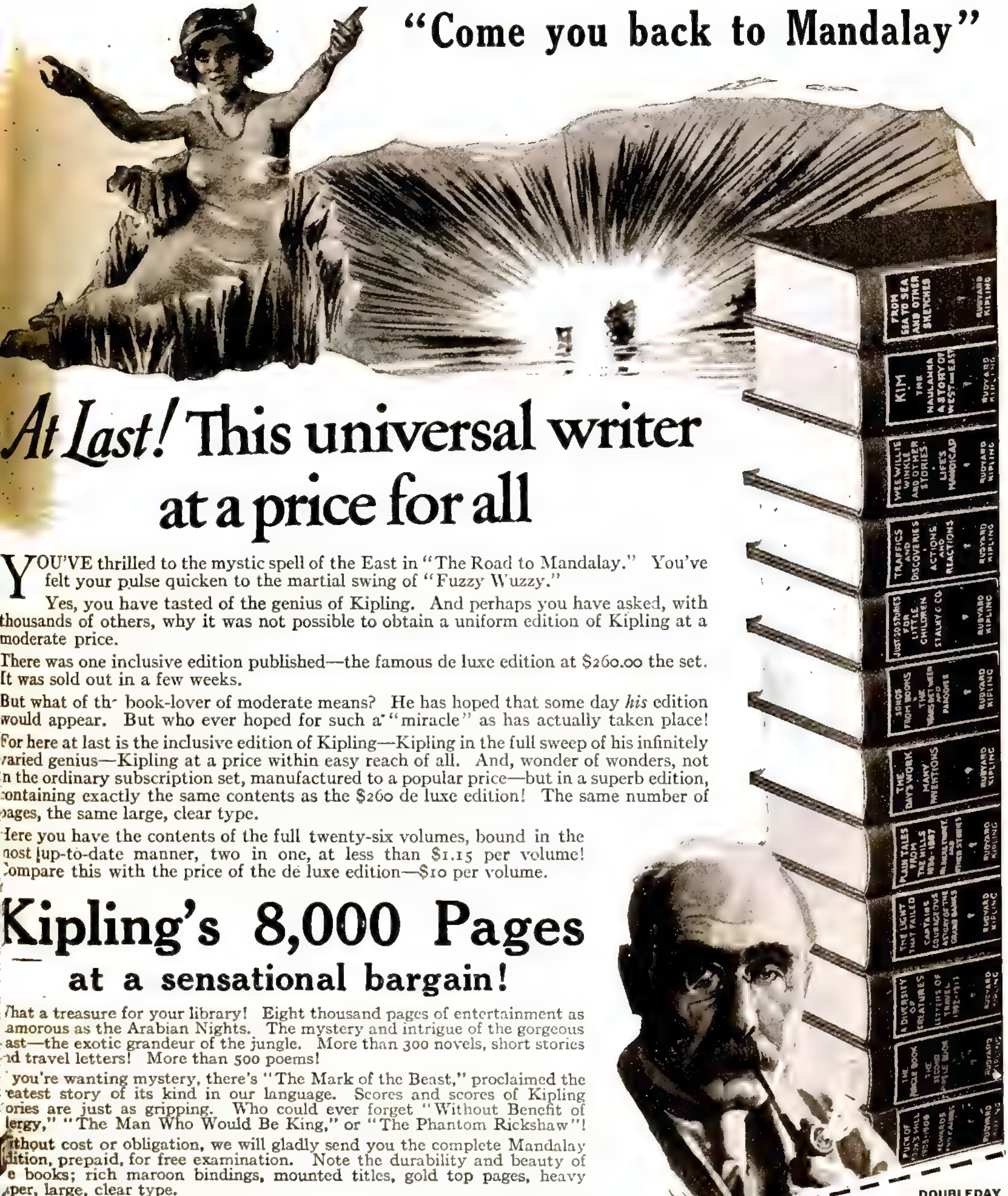
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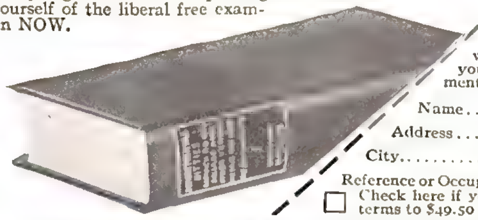

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By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a great driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic, and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems, and ambitions.

In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

Pelmanism the Answer

If I were asked to set down the principal cause of the average failure, I would have to put the blame at the door of our educational system. It is there that trouble begins—trouble that only the gifted and most fortunate are strong enough to overcome in later life.

What wonder that our boys and girls come forth into the world with something less than firm purpose, full confidence and leaping courage? What wonder that mind wandering and wool gathering are common, and that so many individuals are shackled by indecisions, doubts, and fears?

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its working, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole modern world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Years ago his vision and courage lifted children out of the cruelties and stupidities of the criminal law, and forced society to recognize its duties and responsibilities in connection with the "citizens of to-morrow."

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

Pelmanism's Large Returns

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will-power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided, and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls fo application. But I know of nothing tha pays larger returns on an investment c one's spare time from day to day.

(*Signed*) Ben B. Lindsey.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointe out, Pelmanism is neither an experimen nor a theory. For almost a quarter of century it has been showing men an women how to lead happy, successfu well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists i every country on the globe are th guarantee of what Pelman training ca do for *you*.

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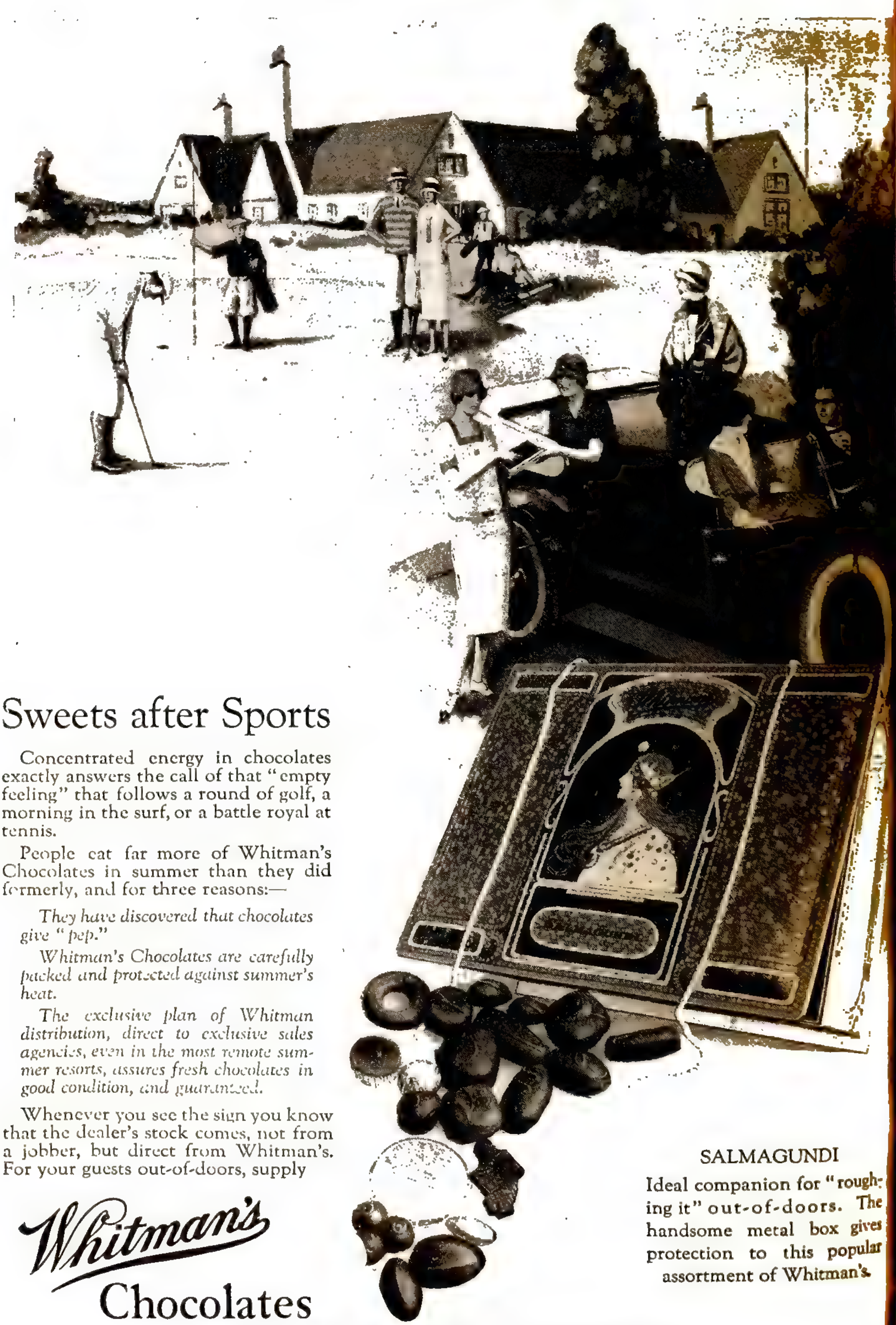

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Repartee

REPARTEE, n. Prudent insult in retort. Practiced by gentlemen with a constitutional aversion to violence, but a strong disposition to offend. In a war of words, the tactics of the North American Indian.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER at Forbes Robertson's, made one of his flashing *mots*.

"Heavens!" said Wilde, "I wish I had said that!"

"Never mind, Oscar," replied Whistler; "you will."

OLIVER HERFORD was met by one who insists on intimacy with famous people. This pushing gentleman slapped him on the back, exclaiming, "Why, Oliver, don't you know me?"

Herford adjusted his monocle: "I don't know your face. But your manners are damned familiar."

PIERRE RENAUDEL French Socialist deputy, graduated as a veterinary surgeon before he entered politics.

"Are you really a vet?" enquired one of his aristocratic enemies of the Right, in a most insulting manner.

"Why do you ask?" queried Renaudel naïvely. "Are you ill?"

LADY ROSSLYNE noticed that as a lady of doubtful reputation entered her drawing-room, all the callers rose to go.

"Sit still, my dears, sit still. It's na catchin'."

CHARLES LAMB was reproved by a superior in the India House for his irregular hours:

"I have remarked, Mr. Lamb, that you come very late to the office."

"Yes, sir, but you must remember that I go away very early."

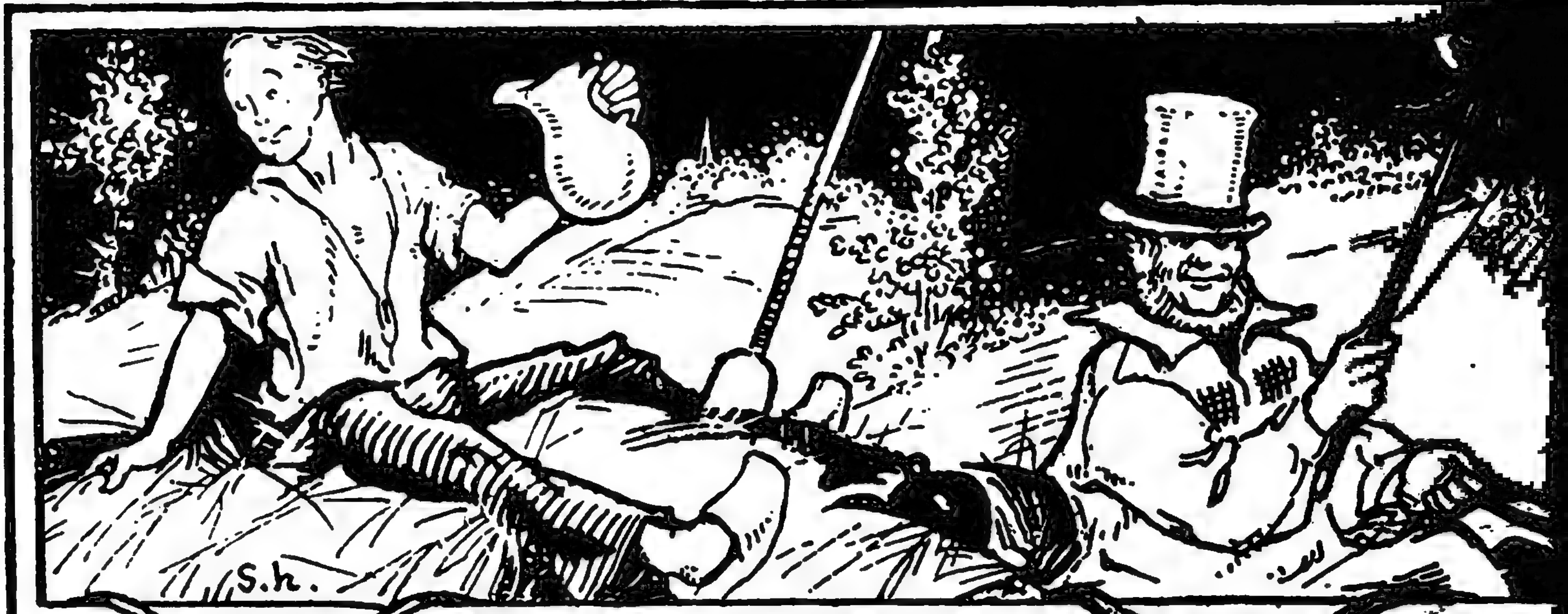
"MISS PRIM" remarked disdainfully, "I can't *bear* children."

Mrs. Partington looked at her over her spectacles mildly before she replied: "Perhaps if you could, you would like them better." [B. P. SHILLABER.]

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY was at a drawing-room in Dublin Castle when a lady entered with an extremely decolleté gown.

"Did you ever see anything so unblushing?" whispered a companion.

"Never," said the Archbishop—"never since I was weaned."



Booklover's Calendar.

Its color, Azure; its stone, Chrysolite

Roman: The seventh month of the old calendar. Games of Ludi Romani, in honor of Jupiter, Juno and Minerva.

Greek: Boedromion. The solemn festival of the Greater Mysteries of Eleusis, from 15th to 27th.

European: In Charlemagne's calendar it was harvest month, corresponding in part to the Fructidor of the Revolution. Anglo-Saxon, Gerstmonath or barley month. In Switzerland it is still Herbstmonat, the harvest month.

Persian: Miher. The New Year came on the 22nd, as it did in ancient Egypt and Phœnicia.

American Indian: Hunting Moon. Among the Zuni, Corn Moon.

Mohammedan: Safar; then Rabî'u-l-avval, the beginning of spring. The 13th day celebrated as the birthday of Mohammed.

Hebrew: Elul, and Tishri, beginning the 19th. On this date begins the New Year of 5686, when Rosh-Hashanah, the Feast of Trumpets, is celebrated. Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement) is on the 28th.

Chinese and Zodiacal: The Dragon Station, corresponding with Libra. Siang Huong carried in procession with the "Counting of the Spirits." Autumnal Festival begins on 29th, with Birthday of the Moon.

Japanese: Hatsuki, Leafy month; or Tsukimizuki, Moon-viewing month. Rice dumplings, chestnuts and persimmons offered to Kanda-Myojin.

Hindu: Bhādrapad, then Āśvina. Sarvapitri, All Fathers' Day, on 15th. The great Durga Puja or Desarā Festival occupies ten days—when all differences are settled. At full moon, harvest festival; every man must keep awake all night, to win the blessing of Lakshmi.

September

1 *Lady Blessington born, 1789. Died: Steele, 1720.*

Just before the partridge-shooting season opened, 1821, a fashionably dressed young man applied to Sir Robert Baker for a shooting license—to kill robbers if he should be attacked. HORE.

2 *John Howard born, 1725.* From church to Mrs. Crisp's . . . I drank till the daughter began to be very loving to me and kind, and I fear is not so good as she should be. PEPYS.

3 Tea is over, the dusk gathers, and the brute Despondency lurks in the corner. GEORGE MOORE.

4 *Born: Pindar, 518 B. C.; Chateaubriand, 1768.*

Ineffable sweetness and serenity reigned in the air, full of a golden haze of sunlit dust over the harvested fields. REYMONT.

5 *Bartholomew Fair.*

"Pig is a meat," says the Banbury man Zeal-of-the-land Busy, "and a meat that is nourishing, and may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten; but in the Fair and as a *Bartholomew* pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a *Bartholomew* pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry." BEN JONSON.

6 God alone majestically surveys heaven and earth, and majestically waves His garment. From the garment fall stars; stars burn and gleam over the world. GOGOL.

7 *Born: Buffon, 1707; Dr. Johnson, 1709.*

She is more devout
Than a weaver of Banbury, that hopes
To entice heaven, by singing, to make him lord
Of twenty looms. DAVENANT.

8 *Ariosto born, 1474. Died: Bishop Hall, 1656.*

God keep you from the she-wolf, and from your heart's secret desire. BRETON PROVERB.

9 All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth. WORDSWORTH.

10 *Mungo Park born, 1774.* Life is good when in the world we are a necessary link, and one with all the living. MAYKOV.

11 Never dare I to take my way through the grass in autumn:
Should I tread on insect-voices —what would my feelings be? IDZUMI-SHIKIBU.

12 *Rameau born, 1683.*

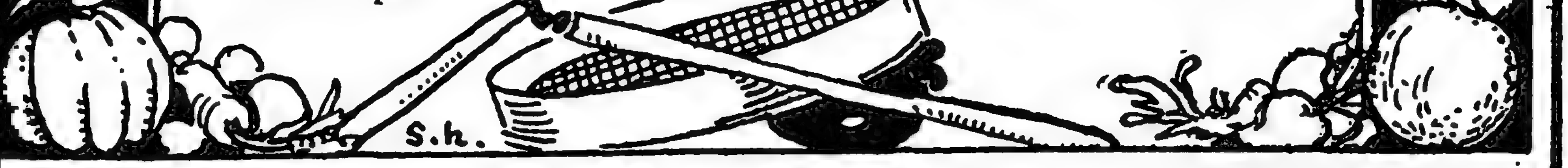
Sunsets are quite old-fashioned. They belong to the time when Turner was the last note in art. To admire them is a distinct sign of provincialism of temperament. Upon the other hand, they go on. OSCAR WILDE.

13 *Montaigne died, 1592.*

Should one commend me to be an excellent Pilote, to be very modest, or most chaste, I should owe him no thanks. MONTAIGNE.

14 *Humboldt born, 1769. Died: Dante, 1321; Jas. Fenimore Cooper, 1851.*

The winds men fear most are those which discover them. ARISTON.



15 *Cooper born, 1789.* The famous devil that used to overlook Lincoln College in Oxford, was taken down, having, about two years since, lost his head, in a storm.

Gentleman's Magazine.

16 If one is a man, the mills of heaven and earth grind him to perfection; if not, to destruction.

13TH CENT. BUDDHIST PRIEST.

17 Now I shall dream, lulled by the patter of the rain and the song of the frogs. JAPANESE.

18 O moon! pour on the silence all thy beams
And for this night be beautiful and kind. JAMES STEPHENS.

19 *Plague of London at height, 1665. Jewish New Year, 5686.*

"For his own part," he (Cato) said, "his wife never embraced him but when it thundered dreadfully," adding. . . "that he was happy when Jupiter pleased to thunder." PLUTARCH.

20 Not only had Nature painted there,
But of the sweetness of a thousand scents made there one,
Unknown and undefinable.

DANTE.

21 *St. Matthew.*

The stars, fair night-flowers of heaven, opened their chalices of gold in the azure of the firmament. GAUTIER.

22 *Hook born, 1788. Virgil died, 19 B. C.*

The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy . . . while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. HARDY.

23 The year is getting to feel rich, for his golden fruits are ripening fast, and he has a large balance in the barns, which are his banks. HOLMES.

24 *Samuel Butler died, 1680.*

"I don't go to church often myself, because I can't be so aware of high God within four walls as I can out of doors."

MAURICE HEWLETT.

25 *Autumnal Equinox.*

I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of Beauty and Utility—Spring shall plant
And Autumn garner to the end of time. BROWNING.

26 Mustaches for honor, but even a goat has a beard.

RUSSIAN PROVERB.

27 *Bossuet born, 1627.*

I once saw a herd of whales in the east all heading towards the sun and for a moment vibrating in concert with peaked flukes. As it seemed to me at the time, such a grand embodiment of adoration of the gods was never beheld. MELVILLE.

28 The day, for the most part, is heroic only when it breaks. THOREAU.

29 *St. Michael and All Angels (Michaelmas Day): Born: Clive, 1725; Nelson, 1758.*

September, when by custom (right divine)
Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine. CHURCHILL.

30 *Euripides born, 480 B. C.*

Nature is debonair. She has comfort for whoever can disembarrass himself sufficiently of egotism to accept it.

TABER.

S.h.

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A Source of Irritation

By STACY AUMONIER

Yours ever
Stacy Aumonier.

TO look at old Sam Gates you would never suspect him of having nerves. His sixty-nine years of close application to the needs of the soil had given him a certain earthy stolidity. To observe him hoeing, or thinning out a broad field of turnips, hardly attracted one's attention. He seemed so much part and parcel of the whole scheme. He blended into the soil like a glorified swede. Nevertheless, the half-dozen people who claimed his acquaintance knew him to be a man who suffered from little moods of irritability.

And on this glorious morning a little incident annoyed him unreasonably. It concerned his niece Aggie. She was a plump girl with clear blue eyes and a face as round and inexpressive as the dumplings for which the county was famous. She came slowly across the long sweep of the downland, and putting down the bundle wrapped up in a red handkerchief which contained his breakfast and dinner, she said:

"Well, uncle, is there any noos?"

Now this may not appear to the casual reader to be a remark likely to cause irritation, but it affected old Sam Gates as a very silly and unnecessary question. It was moreover the constant repetition of it which was beginning to anger him. He met his niece twice a day. In the morning she brought his bundle of food at seven, and when he passed his sister's cottage on the way home to tea at five she was invariably hanging about the gate. And on each occasion she always said, in exactly the same voice:

"Well, uncle, is there any noos?"

"Noos!" What "noos" should there be? For sixty-nine years he had never lived further than five miles from Halvesham. For nearly sixty of those years he

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had bent his back above the soil. There were indeed historic occasions: once, for instance, when he had married Annie Hachet. And there was the birth of his daughter. There was also a famous occasion when he had visited London. Once he had been to a flower-show at Market Roughborough. He either went or didn't go to church on Sundays. He had had many interesting chats with Mr. James at "The Cowman," and three years ago had sold a pig to Mrs. Waig. But he couldn't always have interesting "noos" of this sort up his sleeve. Didn't the silly gaffer know that for the last three weeks he had been thinning out turnips for Mr. Dodge on this very same field? What "noos" could there be?

He blinked at his niece, and didn't answer. She undid the parcel, and said:

"Mrs. Goping's fowl got out again last night."

He replied, "Ah!" in a non-committal manner, and began to munch his bread and bacon. His niece picked up the handkerchief and humming to herself, walked back across the field. It was a glorious morning, and a white sea-mist added to the promise of a hot day. He sat there munching, thinking of nothing in particular, but gradually subsiding into a mood of placid content. He noticed the back of Aggie disappear in the distance. It was a mile to the cottage, and a mile and a half to Halvesham. Silly things, girls! They were all alike. One had to make allowances. He dismissed her from his thoughts and took a long swig of tea out of a bottle. Insects buzzed lazily. He tapped his pocket to assure himself that his pouch of shag was there, and then he continued munching. When he had finished, he lighted his pipe and stretched himself comfortably. He looked along the line of turnips he had thinned, and then across the adjoining field of swedes. Silver streaks appeared on the sea below the mist. In some dim way he felt happy in his solitude amidst this sweeping immensity of earth and sea and sky.

And then something else came to irritate him. It was one of "these dratted airyplanes." "Airyplanes" were his pet aversion. He could find nothing to be said in their favor. Nasty, noisy, vile-smelling things that seared the heavens, and made the earth dangerous. And every day there seemed to be more and more of them. Of course "this old war" was responsible for a lot of them, he knew. The war was "a plaguey noosance." They were short-handed on the farm. Beer and tobacco were dear, and Mrs. Stevens' nephew had been and got wounded in the foot.

He turned his attention once more to the turnips. But an "airyplane" has an annoying genius for gripping one's attention. When it appears on the scene, however much we dislike it, it has a way of taking stage-center; we cannot help constantly looking at it. And so it was with old Sam Gates. He spat on his hands, and blinked up at the sky. And suddenly the aeroplane behaved in a very extraordinary manner. It was well over the sea when it seemed to lurch in a drunken manner, and skimmed the water. Then it shot up at a dangerous angle and zigzagged. It started to go farther out, and then turned and made for the land. The engines were making a curious grating noise. It rose once more, and then suddenly dived downwards and came plump down right in the middle of Mr. Dodge's field of swedes!

Finally, as if not content with this desecration, it ran along the ground, ripping and tearing up twenty-five yards of good swedes, and then came to a stop. Old Sam Gates was in a terrible state. The airplane was more than a hundred yards away, but he waved his arms, and called out:

"Hi! you there, you mustn't land in they swedes! They're Mister Dodge's."

The instant the aeroplane stopped a man leapt out, and gazed quickly round. He glanced at Sam Gates, and seemed uncertain whether to address him or whether to concentrate his attention on the flying-machine. The latter arrangement appeared to be his ultimate decision. He dived under the engine, and became frantically busy. Sam had never seen any one work with such furious energy. But all the same, it was not to be tolerated. It was disgraceful. Sam shouted out across the field, almost hurrying in his indignation. When he approached within earshot of the aviator, he cried out again:

"Hi! you mustn't rest your old airyplane here. You've kicked up all Mr. Dodge's swedes. A nice thing you've done!"

He was within five yards when suddenly the aviator turned and covered him with a revolver! And, speaking in a sharp, staccato voice, he said:

"Old grandfather, you must sit down. I am very occupied. If you interfere or attempt to go away, I shoot you. So!"

Sam gazed at the horrid glittering little barrel, and gasped. Well, he never! To be threatened with murder when you're doing your duty in your employer's private property! But, still, perhaps the man was mad. A man must be more or less mad to go up in one of those crazy things. And life was very sweet on that summer morning, in spite of sixty-nine years. He sat down among the swedes.

The aviator was so busy with his cranks and machinery that he hardly deigned to pay him any attention, except to keep the revolver handy. He worked feverishly, and Sam sat watching him. At the end of ten minutes he seemed to have solved his troubles with the machine, but he still seemed very scared. He kept on glancing round and out to sea. When his repairs were completed, he straightened his back and wiped the perspiration from his brow. He was apparently on the point of springing back into the machine and going off, when a sudden mood of facetiousness, caused by relief from the strain he had endured, came to him. He turned to old Sam, and smiled; at the same time remarking:

"Well, old grandfather, and now we shall be all right, isn't it?"

He came close up to Sam, and then suddenly started back.

"Gott!" he cried. "Paul Jouperts!"

Sam gazed at him, bewildered, and the madman started talking to him in some foreign tongue. Sam shook his head.

"You no right," he remarked, "to come bargin' through they swedes of Mr. Dodge's."

And then the aviator behaved in a most peculiar manner. He came up and examined his face very closely, and gave a gentle tug at his beard and hair, as if to see whether it were real or false.

"What is your name, old man?" he said.

"Sam Gates."

The aviator muttered some words that sounded something like "mare vudish!" and then turned to his machine. He appeared to be dazed and in a great state of doubt. He fumbled with some cranks, but kept glancing at old Sam. At last he got into the car and started the engine. Then he stopped, and sat there deep in thought. At last he suddenly sprang out again, and, approaching Sam, he said very deliberately:

"Old grandfather, I shall require you to accompany me."

Sam gasped.

"Eh?" he said. "What be talkin' about? 'company? I got these here lines o' tarnips—I be already behind——"

The disgusting little revolver once more flashed before his eyes.

"There must be no discussion," came the voice. "It is necessary that you mount the seat of the car without delay. Otherwise I shoot you like the dog you are. So!"

Old Sam was hale and hearty. He had no desire to die so ignominiously. The pleasant smell of the downland was in his nostrils. His foot was on his native heath. He mounted the seat of the car, contenting himself with a mutter:

"Well, that be a noice thing, I must say! Flyin' about the country with all they tarnips on'y half thinned——"

He found himself strapped in. The aviator was in a fever of anxiety to get away. The engines made a ghastly splutter and noise. The thing started running along the ground. Suddenly it shot upwards giving the swedes a last contemptuous kick. At twenty minutes to eight that morning old Sam found himself being borne right up above his fields and out to sea! His breath came quickly. He was a little frightened.

"God forgive me!" he murmured.

The thing was so fantastic and sudden, his mind could not grasp it. He only felt in some vague way that he was going to die, and he struggled to attune his mind to the change. He offered up a mild prayer to God, Who, he felt, must be very near, somewhere up in these clouds. Automatically he thought of the vicar at Halvesham, and a certain sense of comfort came to him at the reflection that on the previous day he had taken a "cooking of runner beans" to God's representative in that village. He felt calmer after that, but the horrid machine seemed to go higher and higher. He could not turn in his seat and he could see nothing but sea and sky. Of course the man was mad, mad as a March hare. Of what earthly use could *he* be to any one? Besides, he had talked pure gibberish, and called him Paul something, when he had already told him that his name was Sam. The thing would fall down into the sea soon, and they would both be drowned. Well, well! He had reached the three-score years and ten.

He was protected by a screen, but it seemed very cold. What on earth would Mr. Dodge say? There was no one left to work the land but a fool of a boy named Billy Whitehead at Deric's Cross. On, on, on they went at a furious pace. His thoughts danced disconnectedly from incidents of his youth, conversations with the vicar, hearty meals in the open, a frock his sister wore on the day of the postman's wedding, the drone of a psalm, the illness of some ewes belonging to Mr. Dodge. Everything seemed to be moving very rapidly, upsetting his sense of time. He felt outraged and yet at moments there was something entrancing in the wild experience. He seemed to be living at an incredible pace. Perhaps he was really dead, and on his way to the Kingdom of God? Perhaps this was the way they took people?

After some indefinite period he suddenly caught sight of a long strip of land. Was this a foreign country? or were they returning? He had by this time lost all feeling of fear. He became interested, and almost disappointed. The "airyplane" was not such a fool as it looked. It was very wonderful to be right up in the sky like this. His dreams were suddenly disturbed by a fearful noise. He thought the machine was blown to pieces. It dived and ducked through the air, and things were bursting all round it and making an awful din; and then it went up higher and higher. After a while these noises ceased, and he felt the machine gliding downwards. They were really right above solid land, trees, and fields, and streams, and white villages. Down, down, down they glided. This was a foreign country. There were straight avenues of poplars and canals. This was not Halvesham. He felt the thing glide gently and bump into a field. Some men ran forward and approached them, and the mad aviator called out to them. They were mostly fat men in gray uniforms, and they all spoke this foreign gibberish. Some one came and unstrapped him. He was very stiff, and could hardly move. An exceptionally gross-looking man punched him in the ribs, and roared with laughter. They all stood round and laughed at him, while the mad aviator talked to them and kept pointing at him. Then he said:

"Old grandfather, you must come with me."

He was led to a zinc-roofed building, and shut in a little room. There were guards outside with fixed bayonets. After a while the mad aviator appeared again, accompanied by two soldiers. He beckoned him to follow. They marched through a quadrangle and entered another building. They went straight into an office where a very important-looking man, covered with medals, sat in an easy-chair. There was a lot of saluting and clicking of heels.

The aviator pointed at Sam and said something, and the man with the medals started at sight of him, and then came up and spoke to him in English.

"What is your name? Where do you come from? Your age? The name and birthplace of your parents?"

He seemed intensely interested, and also pulled his hair and beard to see if they came off. So well and naturally did he and the aviator speak English that after a voluble cross-examination they drew apart, and continued the conversation in that language. And the extraordinary conversation was of this nature:

"It is a most remarkable resemblance," said the man with medals. "*Unglaublich!* But what do you want me to do with him, Hausemann?"

"The idea came to me suddenly, excellency," replied the aviator, "and you may consider it worthless. It is just this. The resemblance is so amazing. Paul Jouperts has given us more valuable information than any one at present in our service. And the English know that. There is an award of twenty-five thousand francs on his head. Twice they have captured him, and each time he escaped. All the company commanders and their staff have his photograph. He is a serious thorn in their flesh."

"Well?" replied the man with the medals.

The aviator whispered confidently:

"Suppose, your excellency, that they found the dead body of Paul Jouperts?"

"Well?" replied the big man.

"My suggestion is this. To-morrow, as you know, the English are attacking Hill 701, which we have for tactical reasons decided to evacuate. If after the attack they find the dead body of Paul Jouperts in, say, the second lines, they will take no further trouble in the matter. You know their lack of thoroughness. Pardon me, I was two years at Oxford University. And consequently Paul Jouperts will be able to—prosecute his labors undisturbed."

The man with the medals twirled his mustache and looked thoughtfully at his colleague.

"Where is Paul at the moment?" he asked.

"He is acting as a gardener at the Convent of St. Eloise at Mailleton-en-haut, which, as you know, is one hundred meters from the headquarters of the British central army staff."

The man with the medals took two or

three rapid turns up and down the room. Then he said:

"Your plan is excellent, Hausemann. The only point of difficulty is that the attack started this morning."

"This morning?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes. The English attacked unexpectedly at dawn. We have already evacuated the first line. We shall evacuate the second line at eleven-fifty. It is now ten-fifteen. There may be just time."

He looked suddenly at old Sam in the way that a butcher might look at a prize heifer at an agricultural show, and remarked casually:

"Yes, it is a remarkable resemblance. It seems a pity not to . . . do something with it."

Then, speaking in German, he added:

"It is worth trying, and if it succeeds, the higher authorities shall hear of your lucky accident and inspiration, Herr Hausemann. Instruct Over-lieutenant Schutz to send the old fool by two orderlies to the east extremity of trench 38. Keep him there till the order of evacuation is given. Then shoot him, but don't disfigure him, and lay him out face upwards."

The aviator saluted and withdrew, accompanied by his victim. Old Sam had not understood the latter part of the conversation, and he did not catch quite all that was said in English, but he felt that somehow things were not becoming too promising and it was time to assert himself. So he remarked when they got outside:

"Now, look'ee here, mister, when be I goin' back to my tarnips?"

And the aviator replied with a pleasant smile:

"Do not be disturbed, old grandfather; you shall . . . get back to the soil quite soon."

In a few moments he found himself in a large gray car, accompanied by four soldiers. The aviator left him. The country was barren and horrible, full of great pits and rents, and he could hear the roar of artillery and the shriek of shells. Overhead, air-planes were buzzing angrily. He seemed to be suddenly transported from the Kingdom of God to the Pit of Darkness. He wondered whether the vicar had enjoyed the runner-beans. He could not imagine runner-beans growing here, runner-beans, ay! or anything else. If this was a foreign country, give him dear old England.

Gr-r-r-r—Bang! Something exploded just at the rear of the car. The soldiers ducked, and one of them pushed him in the stomach and swore.

"An ugly-looking lout," he thought. "If I was twenty years younger I'd give him a punch in the eye that 'ud make him sit up."

The car came to a halt by a broken wall. The party hurried out and dived behind a mound. He was pulled down a kind of shaft and found himself in a room buried right underground, where three officers were drinking and smoking. The soldiers saluted and handed a typewritten dispatch. The officers looked at him drunkenly, and one came up and pulled his beard and spat in his face, and called him "an old English swine." He then shouted out some instructions to the soldiers, and they led him out into the narrow trench. One walked behind him and occasionally prodded him with the butt end of a gun. The trenches were half-full of water, and reeked of gases, powder, and decaying matter. Shells were constantly bursting overhead, and in places the trenches had crumbled and were nearly blocked up. They stumbled on, sometimes falling, sometimes dodging moving masses, and occasionally crawling over the dead bodies of men. At last they reached a deserted-looking trench, and one of the soldiers pushed him into the corner of it and growled something, and then disappeared round the angle. Old Sam was exhausted. He lay panting against the mud wall, expecting every minute to be blown to pieces by one of those infernal things that seemed to be getting more and more insistent. The din went on for nearly twenty minutes, and he was alone in the trench. He fancied he heard a whistle amidst the din. Suddenly one of the soldiers who had accompanied him came stealthily round the corner. And there was a look in his eye old Sam did not like. When he was within five yards the soldier raised his rifle and pointed it at Sam's body. Some instinct impelled the old man at that instant to throw himself forward on his face. As he did so, he was conscious of a terrible explosion, and he had just time to observe the soldier falling in a heap near him, when he lost consciousness.

His consciousness appeared to return to him with a snap. He was lying on a plank in a building, and he heard some one say:

"I believe the old boy's English."

He looked round. There were a lot of men lying there, and others in khaki and white overalls were busy amongst them.

He sat up and rubbed his head and said:

"Hi, mister, where be I now?"

Some one laughed, and a young man came up and said:

"Well, old thing, you were very nearly in hell. Who the devil are you?"

Some one else came up, and the two of them were discussing him. One of them said:

"He's quite all right. He was only knocked out. Better take him to the colonel. He may be a spy."

The other came up, and touched his shoulder, and remarked:

"Can you walk, uncle?"

He replied: "Ay, I can walk all right."

"That's an old sport!"

The young man took his arm and helped him out of the room, into a courtyard. They entered another room, where an elderly kind-faced officer was seated at a desk. The officer looked up, and exclaimed:

"Good God! Bradshaw, do you know who you've got there?"

The younger one said, "No. Who, sir?"

"By God! It's Paul Jouperts!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Paul Jouperts! Great Scott!"

The old officer addressed himself to Sam. He said:

"Well, we've got you once more, Paul. We shall have to be a little more careful this time."

The young officer said:

"Shall I detail a squad, sir?"

"We can't shoot him without a court-martial," replied the kind-faced senior.

Then Sam interpolated:

"Look'ee here, sir. I'm fair sick of all this. My name bean't Paul. My name's Sam. I was a-thinnin' a line of tarnips——"

Both officers burst out laughing, and the younger one said:

"Good! damn good! Isn't it amazing, sir, the way they not only learn the language but even take the trouble to learn a dialect?"

The older man busied himself with some papers.

"Well, Sam," he remarked, "you shall be given a chance to prove your identity. Our methods are less drastic than those of your Boche masters. What part of England are you supposed to come from? Let's see how much you can bluff us with your topographical knowledge."

"Oi was a-thinnin' a loine o' tarnips this morning at 'alf-past seven on Mr. Dodge's farm at Halvesham, when one o' these 'ere airyplanes come roight down among the swedes. I tells 'e to get clear o' that, when the feller what gets owt o' the car, 'e drahs a revowler and 'e says, 'You must 'company I——'"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the senior officer; "that's all very good. Now tell me—Where is Halvesham? What is the name of the local vicar? I'm sure you'd know that."

Old Sam rubbed his chin.

"I sits under the Reverend David Pryce, mister, and a good God-fearin' man he be. I took him a cookin' o' runner-beans on'y yesterday. I works for Mr. Dodge what owns Greenway Manor and 'as a stud-farm at Newmarket they say."

"Charles Dodge?" asked the younger officer.

"Ay, Charlie Dodge. You write and ask 'un if he knows old Sam Gates."

The two officers looked at each other, and the older one looked at Sam more closely.

"It's very extraordinary," he remarked.

"Everybody knows Charlie Dodge," added the younger officer.

It was at that moment that a wave of genius swept over old Sam. He put his hand to his head, and suddenly jerked out:

"What's more, I can tell 'ee where this yere Paul is. He's actin' a gardener in a convent at——"

He puckered up his brow and fumbled with his hat, and then got out:

"Mighteno."

The older officer gasped.

"Mailleton-en-haut! Good God! What makes you say that, old man?"

Sam tried to give an account of his experience, and the things he had heard said by the German officers. But he was getting tired, and he broke off in the middle to say:

"Ye haven't a bite o' somethin' to eat, I suppose, mister, and a glass o' beer? I usually 'as my dinner at twelve o'clock."

Both the officers laughed, and the older said:

"Get him some food, Bradshaw, and a bottle of beer from the mess. We'll keep this old man here. He interests me."

While the younger man was doing this, the chief pressed a button and summoned another junior officer.

"Gateshead," he remarked, "ring up G. H. Q. and instruct them to arrest the gardener in that convent at the top of the hill, and then to report."

The officer saluted and went out, and in a few minutes a tray of hot food and a large bottle of beer was brought to the old man, and he was left alone in the corner of the room to negotiate this welcome compensation. And in the execution he did himself and his country credit. In the meanwhile the officers were very busy. People were coming and going and examining maps and telephone bells were ringing furiously. They did not disturb old Sam's gastronomic operations. He cleaned up the mess tins and finished the last drop of beer. The senior officer found time to offer him a cigarette, but he replied:

"Thank 'ee kindly, but I'd rather smoke my pipe."

The colonel smiled, and said:

"Oh, all right. Smoke away."

He lighted up, and the fumes of the shag permeated the room. Some one opened another window, and the young officer who had addressed him at first suddenly looked at him and exclaimed:

"Innocent, by God! You couldn't get shag like that anywhere but in Norfolk."

It must have been over an hour later when another officer entered, and saluted.

"Message from G. H. Q., sir," he said.

"Well?"

"They have arrested the gardener at the convent of St. Eloise, and they have every reason to believe that he is the notorious Paul Jouperts."

The colonel stood up, and his eyes beamed. He came over to old Sam and shook his hand.

"Mr. Gates," he said, "you are an old brick. You will probably hear more of this. You have probably been the means of delivering something very useful into our hands. Your own honor is vindicated. A loving government will probably award you five shillings, or a Victoria Cross, or something of that sort. In the meantime, what can I do for you?"

Old Sam scratched his chin.

"Oi want to get back 'ome," he said.

"Well, even that might be arranged."

"Oi want to get back 'ome in toime for tea."

"What time do you have tea?"

"Foive o'clock or thereabouts."

"I see."

A kindly smile came into the eyes of the colonel. He turned to another officer standing by the table, and said:

"Raikes, is any one going across this afternoon with dispatches?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young officer. "Commander Jennings is leaving at three o'clock."

"You might ask him to come and see me."

Within ten minutes a young man in a flight-commander's uniform entered.

"Ah, Jennings," said the colonel, "here is a little affair which concerns the honor of the British army. My friend here, Sam Gates, has come over from Halvesham in Norfolk in order to give us valuable information. I have promised him that he shall get home to tea at five o'clock. Can you take a passenger?"

The young man threw back his head and laughed.

"Lord!" he exclaimed. "What an old sport! Yes, I expect I could just manage it. Where is the God-forsaken place?"

A large ordnance map of Norfolk (which had been captured from a German officer) was produced, and the young man studied it closely.

At three o'clock precisely old Sam, finding himself something of a hero and quite glad to escape from the embarrassment which this position entailed, once more sped skywards in an "airyplane."

At twenty minutes to five he landed once more amongst Mr. Dodge's swedes. The breezy young airman shook hands with him and departed inland. Old Sam sat down and surveyed the field.

"A noice thing, I must say," he muttered to himself, as he looked along the lines of unthinned turnips. He still had twenty minutes, and so he went slowly along and completed a line which he had commenced in the morning. He then deliberately packed up his dinner things and his tools, and started out for home.

As he came round the corner of Stillway's Meadow, and the cottage came in view, his niece stepped out of the copse with a basket on her arm.

"Well, uncle," she said, "is there any noos?"

It was then that old Sam became really irritated.

"Noos!" he said. "Noos! drat the girl! What noos should there be? Sixty-nine year I live in these here parts, hoein' and weedin' and thinnin', and mindin' Charlie Dodge's sheep. Am I one o' these here story book folk havin' noos 'appen to me all the time? Ain't it enough, ye silly dab-faced zany, to earn enough to buy a bite o' some'at to eat, and a glass of beer, and a place to rest a's head o'night, without always wantin' noos, noos, noos! I tell 'ee. it's this that leads 'ee to 'alf the troubles in the world. Devil take the noos!"

And turning his back on her, he went fuming up the hill.

The Tale of Chloe

By GEORGE MEREDITH

George Meredith

(To be completed in Three Parts. Part I)

"Fair Chloe, we toasted of old,
As the Queen of our festival meeting;
Now Chloe is lifeless and cold;
You must go to the grave for her greeting.

"Her beauty and talents were framed
To enkindle the proudest to win her;
Then let not the mem'ry be blamed
Of the purest that e'er was a sinner!"
Captain Chanter's Collection.

CHAPTER I

A PROPER tenderness for the Peerage will continue to pass current the illustrious gentleman who was inflamed by Cupid's darts to espouse the milkmaid, or dairymaid, under his ballad title of Duke of Dewlap: nor was it the smallest of the services rendered him by Beau Beamish, that he clapped the name upon her rustic Grace, the young duchess, the very first day of her arrival at the Wells. This happy inspiration of a wit never failing at a pinch has rescued one of our princeliest houses from the assaults of the vulgar, who are ever too rejoiced to bespatter and disfigure a brilliant coat-of-arms; insomuch that the ballad, to which we are indebted for the narrative of the meeting and marriage of the ducal pair, speaks of Dewlap in good faith:

O the ninth *Duke of Dewlap* I am, Susie dear!

without a hint of a domino title. So likewise the pictorial historian is merry over "Dewlap alliances" in his description of the society of that period. He has read the ballad, but disregarded the memoirs of the beau. Writers of pretension would seem to have an animus against individuals of the character of Mr. Beamish. They will treat of the habits and manners of highwaymen, and quote obscure broadsheets and songs of the people to color their story, yet decline to bestow more than a passing remark upon our domestic kings: because they are not hereditary, we may suppose.

The ballad of "The Duke and the Dairymaid," ascribed with questionable authority to the pen of Mr. Beamish himself in a freak of his gaiety, was once popular enough to provoke the moralist to animadversions upon an order of composition that "tempted every bouncing country lass to sidle an eye in a blowsy cheek" in expectation of a coronet for her pains—and a wet ditch as the result! We may doubt it to have been such an occasion of mischief. But that mischief may have been done by it to a nobility-loving people, even to the love of our nobility among the people, must be granted; and for the particular reason, that the hero of the ballad behaved so handsomely. We perceive a susceptibility to adulteration in their worship at the sight of one of their number, a young maid, suddenly snatched up to the gaping heights of Luxury and Fashion through sheer good looks. Remembering that they are accustomed to a totally reverse effect from that possession, it is very perceptible how a breach in their reverence may come of the change.

Otherwise the ballad is innocent; certainly it is innocent in design. A fresher national song of a beautiful incident of our country life has never been written. The sentiments are natural, the imagery is apt and redolent of the soil, the music of the verse appeals to the dullest ear. It has no smell of the lamp, nothing foreign and far-fetched about it, but is just what it pretends to be, the carol of the native bird, A sample will show, for the ballad is much too long to be given entire:

> Sweet Susie she tripped on a shiny May morn,
> As blithe as the lark from the green-springing corn
> When, hard by a stile, 'twas her luck to behold
> A wonderful gentleman covered with gold!
>
> There was gold on his breeches and gold on his coat,
> His shirt-frill was grand as a fifty-pound note;
> The diamonds glittered all up him so bright,
> She thought him the Milky Way clothing a Sprite!
>
> "Fear not, pretty maiden," he said with a smile;
> "And, pray, let me help you in crossing the stile."
> She bobbed him a curtsey so lovely and smart,
> It shot like an arrow and fixed in his heart.
>
> As light as a robin she hopped to the stone,
> But fast was her hand in the gentleman's own;
> And guess how she stared, nor her senses could trust,
> When this creamy gentleman knelt in the dust!

With a rhapsody upon her beauty, he informs her of his rank, for a flourish to the proposal of honorable and immediate marriage. He cannot wait. This is the fatal condition of his love: apparently a characteristic of amorous dukes. We read them in the signs extended to us. The minds of these august and solitary men have not yet been sounded; they are too distant. Standing upon their lofty pinnacles, they are as legible to the rabble below as a line of cuneiform writing in a page of old copybook roundhand. By their deeds we know them, as heathendom knows of its gods; and it is repeatedly on record that the moment they have taken fire they must wed, though the lady's finger be circled with nothing closer fitting than a ring of the bed-curtain. Vainly, as becomes a candid country lass, blue-eyed Susan tells him that she is but a poor dairymaid. He has been a student of women at Courts, in which furnace the sex becomes a transparency, so he recounts to her the catalogue of material advantages he has to offer. Finally, after his assurances that she is to be married by the parson, really by the parson, and a real parson—

> Sweet Susie is off for her parents' consent,
> And long must the old folk debate what it meant.
> She left them the eve of that happy May morn,
> To shine like the blossom that hangs from the thorn!

Apart from its historical value, the ballad is an example to poets of our day, who fly to mythological Greece, or a fanciful and morbid medievalism, or—save the mark!—abstract ideas, for themes of song, of what may be done to make our English life poetically interesting, if they would but pluck the treasures presented them by the wayside; and Nature being now as then the passport to popularity, they have themselves to thank for their little hold on the heart of the people. A living native duke is worth fifty Phœbus Apollos to Englishmen, and a buxom young lass of the fields mounting from a pair of pails to the estate of duchess, a more romantic object than troops of your visionary Yseults and Guineveres.

CHAPTER II

A CERTAIN time after the marriage, his Grace alighted at the Wells, and did himself the honor to call on Mr. Beamish. Addressing that gentleman, to whom he was no stranger, he communicated the purport of his visit.

"Sir, and my very good friend," he said, "first let me beg you to abate the severity of your countenance, for if I am here in breach of your prohibition, I shall presently depart in compliance with it. I could indeed deplore the loss of the passion for play of which you effectually cured me. I was then armed against a crueller, that allows of no interval for a man to make his vow to recover!"

"The disease which is all crisis, I apprehend," Mr. Beamish remarked.

"Which, sir, when it takes hold of dry wood, burns to the last splinter. It is now"—the duke fetched a tender groan—"three years ago that I had a caprice to marry a grandchild!"

"Of Adam's," Mr. Beamish said cheerfully. "There was no legitimate bar to the union."

"Unhappily none. Yet you are not to suppose I regret it. A most admirable creature, Mr. Beamish, a real divinity! And the better known, the more adored. There is the misfortune. At my season of life, when the greater and the minor organs are in a conspiracy to tell me I am mortal, the passion of love must be welcomed as a calamity, though one would not be free of it for the renewal of youth. You are to understand, that with a little awakening taste for dissipation, she is the most innocent of angels. Hitherto we have lived. . . . To her it has been a new world. But she is beginning to find it a narrow one. No, no, she is not tired of my society. Very far from that. But in her present station an inclination for such gatherings as you have here, for example, is like a desire to take the air: and the healthy habits of my duchess have not accustomed her to be immured. And in fine, devote ourselves as we will, a term approaches when the enthusiasm for serving as your wife's playfellow all day, running round tables and flying along corridors before a knotted handkerchief, is mightily relaxed. Yet the dread of a separation from her has kept me at these pastimes for a considerable period beyond my relish of them. Not that I acknowledge fatigue. I have, it seems, a taste for reflection; I am now much disposed to read and meditate, which cannot be done without repose. I settle myself, and I receive a worsted ball in my face, and I am expected to return it. I comply; and then you would say a nursery in arms. It would else be the deplorable spectacle of a beautiful young woman yawning."

"Earthquake and saltpeter threaten us less terribly," said Mr. Beamish.

"In fine, she has extracted a promise that this summer she shall visit the Wells for a month, and I fear I cannot break my pledge of my word; I fear I cannot."

"Very certainly I would not," said Mr. Beamish.

The duke heaved a sigh. "There are reasons, family reasons, why my company and protection must be denied to her here. I have no wish . . . indeed my name, for the present, until such time as she shall have found her feet . . . and there is ever a penalty to pay for that. Ah, Mr. Beamish, pictures are ours, when we have bought them and hung them up; but who insures us possession of a beautiful work of Nature? I have latterly betaken me to reflect much and seriously. I am tempted to side with the Divines in the sermons I have read; the flesh is the habitation of a rebellious devil."

"To whom we object in proportion as we ourselves become quit of him," Mr. Beamish acquiesced.

"But this mania of young people for pleasure, eternal pleasure, is one of the wonders. It does not pall on them; they are insatiate."

"There is the cataract, and there is the cliff. Potentate to potentate, duke—so long as you are on my territory, be it understood. Upon my way to a place of worship once, I passed a Puritan, who was complaining of a butterfly that fluttered prettily abroad in desecration of the Day of Rest. 'Friend,' said I to him, 'conclusively you prove to me that you are not a butterfly.' Surly did no more than favor me with the anathema of his countenance."

"Cousin Beamish, my complaint of these young people is, that they miss their pleasure in pursuing it. I have lectured my duchess——"

"Ha!"

"Foolish, I own," said the duke. "But suppose, now, you had caught your butterfly, and you could neither let it go nor consent to follow its vagaries. That poses you."

"Young people," said Mr. Beamish, "come under my observation in this poor realm of mine—young and old. I find them prodigiously alike in their love of pleasure, differing mainly in their capacity to satisfy it. That is no uncommon observation. The young have an edge which they are desirous of blunting; the old contrariwise. The cry of the young for pleasure is actually—I have studied their language—a cry for burdens. Curious! And the old ones cry for having too many on their shoulders: which is *not* astonishing. Between them they make an agreeable concert both to charm the ears and guide the steps of the philosopher, whose wisdom it is to avoid their tracks."

"Good. But I have asked you for practical advice, and you give me an essay."

"For the reason, duke, that you propose a case that suggests hanging. You mention two things impossible to be done. The alternative is, a garter and the bed-post. When we have come upon crossways, and we can decide neither to take the right hand nor the left, neither forward nor back, the index of the board which would direct us points to itself, and emphatically says, Gallows."

"Beamish, I am distracted. If I refuse her the visit, I foresee dissensions, tears, games at ball, romps, not one day of rest remaining to me. I could be of a mind with your Puritan, positively. If I allow it, so innocent a creature in the atmosphere of a place like this must suffer some corruption. You should know that the station I took her from was . . . it was modest. She was absolutely a buttercup of the fields. She has had various masters. She dances . . . she dances prettily, I could say bewitchingly. And so she is now for airing her accomplishments: such are women!"

"Have you heard of Chloe?" said Mr. Beamish. "There you have an example of a young lady uncorrupted by this place—of which I would only remark that it is best unvisited, but better tasted than longed for."

"Chloe? A lady who squandered her fortune to redeem some ill-requiting rascal:

I remember to have heard of her. She is here still? And ruined, of course?"

"In purse."

"That cannot be without the loss of reputation."

"Chloe's champion will grant that she is exposed to the evils of improvidence. The more brightly shine her native purity, her goodness of heart, her trustfulness. She is a lady whose exaltation glows in her abasement."

"She has, I see, preserved her comeliness," observed the duke, with a smile.

"Despite the flying of the roses, which had not her heart's patience. 'Tis now the lily that reigns. So, then, Chloe shall be attached to the duchess during her stay, and unless the devil himself should interfere, I guarantee her Grace against any worse harm than experience; and that," Mr. Beamish added, as the duke raised his arms at the fearful word, "that shall be mild. Play she will; she is sure to play. Put it down at a thousand. We map her out a course of permissible follies, and she plays to lose the thousand by degrees, with as telling an effect upon a connubial conscience as we can produce."

"A thousand," said the duke, "will be cheap indeed. I think now I have had a description of this fair Chloe, and from an enthusiast; a brune? elegantly mannered and of a good landed family; though she has thought proper to conceal her name. And that will be our difficulty, cousin Beamish."

"She was, under my dominion, Miss Martinsward," Mr. Beamish pursued. "She came here very young, and at once her suitors were legion. In the way of women, she chose the worst among them; and for the fellow Caseldy she sacrificed the fortune she had inherited of a maternal uncle. To release him from prison, she paid all his debts; a mountain of bills, with the lawyers piled above—Pelion upon Ossa, to quote our poets. In fact, obeying the dictates of a soul steeped in generosity, she committed the indiscretion to strip herself, scandalizing propriety. This was immediately on her coming of age; and it was the death-blow to her relations with her family. Since then, honored even by rakes, she has lived impoverished at the Wells. I dubbed her Chloe, and man or woman disrespectful to Chloe packs. From being the victim of her generous disposition, I could not save her; I can protect her from the shafts of malice."

"She has no passion for play?" inquired the duke.

"She nourishes a passion for the man for whom she bled, to the exclusion of the other passions. She lives, and I believe I may say that it is the motive of her rising and dressing daily, in expectation of his advent."

"He may be dead."

"The dog is alive. And he has not ceased to be Handsome Caseldy, they say. Between ourselves, duke, there is matter to break her heart. He has been the Count Caseldy of Continental gaming tables, and he is recently Sir Martin Caseldy, settled on the estate she made him free to take up intact on his father's decease."

"Pah! a villain!"

"With a blacker brand upon him every morning that he looks forth across his property, and leaves her to languish! She still—I say it to the redemption of our sex—has offers. Her incomparable attractions of mind and person exercise the natural empire of beauty. But she will none of them. I call her the Fair Suicide. She has died for love; and she is a ghost, a good ghost, and a pleasing ghost, but an apparition, a taper."

The duke fidgeted, and expressed a hope to hear that she was not of melancholy conversation; and again, that the subject of her discourse was not confined to love and lovers, happy or unhappy. He wished his duchess, he said, to be entertained upon gayer topics: love being a theme he desired to reserve to himself. "This month!" he said, prognostically shaking and moaning. "I would this month were over, and that we were well purged of it."

Mr. Beamish reassured him. The wit and sprightliness of Chloe were so famous as to be considered medical, he affirmed; she was besieged for her company; she composed and sang impromptu verses, she played harp and harpsichord divinely, and touched the guitar, and danced, danced like the silvery moon on the waters of the mill pool. He concluded by saying that she was both humane and wise, humble-minded and amusing, virtuous yet not a Tartar; the best of companions for her Grace the young duchess. Moreover, he boldly engaged to carry the duchess through the term of her visit under a name that should be as good as a masquerade for concealing his Grace's, while giving her all the honors due to her rank.

"You strictly interpret my wishes," said the duke; "all honors, the foremost place, and my wrath upon man or woman gainsaying them!"

"Mine! if you please, duke," said Mr. Beamish.

"A thousand pardons! I leave it to you, cousin. I could not be in safer hands. I am heartily bounden to you. Chloe, then. By the way, she has a decent respect for age?"

"She is reverentially inclined."

"Not that. She is, I would ask, no wanton prattler of the charms and advantages of youth?"

"She has a young adorer that I have dubbed Alonzo, whom she scarce notices."

"Nothing could be better. Alonzo: h'm! A faithful swain?"

"Life is his tree, upon which unceasingly he carves his mistress's initials."

"She should not be too cruel. I recollect myself formerly: I was . . . Young men will, when long slighted, transfer their affections, and be warmer to the second flame than to the first. I put you on your guard. He follows her much? These lovers' pantings and puffings in the neighborhood of the most innocent of women are contagious."

"Her Grace will be running home all the sooner."

"Or off!—may she forgive me! I am like a King John's Jew, forced to lend his treasure without security. What a world is ours! Nothing, Beamish, nothing desirable will you have which is not coveted! Catch a prize, and you will find you are at war with your species. You have to be on the defensive from that moment. There is no such thing as peaceable possession on earth. Let it be a beautiful young woman!—Ah!"

Mr. Beamish replied bracingly, "The champion wrestler challenges all comers while he wears the belt."

The duke dejectedly assented. "True; or he is challenged, say. Is there any tale we could tell her of this Alonzo? You could deport him for the month, my dear Beamish."

"I commit no injustice unless with sufficient reason. It is an estimable youth, as shown by his devotion to a peerless woman. To endow her with his name and fortune is his only thought."

"I perceive; an excellent young fellow! I have an incipient liking for this young Alonzo. You must not permit my duchess to laugh at him. Encourage her rather to advance his suit. The silliness of a young man will be no bad spectacle. Chloe, then. You have set my mind at rest, Beamish, and it is but another obligation added to the heap; so, if I do not speak of payment, the reason is that I know you would not have me bankrupt."

The remainder of the colloquy of the duke and Mr. Beamish referred to the date of her Grace's coming to the Wells, the lodgement she was to receive, and other minor arrangements bearing upon her state and comfort; the duke perpetually observing, "But I leave it all to you, Beamish," when he had laid down precise instructions in these respects, even to the specification of the shopkeepers, the confectioner and the apothecary, who were to balance or cancel one another in the opposite nature of their supplies, and the haberdasher and the jeweler, with whom she was to make her purchases. For the duke had a recollection of giddy shops, and of giddy shopmen too; and it was by serving as one for a day that a certain great nobleman came to victory with a jealously guarded dame beautiful as Venus. "I would have challenged the goddess!" he cried, and subsided from his enthusiasm plaintively, like a weak wind instrument. "So there you see the prudence of a choice of shops. But I leave it to you, Beamish." Similarly the great military commander, having done whatsoever a careful prevision may suggest to insure him victory, casts himself upon Providence, with the hope of propitiating the unanticipated and darkly possible.

CHAPTER III

THE splendid equipage of a coach and six, with footmen in scarlet and green, carried Beau Beamish five miles along the road on a sunny day to meet the young duchess at the boundary of his territory, and conduct her in state to the Wells. Chloe sat beside him, receiving counsel with regard to her prospective duties. He was this day the consummate beau, suave, but monarchical, and his manner of speech partook of his external grandeur. "Spy me the horizon, and apprise me if somewhere you distinguish a chariot," he said, as they drew up on the rise of a hill of long descent, where the dusty roadway sank between its brown hedges, and crawled mounting from dry rush-spotted hollows to corn fields on a companion height directly facing them, at a remove of about three-quarters of a mile. Chloe looked forth, while the beau passingly raised his hat for coolness, and murmured, with a glance down the sultry track: "It sweats the eye to see!"

Presently Chloe said, "Now a dust blows.

Something approaches. Now I discern horses, now a vehicle; and it is a chariot!"

Orders were issued to the outriders for horns to be sounded.

Both Chloe and Beau Beamish wrinkled their foreheads at the disorderly notes of triple horns, whose pealing made an acid in the air instead of sweetness.

"You would say, kennel dogs that bay the moon!" said the wincing beau. "Yet, as you know, these fellows have been exercised. I have had them out in a meadow for hours, baked and drenched, to get them rid of their native cacophony. But they love it, as they love bacon and beans. The musical taste of our people is in the stage of the primitive appetite for noise, and for that they are gluttons."

"It will be pleasant to hear in the distance," Chloe replied.

"Ay, the extremer the distance, the pleasanter to hear. Are they advancing?"

"They stop. There is a cavalier at the window. Now he doffs his hat."

"Sweepingly?"

Chloe described a semicircle in the grand manner.

The beau's eyebrows rose. "Powers divine!" he muttered. "She is let loose from hand to hand, and midway comes a cavalier. We did not count on the hawks. So I have to deal with a cavalier! It signifies, my dear Chloe, that I must incontinently affect the passion if I am to be his match: nothing less."

"He has flown," said Chloe.

"Whom she encounters after meeting me, I care not," quothed the beau, snapping a finger. "But there has been an interval for damage with a lady innocent as Eve. Is she advancing?"

"The chariot is trotting down the hill. He has ridden back. She has no attendant horseman."

"They were dismissed at my injunction ten miles off: particularly to the benefit of the cavaliering horde, it would appear. In the case of a woman, Chloe, one blink of the eyelids is an omission of watchfulness."

"That is an axiom fit for the harem of the Grand Signior."

"The Grand Signior might give us profitable lessons for dealing with the sex."

"Distrust us, and it is a declaration of war!"

"Trust you, and the stopper is out of the smelling-bottle."

"Mr. Beamish, we are women, but we have souls."

"The pip in the apple whose ruddy cheek allures little Tommy to rob the orchard is as good a preservative."

"You admit that men are our enemies?"

"I maintain that they carry the banner of virtue."

"Oh, Mr. Beamish, I shall expire."

"I forbid it in my lifetime, Chloe, for I wish to die believing in one woman."

"No flattery for me at the expense of my sisters!"

"Then fly to a hermitage; for all flattery is at somebody's expense, child. 'Tis an essence—extract of humanity! To live on it, in the fashion of some people, is bad—it is downright cannibal. But we may sprinkle our handkerchiefs with it, and we should, if we would caress our noses with an air. Society, my Chloe, is a recommencement upon an upper level of the savage system; we must have our sacrifices. As, for instance, what say you of myself beside our booted bumpkin squires?"

"Hundreds of them, Mr. Beamish!"

"That is a holocaust of squires reduced to make an incense for me, though you have not performed Druid rites and packed them in gigantic osier ribs. Be philosophical, but accept your personal dues. Grant us ours, too. I have a serious intention to preserve this young duchess, and I expect my task to be severe. I carry the banner aforesaid; verily and penitentially I do. It is an error of the vulgar to suppose that all is dragon in the dragon's jaws."

"Men are his fangs and claws."

"Ay, but the passion for his fiery breath is in woman. She will take her leap and have her jump, will and will! And at the point where she will and she won't, the dragon gulps and down she goes! However, the business is to keep our buttercup duchess from that same point. Is she near?"

"I can see her," said Chloe.

Beau Beamish requested a sketch of her, and Chloe began: "She is ravishing."

Upon which he commented, "Every woman is ravishing at forty paces, and still more so in imagination."

"Beautiful auburn hair, and a dazzling red and white complexion, set in a blue coif."

"Her eyes?"

"Melting blue."

"'Tis an English witch!" exclaimed the beau, and he compassionately invoked her absent lord.

Chloe's optics were no longer tasked to discern the fair lady's lineaments, for the chariot windows came flush with those of the beau on the broad plateau of the hill.

His coach door was opened. He sat upright, leveling his privileged stare at Duchess Susan until she blushed.

"Ay, madam," quoth he, "I am not the first."

"La, sir!" said she; "who are you?"

The beau deliberately raised his hat and bowed. "He, madam, of whose approach the gentleman who took his leave of you on yonder elevation informed you."

She looked artlessly over her shoulder, and at the beau alighting from his carriage. "A gentleman?"

"On horseback."

The duchess popped her head through the window on an impulse to measure the distance between the two hills.

"Never!" she cried.

"Why, madam, did he deliver no message to announce me?" said the beau, ruffling.

"Goodness gracious! You must be Mr. Beamish," she replied.

He laid his hat on his bosom, and invited her to quit her carriage for a seat beside him. She stipulated, "If you are really Mr. Beamish?" He frowned, and raised his head to convince her; but she would not be impressed, and he applied to Chloe to establish his identity. Hearing Chloe's name, the duchess called out, "Oh! there, now, that's enough, for Chloe's my maid here, and I know she's a lady born, and we're going to be friends. Hand me to Chloe. And you are Chloe?" she said, after a frank stride from step to step of the carriages. "And don't mind being my maid? You do look a nice, kind creature. And I see you're a lady born; I know in a minute. You're dark, I'm fair; we shall suit. And tell me—hush!—what dreadful long eyes he has! I shall ask you presently what you think of me. I was never at the Wells before. Dear me! the coach has turned. How far off shall we hear the bells to say I'm coming? I know I'm to have bells. Mr. Beamish, Mr. Beamish! I must have a chatter with a woman, and I am in awe of you, sir, that I am, but men and men I see to talk to for a lift of my finger, by the dozen, in my duke's palace—though they're old ones, that's true—but a woman who's a lady, and kind enough to be my maid, I haven't met yet since I had the right to wear a coronet. There, I'll hold Chloe's hand, and that'll do. You would tell me at once, Chloe, if I was not dressed to your taste; now, wouldn't you? As for talkative, that's a sign with me of my liking people. I really don't know what to say to my duke sometimes. I sit and think it so funny to be having a duke instead of a husband. You're off!"

The duchess laughed at Chloe's laughter. Chloe excused herself, but was informed by her mistress that it was what she liked.

"For the first two years," she resumed, "I could hardly speak a syllable. I stammered, I reddened, I longed to be up in my room brushing and curling my hair, and was ready to curtsey to everybody. Now I'm quite at home, for I've plenty of courage—except about death, and I'm worse about death than I was when I was a simple body with a gawk's 'lawks!' in her round eyes and mouth for an egg. I wonder why that is? But isn't death horrible? And skeletons!" The duchess shuddered.

"It depends upon the skeleton," said Beau Beamish, who had joined the conversation. "Yours, madam, I would rather not meet, because she would precipitate me into transports of regret for the loss of the flesh. I have, however, met mine own and had reason for satisfaction with the interview."

"Your own skeleton, sir!" said the duchess wonderingly and appalled.

"Unmistakably mine. I will call you to witness by an account of him."

Duchess Susan gaped, and, "Oh, don't!" she cried out; but added, "It's broad day, and I've got some one to sleep anigh me after dark"; with which she smiled on Chloe, who promised her there was no matter for alarm.

"I encountered my gentleman as I was proceeding to my room at night," said the beau, "along a narrow corridor, where it was imperative that one of us should yield the *pas;* and, I must confess it, we are all so amazingly alike in our bones, that I stood prepared to demand place of him. For indubitably the fellow was an obstruction and at the first glance repulsive. I took him for anybody's skeleton, Death's ensign, with his cachinnatory skull, and the numbered ribs, and the extraordinary splay feet—in fact, the whole ungainly and shaky hobbledehoy which man is built on, and by whose image in his weaker moments he is haunted. I had, to be frank, been dancing on a supper with certain of our choicest Wits and Beauties. It is a recipe for conjuring apparitions. Now, then, thinks I, my fine fellow, I will bounce you; and without a salutation I pressed forward. Madam, I give you my word, he behaved to the full pitch as I myself should have done under similar circumstances. Retiring upon an inclination of his structure, he draws up and fetches me a bow of the exact middle nick between dignity and service. I advance, he withdraws, and again the bow, devoid of obsequiousness, majestically condescending. These, thinks I, be royal manners. I could have taken him for the Sable King in person, stripped of his mantle. On my soul, he put me to the blush."

"And is that all?" asked the duchess, relieving herself with a sigh.

"Why, madam," quoth the beau, "do you not see that he could have been none other than mine own, who could comport himself with that grand air and gracefulness when wounded by his closest relative? Upon his opening my door for me, and accepting the *pas*, which I now right heartily accorded him, I recognized at once both him and the reproof he had designedly dealt me—or the wine supper I had danced on, perhaps I should say; and I protest that by such a display of supreme good breeding he managed to convey the highest compliment ever received by man, namely, the assurance, that after the withering away of this mortal garb, I shall still be noted for urbanity and elegancy. Nay, and more, immortally, without the slip I was guilty of when I carried the bag of wine."

Duchess Susan fanned herself to assist her digestion of the anecdote.

"Well, it's not so frightful a story, and I know you are the great Mr. Beamish," she said.

He questioned her whether the gentleman had signaled him to her on the hill.

"What can he mean about a gentleman?" she turned to Chloe. "My duke told me you would meet me, sir. And you are to protect me. And if anything happens, it is to be your fault."

"Entirely," said the beau. "I shall therefore maintain a vigilant guard."

"Except leaving me free. Oof! I've been boxed up so long. I declare, Chloe, I feel like a best dress out for a holiday, and a bit afraid of spoiling. I'm a real child, more than I was when my duke married me. I seemed to go in and grow up again, after I was raised to fortune. And nobody to tell of it! Fancy that! For you can't talk to old gentlemen about what's going on in your heart."

"How of young gentlemen?" she was asked by the beau.

And she replied, "They find it out."

"Not if you do not assist them," said he.

Duchess Susan let her eyelids and her underlip half drop, as she looked at him with the simple shyness of one of nature's thoughts in her head at peep on the pastures of the world. The melting blue eyes and the cherry lip made an exceedingly quickening picture. "Now, I wonder if that is true?" she transferred her slyness to speech.

"Beware the middle-aged!" he exclaimed.

She appealed to Chloe. "And I'm sure they're the nicest."

Chloe agreed that they were.

The duchess measured Chloe and the beau together, with a mind swift in apprehending all that it hungered for.

She would have pursued the pleasing themes had she not been directed to gaze below upon the towers and roofs of the Wells, shining sleepily in a siesta of afternoon Summer sunlight.

With a spread of her silken robe, she touched the edifice of her hair, murmuring to Chloe, "I can't abide that powder. You shall see me walk in a hoop. I can. I've done it to slow music till my duke clapped hands. I'm nothing sitting to what I am on my feet. That's because I haven't got fine language yet. I shall. It seems to come last. So, there's the place. And whereabouts do all the great people meet and prommy——?"

"They promenade where you see the trees, madam," said Chloe.

"And where is it where the ladies sit and eat jam tarts with whipped cream on 'em, while the gentlemen stand and pay compliments?"

Chloe said it was at a shop near the pump room.

Duchess Susan looked out over the housetops, beyond the dusty hedges.

"Oh, and that powder!" she cried. "I hate to be out of the fashion and a spectacle. But I do love my own hair, and I have such a lot, and I like the color, and so does my duke. Only, don't let me be fingered at. If once I begin to blush before people, my courage is gone; my singing inside me is choked; and I've a real lark going on in me all day long, rain or sunshine—hush, all about love and musement."

Chloe smiled, and Duchess Susan said, "Just like a bird, for I don't know what it is."

She looked for Chloe to say that she did.

At the moment a pair of mounted squires rode up, and the coach stopped, while Beau Beamish gave orders for the church bells to be set ringing, and the band to meet and precede his equipage at the head of the bath avenue: "in honor of the arrival of her Grace the Duchess of Dewlap."

He delivered these words loudly to his men, and turned an effulgent gaze upon the duchess, so that for a minute she was fascinated and did not consult her hearing; but presently she fell into an uneasiness; the signs increased, she bit her lip, and after breathing short once or twice, "Was it meaning me, Mr. Beamish?" she said.

"You, madam, are the person whom we delight to honor," he replied.

"Duchess of what?" she screwed uneasy features to hear.

"Duchess of Dewlap," said he.

"It's not my title, sir."

"It is your title on my territory, madam."

She made her pretty nose and upper lip ugly with a sneer of "Dew—! And enter that town before all those people as Duchess of . . . Oh, no, I won't; I just won't! Call back those men, now, please; now, if you please. Pray, Mr. Beamish! You'll offend me, sir. I'm not going to be a mock. You'll offend my duke, sir. He'd die rather than have my feelings hurt. Here's all my pleasure spoilt. I won't and I sha'n't enter the town as duchess of that stupid name, so call 'em back, call 'em back this instant. I know who I am and what I am, and I know what's due to me, I do."

Beau Beamish rejoined, "I, too. Chloe will tell you I am lord here."

"Then I'll go home, I will. I won't be laughed at for a great lady ninny. I'm a real lady of high rank, and such I'll appear. What's a Duchess of Dewlap? One might as well be Duchess of Cowstail, Duchess of Mopsend. And those people! But I won't be that. I won't be played with. I see them staring! No, I can make up my mind, and I beg you to call back your men, or I'll go back home." She muttered, "Be made fun of—made a fool of!"

"Your Grace's chariot is behind," said the beau.

His despotic coolness provoked her to an outcry and weeping: she repeated, "Dewlap! Dewlap!" in sobs; she shook her shoulders and hid her face.

"You are proud of your title, are you, madam?" said he.

"I am." She came out of her hands to answer him proudly. "That I am!" she meant for a stronger affirmation.

"Then mark me," he said impressively; "I am your duke's friend, and you are under my charge here. I am your guardian and you are my ward, and you can enter the town only on the condition of obedience to me. Now, mark me, madam; no one can rob you of you[illegible]l name and title saving yourself. By[illegible]u are entering a place where you w[illegible]counter a thousand temptations to t[illegible]n, and haply forfeit it. Be warned: do nothing that will."

"Then I'm to have my own title?" said she, clearing up.

"For the month of your visit you are Duchess of Dewlap."

"I say I sha'n't!"

"You shall."

"Never, sir!"

"I command it."

She flung herself forward, with a wail, upon Chloe's bosom. "Can't you do something for me?" she whimpered.

"It is impossible to move Mr. Beamish," Chloe said.

Out of a pause, composed of sobs and sighs, the duchess let loose in a broken voice: "Then I'm sure I think—I think I'd rather have met—have met his skeleton!"

Her sincerity was equal to wit.

Beau Beamish shouted. He cordially applauded her, and in the genuine kindness of an admiration that surprised him, he permitted himself the liberty of taking and saluting her fingers. She fancied there was another chance for her, but he frowned at the mention of it.

Upon these proceedings the exhilarating sound of the band was heard; simultaneously a festival peal of bells burst forth; and an admonishment of the necessity for concealing her chagrin and exhibiting both station and a countenance to the people, combined with the excitement of the new scenes and the marching music to banish the acuter sense of disappointment from Duchess Susan's mind; so she very soon held herself erect, and wore a face open to every wonder, impressionable as the blue lake surface, crisped here and there by fitful breezes against a level sun.

(*To be continued*)

I must tell you a good story. It is the custom here to offer anything that is praised. At dinner, the other day, I was seated next to the Prime Minister's sweetheart: she is as stupid as a cabbage and very big. Her beautiful shoulders were bare, and around them hung a garland with tassels of metal or glass. Not knowing what to say to her, I praised both shoulders and garland, to which she replied: "Both are at your service."

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE (1854).

The Long and the Short of It

But if a woman have long hair, it is a praise unto her, for her hair is given her for a covering.
CORINTHIANS.

"THE LOATHSOMNESSE OF LONG HAIRE"

["*With an Appendix against Painting, Spots, Naked Breasts, etc.*"]

Now see the perversnesse of our natures, and their contrariety to Gods law; women, who should not yet will Poll their heads; and men, who should poll their heads, will not.

As a woman dishonoureth her selfe when she cuts her haire, and the more she cuts it, the more she disgraceth her selfe, because *comatam esse,* long haire is an ornament to her. . . .

He that punished painted Jezabel, who was cast out at a window in the midst of her pride, and eaten up with doggs, will not suffer the proud Dames of our time to go unpunished, unlesse by speedie humiliation and amendment, they prevent it. The Prophet numbring up their severall trinkets, and parts of their pride, descends to shew how the Lord would reward them in a meet proportion: Instead of dressing of haire, to wit, of all their frizling, crisping, curling, laying out their haire, their perukes, the hanging downe of their locks, or tufts, or whatsoever they had, they should have baldnesse, when they had torne off their haire through the extremity of misery. THOMAS HALL, D.D., (1654).

COUNTESS GODIVA'S CLOAK OF HAIR

Whereupon the countess, beloved of God, loosed her hair and let down her tresses, which covered the whole of her body like a veil, and then mounting her horse and attended by two knights, she rode through the market-place without being seen, except her fair legs; and having completed the journey, she returned with gladness to her astonished husband, and obtained of him what she had asked, for Earl Leofric freed the town of Coventry and its inhabitants. . . . ROGER OF WENDOVER.

IT SOUNDS AS IF HER HAIR WERE NOT BOBBED

A twist of fresh flowers on your dark hair,
And your hair is a panther's shadow.
On your white cheeks the down of a thousand roses,
They speak about your beauty in Lahore.
You have your mother's lips;
Your ring is frosted with rubies,
And your hair is a panther's shadow.

Your ring is frosted with rubies;
I was unhappy and you looked over the wall,

I saw your face among the crimson lilies;
There is no armor that a lover can buy,
And your hair is a panther's shadow.

MUHAMMAD DIN TALAI (E. Powys Mathers).

"RAPUNZEL, RAPUNZEL, LET DOWN YOUR HAIR"

Rapunzel had beautiful long hair that shone like gold. When she heard the voice of the witch she would undo the fastening of the upper window, unbind the plaits of her hair, and let it down twenty ells below, and the witch would climb up by it. . . . Once Rapunzel said to her, unwittingly:

"Mother Gothel, how is it that you climb up here so slowly, and the King's son is with me in a moment?"

"Oh, wicked child!" cried the witch. "What is this I hear? I thought I had hidden thee from all the world, and thou hast betrayed me!"

In her anger she seized Rapunzel by her beautiful hair, struck her several times with her left hand, and then, grasping a pair of shears in her right—snip, snap—the beautiful locks lay on the ground. And she was so hard-hearted that she took Rapunzel and put her in a waste and desert place, where she lived in great woe and misery.

The same day on which she took Rapunzel away she went back to the tower in the evening and made fast the severed locks of hair to the window-hasp, and the King's son came and cried:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!"

Then she let the hair down, and the King's son climbed up, but instead of his dearest Rapunzel he found the witch looking at him with wicked, glittering eyes. GRIMM.

MÉLISANDE LEANS FROM THE TOWER

PELLÉAS—My lips cannot reach your hand. . . .

MÉLISANDE—I cannot bend down any lower. . . . I am on the point of falling. . . . Oh! oh! my hair is falling down the tower! . . . (*Her hair falls over suddenly as she bends, and inundates* PELLÉAS).

PELLÉAS—Oh! oh! what is this? . . . Your hair, your hair is coming down to me! . . . All your hair, Mélisande, all your hair has fallen down the tower! . . . I hold it in my hands, I hold it in my mouth. . . . I hold it in my arms, I wind it about my neck. . . . I shall not open my hands again this night. . . .

MÉLISANDE—Leave me! leave me! . . . You will make me fall! . . .

PELLÉAS—No, no, no. . . . I never saw hair like yours, Mélisande! . . . See, see, see; it comes from so high, and yet its floods reach my heart. . . . They reach my knees! . . . And it is soft, it is as soft as if it had fallen from heaven! . . . I can no longer see heaven for your hair. Do you see? do you see? . . . My two hands cannot hold it; there are even some locks on the willow branches. . . . They live, like birds, in my hands . . . and they love me, they love me better than you! . . . MAETERLINCK.

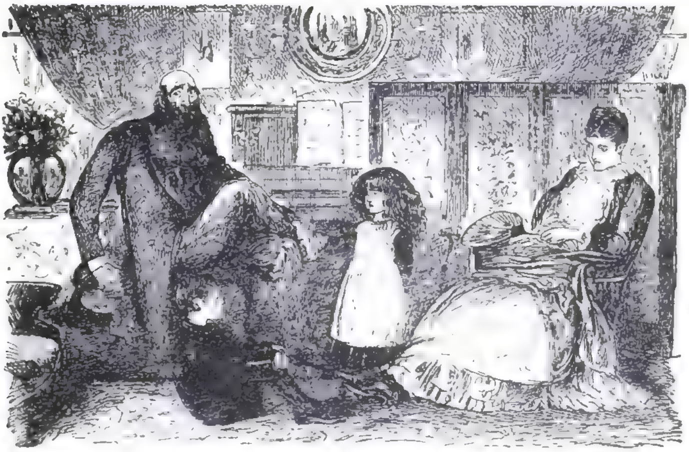
THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL

The blessèd damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn-fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.) DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.



Drawn by George du Maurier

JACK.—"You shouldn't be so *proud* of your hair, Effie! Remember that *at any moment* it might all be taken off the top of your head, and stuck all over your face, like poor Major Prendergast. *Mightn't* it, Aunt Matilda?"

THE LORELEI

A maiden of dazzling beauty
Sits there in lofty state,
Her golden trinkets are gleaming,
She combs her golden hair.

With golden comb she combs it,
And sings a song withal,
A melody that haunts one
With poignant mystery.
. . . . . HEINRICH HEINE.

THE HAIR CROP IN BRITTANY

I visited one of the great Paris coiffeurs, and he made the startling statement that "when they reach a certain age—say forty or fifty years—almost all the ladies in Paris use artificial hair, particularly those who wear their hair in twists, or who affect the archaic style. Why," he said, "do you know the price of a single kilogramme (over 2 lbs.) of first-class hair—hair that has been sorted, cleaned and prepared? Well, sir, I do not sell it under a thousand or eighteen hundred francs, according to color, texture and general beauty." . . . I left the coiffeur and resolved to find out for myself the origin of those mountains of human hair used by the wigmakers of Paris. . . .

At about three o'clock in the afternoon the scene was at its strangest. At least a hundred women of all ages, with many children, beset and surrounded the busy dealers. Nearly all were bare-headed, with their hair flying all over the place. On the ground was a pitiful heap of hair of all colors—black, white, brown, and golden, in an infinite variety of shades. One woman confessed to me that she came back every two or three years to sell her hair which grew again very quickly; and I could not help comparing this interesting peasant to a sheep being periodically shorn.

Some days later, as I was passing through Vannes, my attention was suddenly attracted by a man mounted on a ladder. He was fixing over a door the most curious-looking sign I have ever seen. . . . But what attracted me most and aroused my curiosity was the long tress of hair which was fastened to one corner. . . . I made my way along a tortuous passage and reached a yard where some girls were apparently offering their hair for sale. I tried to take some photos but decided instead to beat a hasty retreat. For the women shrieked shrilly at the sight of my camera, and threatened me with personal violence. Yes, I had had enough of the hair harvest. CHARLES GENIAUX.

THE POET REPROVES THE CURLEW

O curlew, cry no more in the air,
Or only to the waters in the West;
Because your crying brings to my mind
Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
That was shaken out over my breast:
There is enough evil in the crying of wind. W. B. YEATS.

"THE VERY HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE NUMBERED"

Upon the surface of a quarter of an inch the German scientist Withof found, of black hair, 147; brown hair, 162; blond hair, 182. It would seem, therefore, that a black-haired person has the thickest individual hairs, and a blond the thinnest. The total number of hairs on the head of a blond woman has been calculated at from 140,000 to 150,000, on a black-haired from 100,000 to 110,000, while a red-haired woman has only about 20,000 hairs on her head. T. R. STITSON.

THE SNARE

Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck
She will not ever set him free again. GOETHE (SHELLEY).

THE HAIR OF MEDUSA

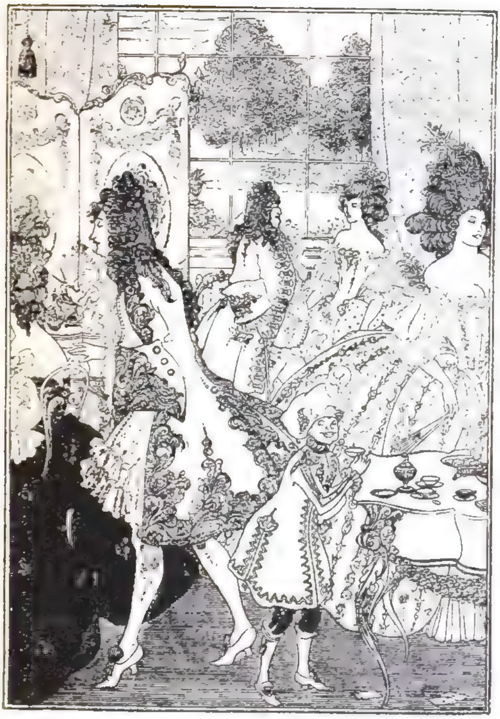
"Which shall I strike at?" asked Perseus, drawing his sword and descending a little lower. "They all three look alike. All three have snaky locks. Which of the three is Medusa?" . . .

And there it was,—that terrible countenance,—mirrored in the brightness of the shield, with the moonlight falling over it, and displaying all its horror. The snakes, whose venomous natures could not altogether sleep, kept twisting themselves over the forehead. . . . They twined themselves into tumultuous knots, writhed fiercely, and uplifted a hundred hissing heads, without opening their eyes. HAWTHORNE.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE, BUNDLED UP IN A GOLDEN NET

Tell me, what needs those rich deceits,
These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,
To take thine haires when they are knowne
Already tame, and all thine owne?
'Tis I am wild, and more than haires

Deserve these Meshes and those snares.
Set free thy Tresses, let them flow
As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow:
And let such curious Net-works be
Lesse set for them, then spred for me. Robert Herrick.



Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley

The Rape of the Lock

The peer now spread the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it to divide. . . .
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror, rent the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last; . . .
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cried) the glorious prize is mine. . . ."
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel!
Pope.

The Binding that Masters even a Houdini

Doris pulled one thread from her golden hair and bound my hands with it, as if I were her prisoner. At first I laughed, thinking it easy to shake off charming Doris' fetters. But finding I had not strength to break them, I presently began to moan, as one held tight by galling irons. And now most ill-fated of men, I am hung on a hair and must ever follow where my mistress chooses to drag me. Paulus Silentarius.

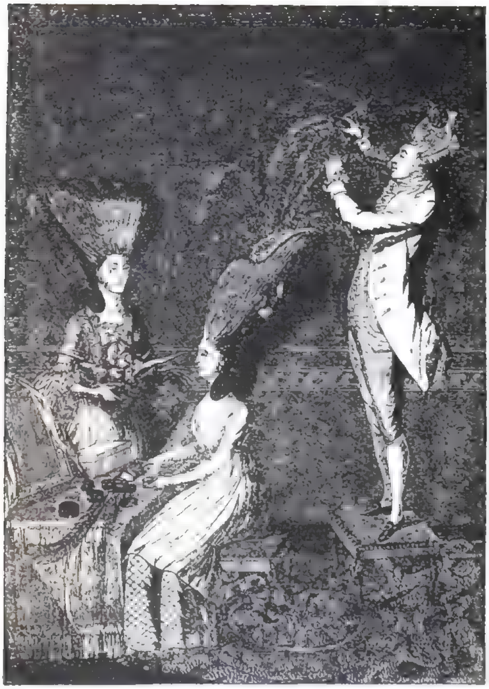
Warning from a Master Coiffeur

Let the fair be cautious also that they use the *curling-irons* with circumspection; for as this comes in immediate contact with the hair; and as there is not any interposition of paper to protect the hair, the frequent use of it tends to destroy its soft texture, renders it brittle, and imparts to it a reddish tinge. Have you remarked, my fair reader, in a summer evening, the western clouds become of a fiery hue, from the too near approach of the sun? have you observed the glow which the cheek of a lovely nymph assumes on the approach of her favorite swain? Such are the disastrous effects of the misuse of this instrument, which gives to the ebon tresses with which nature has adorned the head, so unnatural a tint.

And, like a lobster boil'd, the hair
A fiery red will soon appear.
J. B. M. D. Lafoy (A. D., 1817).

THOR'S WIFE

Why is gold called Sif's hair? Loki Laufeyarson, for mischief's sake, cut off all Sif's hair. But when Thor learned of this, he seized Loki, and would have broken every bone in him, had he not sworn to get the Black Elves to make Sif hair of gold, such that it would grow like other hair. SNORRI STURLESSON.



THE COIFFURE
Drawn by Aubrey Beardsley

PERHAPS THE MODERN FASHION STARTED HERE

That moment she was mine, mine fair,
Perfectly pure and good: I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,

And strangled her. No pain felt she;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids: again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.

And I untightened next the tress
About her neck; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:
I propped her head up as before.
Only, this time my shoulder bore

Her head, which droops upon it still:
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead!

BROWNING.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S ENAMELLED MEADOWS

In 1778 the queen herself invented what was known as the "hedge-hog" style of hair-dressing. This huge mass of frizzled hair tied on with ribbons, and its successor called the "half hedge-hog," lasted for several years, by which time the invention of new and stranger forms became a mania with the queen and her devoted followers. Such terms as "Spaniel's ears," "forest," "enamelled meadows," "butterfly," "milk-sop," "commode," "cabriolet," and "mad-dog," were given these grotesque inventions, and flowers, fruits, wires, ribbons and other materials were freely used in building the structure which was often left for days without rearrangement. . . .

"The scaffolding of gauze, flowers, and feathers was raised to such a height that no carriages could be found lofty enough for ladies' use. The occupants were obliged either to put their heads out of the windows, or to kneel on the carriage floor, so as to protect the fragile structures."

The Paris police chief wrote the manager of a theater that there were constant complaints of huge head-dresses, hats loaded with plumes, flowers, fruits, and ribbons built so high that they obstructed the view of those in the pit. We do not find it recorded that any great changes took place in the size or quality of these headpieces, however.

FRANK A. PARSONS.

LAUS VENERIS

Ah, with blind lips I felt for you, and found
About my neck your hands and hair enwound,
The hands that stifle and the hair that stings,

I felt them fasten sharply without sound.

. . . .

Her hair had smells of all the sunburnt south,

Strange spice and flower, strange savor of crushed fruit,
And perfume the swart kings tread under foot
  For pleasure when their minds wax amorous,
Charred frankincense and grated sandal-root. SWINBURNE.

THE HAIRY GAULS OF ANCIENT DAYS

For stature they are tall, but of a sweaty and pale complexion, red-haired, not only naturally, but they endeavor all they can to make it redder by art. They often wash their hair in a water boiled with lime, and turn it backward from the forehead to the crown of the head, and thence to their very necks, that their faces may be more fully seen, so that they look like satyrs and hobgoblins. By this sort of management of themselves, their hair is as hard as a horse's mane. Some of them shave their beards; others let them grow a little. The persons of quality shave their chins close, but their mustachios they let fall so low, that they even cover their mouths; so that when they eat, their meat hangs dangling by their hair; and when they drink, the liquor runs through their mustachios as through a sieve. DIODORUS SICULUS.

THE QUEEN'S TRESS, MADE ONE WITH THE STARS, WOULD RETURN

'Twas then you made a solemn vow to heav'n,
"Shou'd to your arms your prince again be giv'n
"That I, lov'd Lock, with blood of goats, shou'd prove
"A willing present to the pow'rs above."
They heard your vow, and quickly to your arms
Restor'd your hero with increase of charms. . . .
For this your vow discharging, 'midst the host
Of heav'n I gain'd an honorable post!

. . . .

You too, my queen, when VENUS shall demand,
On solemn feasts due off'rings from your hand;
When, lifting up to heav'n your pious eyes,
Bright on your view your once lov'd Lock shall rise;
Then let sweet unguents your regard express,
And with large gifts, as you esteem me, bless!
Ah, why, amidst the stars must I remain?
Wou'd God, I grew on thy dear head again!
CALLIMACHUS (WM. DODD).

ELSEWHERE, THEY TURNED TO SNAKES IN WATER

In my childhood I used to be told in Yorkshire that if you swallowed a long hair it would twine about your heart and kill you. This belief was brought back to my mind the other day by reading the following passage in Middleton's "Tragi-Coemodie, Called the Witch," IV, I, *sub init:*—

"If I trust her, as she's woman, let one of her long hairs wind about my heart, and be the end of me; which were a piteous lamentable tragedy, and might be entituled *A fair warning for all hair-bracelets.*"

Probably a similar belief prevails in other counties. F. C. BIRKBECK TERRY.

OTHER TIMES . . .

Beauty in man or woman is a gift divine; yet the crowning beauty is the hair, lacking which there is no true perfection. SIR WALTER DAVENANT.

"OLD ASTLEY'S" WIFE

She had such luxuriant hair that she could stand upright and it covered her two feet like a veil. She was very proud of these flaxen locks; and a slight accident by fire having befallen them, she resolved ever after to play in a wig. She used, therefore, to wind this immense quantity of hair round her head, and put over it a capacious caxon, the consequence of which was that her head bore about the same proportion to the rest of her figure that a whale's skull does to its body. PHILIP ASTLEY.

LIGEIA

I examined the contour of the lofty and pale forehead—it was faultless—how cold indeed that word when applied to a majesty so divine!—the skin rivalling the purest ivory, the commanding extent and repose, the gentle prominence of the regions above the temples; and then the raven-black, the glossy, the luxuriant, and naturally-curling tresses, setting forth the full force of the Homeric epithet, "hyacinthine!" EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE COMING OF THE "BOB"

Some high-born ladies in Paris and elsewhere, with the mothers and husbands of young women of the nobility, objected somewhat to these extremes in feathers and plumes, and tried to foster simpler fashions, with small success; but we read that at the birth of one of the little princes the queen cut her hair short, after which everybody adopted the "baby head-dress" at once, sacrificing beautiful hair to fashion's dictates without murmur. PARSONS.

THE CHURCH CONSIDERS SHORT HAIR

The question of the attitude of the Church with regard to short hair for women has been recently raised in France. The Scriptures have been quoted, as have also the early fathers, and stronger views seem to have obtained formerly than is at present the case. It is, of course, a little late for the Church to pronounce on long or short hair, since short hair is rapidly gaining the day, and the coiffure has never known such good times since the days of powder and fancy hairdressing. Also, perhaps, the lesson of the sumptuary laws has been learnt—namely, that they only invited women to greater extravagance.

The Church has no real precedent for the short-hair problem. Its strictures have hitherto been reserved not for the subtraction but for the addition of hair. The Council of Tours went so far as to threaten with excommunication those who curled their hair by artificial means, but, in increasing wrath, called down baldness upon the heads of those who "enlarged their heads by means of foreign matter." Dyeing the hair or even taking the color out was held to be matter enough for eternal flames. NEWSPAPER DISPATCH, 1925.

TRADE FOLLOWS THE BOB

What fashion can do for industry is shown by the statement recently published that, last year, American girls used 180,143,136 nets made of Chinese hair, for which the netmakers, practically all of whom are in Chefoo, China, collected $3,319,322. The total value of hair nets exported from China was only $719 in 1914. BARBARA BURKE.

WHAT NEXT?

Right now there is a great deal of discussion as to the merits of the bob and the probability of its passing. There are many who are of the opinion that this type of hair cut will never again become entirely *outre mode.* And . . . we are inclined to share in this view of the matter, since observation tells us that nothing else is quite so becoming to a certain type of girl and young matron. . . .

As a craze the bob is certainly passing, and the average woman is indicating a return to their first love, long locks. BARBARA BURKE (1923).

Philippa's Fox-Hunt

By E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS

By E. Œ. Somerville
and
Martin Ross

NO ONE can accuse Philippa and me of having married in haste. As a matter of fact, it was but little under five years from that autumn evening on the river when I had said what is called in Ireland "the hard word," to the day in August when I was led to the altar by my best man, and was subsequently led away from it by Mrs. Sinclair Yeates. About two years out of the five had been spent by me at Shreelane in ceaseless warfare with drains, eaveshoots, chimneys, pumps; all those fundamentals, in short, that the ingenuous and improving tenant expects to find established as a basis from which to rise to higher things. As far as rising to higher things went, frequent ascents to the roof to search for leaks summed up my achievements; in fact, I suffered so general a shrinkage of my ideals that the triumph of making the hall-door bell ring blinded me to the fact that the rat-holes in the hall floor were nailed up with pieces of tin biscuit boxes, and that the casual visitor could, instead of leaving a card, have easily written his name in the damp on the walls.

Philippa, however, proved adorably callous to these and similar shortcomings. She regarded Shreelane and its floundering, foundering ménage of incapables in the light of a gigantic picnic in a foreign land; she held long conversations daily with Mrs. Cadogan, in order, as she informed me, to acquire the language; without any ulterior domestic intention she engaged kitchen-maids because of the beauty of their eyes, and housemaids because they had such delightfully picturesque old mothers, and she declined to correct the phraseology of the parlor-maid, whose painful habit it was to whisper "Do ye choose cherry or clarry?" when proffering the wine. Fast-days, perhaps, afforded my wife her first insight into the sterner realities of Irish housekeeping. Philippa had what are known as High Church proclivities, and took the matter seriously.

"I don't know how we are to manage for the servants' dinner to-morrow, Sinclair," she said, coming in to my office one Thursday morning; "Julia says she 'promised God this long time that she wouldn't eat an egg on a fast-day,' and the kitchen-maid says she won't eat herrings 'without they're fried with onions,' and Mrs. Cadogan says she will 'not go to them extremes for servants.'"

"I should let Mrs. Cadogan settle the menu herself," I suggested.

"I asked her to do that," replied Philippa, "and she only said she 'thanked God *she* had no appetite!'"

The lady of the house here fell away into unseasonable laughter.

I made the demoralizing suggestion that, as we were going away for a couple of nights, we might safely leave them to fight it out, and the problem was abandoned.

Philippa had been much called on by the neighborhood in all its shades and grades, and daily she and her trousseau frocks presented themselves at hall-doors of varying dimensions in due acknowledgment of civilities. In Ireland, it may be noted, the process known in England as "summering and wintering" a new-comer does not obtain; sociability and curiosity alike forbid delay. The visit to which we owed our escape from the intricacies of the fast-day was to the Knoxes of Castle Knox, relations in some remote and tribal way of my landlord, Mr. Flurry of that ilk. It involved a short journey by train, and my wife's longest basket-trunk; it also, which was more serious, involved my being lent a horse to go out cubbing the following morning.

At Castle Knox we sank into an almost forgotten environment of draft-proof windows and doors, of deep carpets, of silent servants instead of clattering belligerents. Philippa told me afterwards that it had only been by an effort that she had restrained herself from snatching up the train of her wedding-gown as she paced across the wide hall on little Sir Valentine's arm. After three weeks at Shreelane she found it difficult to remember that the floor was neither damp nor dusty.

I had the good fortune to be of the limited number of those who got on with Lady Knox, chiefly, I imagine, because I was as a worm before her, and thankfully permitted her to do all the talking.

"Your wife is extremely pretty," she pronounced autocratically, surveying Philippa between the candle-shades; "does she ride?"

Lady Knox was a short square lady, with a weather-beaten face, and an eye decisive from long habit of taking her own line across country and elsewhere. She would have made a very imposing little coachman, and would have caused her stable helpers to rue the day they had the presumption to be born; it struck me that Sir Valentine sometimes did so.

"I'm glad you like her looks," I replied, "as I fear you will find her thoroughly despicable otherwise; for one thing, she not only can't ride, but she believes that I can!"

"Oh, come, you're not as bad as all that!" my hostess was good enough to say; "I'm going to put you up on Sorcerer to-morrow, and we'll see you at the top of the hunt—if there is one. That young Knox hasn't a notion how to draw these woods."

"Well, the best run we had last year out of this place was with Flurry's hounds," struck in Miss Sally, sole daughter of Sir Valentine's house and home, from her place half-way down the table. It was not difficult to see that she and her mother held different views on the subject of Mr. Flurry Knox.

"I call it a criminal thing in any one's great-great-grandfather to rear up a preposterous troop of sons and plant them all out in his own country," Lady Knox said to me with apparent irrelevance. "I detest collaterals. Blood may be thicker than water, but it is also a great deal nastier. In this country I find that fifteenth cousins consider themselves near relations if they live within twenty miles of one!"

Having before now taken in the position with regard to Flurry Knox, I took care to accept these remarks as generalities, and turned the conversation to other themes.

"I see Mrs. Yeates is doing wonders with Mr. Hamilton," said Lady Knox presently, following the direction of my eyes, which had strayed away to where Philippa was beaming upon her left-hand neighbor, a mildewed-looking old clergyman, who was delivering a long dissertation, the purport of which we were happily unable to catch.

"She has always had a gift for the Church," I said.

"Not curates?" said Lady Knox, in her deep voice.

I made haste to reply that it was the elders of the Church who were venerated by my wife.

"Well, she has her fancy in old Eustace Hamilton; he's elderly enough!" said Lady Knox. "I wonder if she'd venerate him as much if she knew that he had fought with his sister-in-law, and they haven't spoken for thirty years! though for the matter of that," she added, "I think it shows his good sense!"

"Mrs. Knox is rather a friend of mine," I ventured.

"Is she? H'm! Well, she's not one of mine!" replied my hostess, with her usual definiteness. "I'll say one thing for her, I believe she's always been a sportswoman. She's very rich, you know, and they say she only married old Badger Knox to save his hounds from being sold to pay his debts, and then she took the horn from him and hunted them herself. Has she been rude to your wife yet? No? Oh, well, she will. It's a mere question of time. She hates all English people. You know the story they tell of her? She was coming home from London, and when she was getting her ticket the man asked if she had said a ticket for York. 'No, thank God, Cork!' says Mrs. Knox."

"Well, I rather agree with her!" said I; "but why did she fight with Mr. Hamilton?"

"Oh, nobody knows. I don't believe they know themselves! Whatever it was, the old lady drives five miles to Fortwilliam every Sunday, rather than go to his church, just outside her own back gates," Lady Knox said with a laugh like a terrier's bark. "I wish I'd fought with him myself," she said; "he gives us forty minutes every Sunday."

As I struggled into my boots the following morning, I felt that Sir Valentine's acid confidences on cub-hunting, bestowed on me at midnight, did credit to his judgment. "A very moderate amusement, my dear Major," he had said, in his dry little voice; "you should stick to shooting. No one expects you to shoot before daybreak."

It was six o'clock as I crept down-stairs, and found Lady Knox and Miss Sally at breakfast, with two lamps on the table, and a foggy daylight oozing in from under the half-raised blinds. Philippa was already in the hall, pumping up her bicycle, in a state of excitement at the prospect of her first experience of hunting that would have been more comprehensible to me had she been going to ride a strange horse, as I was. As I bolted my food I saw the horses being led past the windows, and a faint twang of a horn told that Flurry Knox and his hounds were not far off.

Miss Sally jumped up.

"If I'm not on the Cockatoo before the hounds come up, I shall never get there!" she said, hobbling out of the room in the toils of her safety habit. Her small, alert face looked very childish under her riding-hat; the lamplight struck sparks out of her thick coil of golden-red hair: I wondered how I had ever thought her like her prim little father.

She was already on her white cob when I got to the hall-door, and Flurry Knox was riding over the glistening wet grass with his hounds, while his whip, Dr. Jerome Hickey, was having a stirring time with the young entry and the rabbit-holes. They moved on without stopping, up a back avenue, under tall and dripping trees, to a thick laurel covert, at some little distance from the house. Into this the hounds were thrown, and the usual period of fidgety inaction set in for the riders, of whom, all told, there were about half-a-dozen. Lady Knox, square and solid, on her big, confidential iron-gray, was near me, and her eyes were on me and my mount; with her rubicund face and white collar she was more than ever like a coachman.

"Sorcerer looks as if he suited you well," she said, after a few minutes of silence, during which the hounds rustled and crackled steadily through the laurels; "he's a little high on the leg, and so are you, you know, so you show each other off."

Sorcerer was standing like a rock, with his good-looking head in the air and his eyes fastened on the covert. His manners, so far, had been those of a perfect gentleman, and were in marked contrast to those of Miss Sally's cob, who was sidling, hopping, and snatching unappeasably at his bit. Philippa had disappeared from view down the avenue ahead. The fog was melting, and the sun threw long blades of light through the trees; everything was quiet, and in the distance the curtained windows of the house marked the warm repose of Sir Valentine, and those of the party who shared his opinion of cubbing.

"Hark! hark to cry there!"

It was Flurry's voice, away at the other side of the covert. The rustling and brushing through the laurels became more vehement, then passed out of hearing.

"He never will leave his hounds alone," said Lady Knox disapprovingly.

Miss Sally and the Cockatoo moved away in a series of heraldic capers toward the end of the laurel plantation, and at the same moment I saw Philippa on her bicycle shoot into view on the drive ahead of us.

"I've seen a fox!" she screamed, white with what I believe to have been personal terror, though she says it was excitement; "it passed quite close to me!"

"What way did he go?" bellowed a voice which I recognized as Dr. Hickey's, somewhere in the deep of the laurels.

"Down the drive!" returned Philippa, with a pea-hen quality in her tones with which I was quite unacquainted.

An electrifying screech of "Gone away!" was projected from the laurels by Dr. Hickey.

"Gone away!" chanted Flurry's horn at the top of the covert.

"This is what he calls cubbing!" said Lady Knox, "a mere farce!" but none the less she loosed her sedate monster into a canter.

Sorcerer got his hind-legs under him, and hardened his crest against the bit, as we all hustled along the drive after the flying figure of my wife. I knew very little about horses, but I realized that even with the hounds tumbling hysterically out of the covert, and the Cockatoo kicking the gravel into his face, Sorcerer comported himself with the manners of the best society. Up a side road I saw Flurry Knox opening half of a gate and cramming through it; in a moment we also had crammed through, and the turf of a pasture field was under our feet. Dr. Hickey leaned forward and took hold of his horse; I did likewise, with the trifling difference that my horse took hold of me, and I steered for Flurry Knox with single-hearted purpose, the hounds, already a field ahead, being merely an exciting and noisy accompaniment of this endeavor. A heavy stone wall was the first occurrence of note. Flurry chose a place where the top was loose, and his clumsy-looking brown mare changed feet on the rattling stones like a fairy. Sorcerer came at it, tense and collected as a bow at full stretch, and sailed steeply into the air; I saw the wall far beneath me, with an unsuspected ditch on the far side, and I felt my hat following me at the full stretch of its guard as we swept over it, then, with a long slant, we descended to earth some sixteen feet from where we had left it, and I was possessor of the gratifying fact that I had achieved a good-sized "fly," and had not perceptibly moved in my saddle. Subsequent disillusioning experience has taught me that but few horses jump like Sorcerer, so gallantly, so sympathetically, and with such supreme mastery of the subject; but none the less the enthusiasm that he imparted to me has never been extinguished, and that October morning ride revealed to me the unsuspected intoxication of fox-hunting.

Behind me I heard the scrabbling of the Cockatoo's little hoofs among the loose stones, and Lady Knox, galloping on my left, jerked a maternal chin over her shoulder to mark her daughter's progress. For my part, had there been an entire circus behind me, I was far too much occupied with ramming on my hat and trying to hold Sorcerer, to have looked round, and all my spare faculties were devoted to steering for Flurry, who had taken a right-handed turn, and was at that moment surmounting a bank of uncertain and briary aspect. I surmounted it also, with the swiftness and simplicity for which the Quaker's methods of bank-jumping had not prepared me, and two or three fields, traversed at the same steeplechase pace, brought us to a road and to an abrupt check. There, suddenly, were the hounds, scrambling in baffled silence down into the road from the opposite bank, to look for the line they had overrun, and there, amazingly, was Philippa, engaged in excited converse with several men with spades over their shoulders.

"Did ye see the fox, boys?" shouted Flurry, addressing the group.

"We did! we did!" cried my wife and her friends in chorus; "he ran up the road!"

"We'd be badly off without Mrs. Yeates!" said Flurry, as he whirled his mare round and clattered up the road with a hustle of hounds after him.

It occurred to me as forcibly as any mere earthly thing can occur to those who are wrapped in the sublimities of a run, that, for a young woman who had never before seen a fox out of a cage at the Zoo, Philippa was taking to hunting very kindly. Her cheeks were a most brilliant pink, her blue eyes shone.

"Oh, Sinclair!" she exclaimed, "they say he's going for Aussolas, and there's a road I can ride all the way!"

"Ye can, Miss! Sure we'll show you!" chorused her *cortège*.

Her foot was on the pedal ready to mount. Decidedly my wife was in no need of assistance from me.

Up the road a hound gave a yelp of discovery, and flung himself over a stile into the fields; the rest of the pack went squealing and jostling after him, and I followed Flurry over one of those infinitely varied erections, pleasantly termed "gaps" in Ireland. On this occasion the gap was made of three razor-edged slabs of slate leaning against an iron bar, and Sorcerer conveyed to me his thorough knowledge of the matter by a lift of his hind-quarters that made me feel as if I were being skilfully kicked down-stairs. To what extent I looked it, I can not say, nor providentially can Philippa, as she had already started. I only know that undeserved good luck restored to me my stirrup before Sorcerer got away with me in the next field.

What followed was, I am told, a very fast fifteen minutes; for me time was not; the empty fields rushed past uncounted, fences came and went in a flash, while the wind sang in my ears, and the dazzle of the early sun was in my eyes. I saw the hounds occasionally, sometimes pouring over a green bank, as the charging breaker lifts and flings itself, sometimes driving across a field, as the white tongues of foam slide racing over the sand; and always ahead of me was Flurry Knox, going as a man goes who knows his country, who knows his horse, and whose heart is wholly and absolutely in the right place.

Do what I would, Sorcerer's implacable stride carried me closer and closer to the brown mare, till, as I thundered down the slope of a long field, I was not twenty yards behind Flurry. Sorcerer had stiffened his neck to iron, and to slow him down was beyond me; but I fought his head away to the right, and found myself coming hard and steady at a stone-faced bank with broken ground in front of it. Flurry bore away to the left, shouting something that I did not understand. That Sorcerer shortened his stride at the right moment was entirely due to his own judgment; standing well away from the jump, he rose like a stag out of the tussocky ground, and as he swung my twelve-stone six into the air the obstacle revealed itself to him and me as consisting not of one bank but of two, and between the two lay a deep grassy lane, half choked with furze. I have often been asked to state the width of the bohereen, and can only reply that in my opinion it was at least eighteen feet; Flurry Knox and Dr. Hickey, who did not jump it, say that it is not more than five. What Sorcerer did with it, I can not say; the sensation was of a towering flight with a kick back in it, a biggish drop, and a landing on cee-springs, still on the down-hill grade. That was how one of the best horses in Ireland took one of Ireland's most ignorant riders over a very nasty place.

A somber line of fir-wood lay ahead, rimmed with a gray wall, and in another couple of minutes we had pulled up on the Aussolas road, and were watching the hounds struggling over the wall into Aussolas demesne.

"No hurry now," said Flurry, turning in his saddle to watch the Cockatoo jump into the road; "he's to ground in the big earth inside. Well, Major, it's well for you that's a big-jumped horse. I thought you were a dead man a while ago when you faced him at the bohereen!"

I was disclaiming intention in the matter when Lady Knox and the others joined us.

"I thought you told me your wife was no sportswoman," she said to me, critically scanning Sorcerer's legs for cuts the while, "but when I saw her a minute ago she had abandoned her bicycle and was running across country like——"

"Look at her now!" interrupted Miss Sally. "Oh!—oh!" In the interval between these exclamations my incredulous eyes beheld my wife in mid-air, hand in hand with a couple of stalwart country boys, with whom she was leaping in unison from the top of a bank on to the road.

Every one, even the saturnine Dr. Hickey, began to laugh; I rode back to Philippa, who was exchanging compliments and congratulations with her escort.

"Oh, Sinclair!" she cried, "wasn't it splendid? I saw you jumping, and everything! Where are they going now?"

"My dear girl," I said, with marital disapproval, "you're killing yourself. Where's your bicycle?"

"Oh, it's punctured in a sort of lane, back there. It's all right; and then they"—she breathlessly waved her hand at her attendants—"they showed me the way."

"Begor! you proved very good, Miss!" said a grinning cavalier.

"Faith she did!" said another, polishing his shining brow with his white-flannel coat-sleeve, "she lepped like a haarse!"

"And may I ask how you propose to go home?" said I.

"I don't know and I don't care! I'm not going home!" She cast an entirely disobedient eye at me. "And your eye-glass is hanging down your back and your tie is bulging out over your waistcoat!"

The little group of riders had begun to move away.

"We're going on into Aussolas," called out Flurry; "come on, and make my grandmother give you some breakfast, Mrs. Yeates; she always has it at eight o'clock."

The front gates were close at hand, and we turned in under the tall beech-trees, with the unswept leaves rustling round the horses' feet, and the lovely blue of the October morning sky filling the spaces between smooth gray branches and golden leaves. The woods rang with the voices of the hounds, enjoying an untrammeled rabbit hunt, while the Master and the Whip, both on foot, strolled along unconcernedly with their bridles over their arms, making themselves agreeable to my wife, an occasional touch of Flurry's horn, or a crack of Dr. Hickey's whip, just indicating to the pack that the authorities still took a friendly interest in their doings.

Down a grassy glade in the wood a party of old Mrs. Knox's young horses suddenly swept into view, headed by an old mare, who, with her tail over her back, stampeded ponderously past our cavalcade, shaking and swinging her handsome old head, while her youthful friends bucked and kicked and snapped at each other round her with the ferocious humor of their kind.

"Here, Jerome, take the horn," said Flurry to Dr. Hickey; "I'm going to see Mrs. Yeates up to the house, the way these tomfools won't gallop on top of her."

From this point it seems to me that

Philippa's adventures are more worthy of record than mine, and as she has favored me with a full account of them, I venture to think my version may be relied on.

Mrs. Knox was already at breakfast when Philippa was led, quaking, into her formidable presence. My wife's acquaintance with Mrs. Knox was, so far, limited to a state visit on either side, and she found but little comfort in Flurry's assurances that his grandmother wouldn't mind if he brought all the hounds in to breakfast, coupled with the statement that she would put her eyes on sticks for the Major.

Whatever the truth of this may have been, Mrs. Knox received her guest with an equanimity quite unshaken by the fact that her boots were in the fender instead of on her feet, and that a couple of shawls of varying dimensions and degrees of age did not conceal the inner presence of a magenta flannel dressing-jacket. She installed Philippa at the table and plied her with food, oblivious as to whether the needful implements with which to eat it were forthcoming or no. She told Flurry where a vixen had reared her family, and she watched him ride away, with some biting comments on his mare's hocks screamed after him from the window.

The dining-room at Aussolas Castle is one of the many rooms in Ireland in which Cromwell is said to have stabled his horse (and probably no one would have objected less than Mrs. Knox had she been consulted in the matter). Philippa questions if the room had ever been tidied up since, and she indorses Flurry's observation that "there wasn't a day in the year you wouldn't get feeding for a hen and chickens on the floor." Opposite to Philippa, on a Louis Quinze chair, sat Mrs. Knox's woolly dog, its suspicious little eyes peering at her out of their setting of pink lids and dirty white wool. A couple of young horses outside the windows tore at the matted creepers on the walls, or thrust faces that were half-shy, half-impudent, into the room. Portly pigeons waddled to and fro on the broad window-sill, sometimes flying in to perch on the picture-frames, while they kept up incessantly a hoarse and pompous cooing.

Animals and children are, as a rule, alike destructive to conversation; but Mrs. Knox, when she chose, *bien entendu*, could have made herself agreeable in a Noah's ark, and Philippa has a gift of sympathetic attention that personal experience has taught me to regard with distrust as well as respect, while it has often made me realize the worldly wisdom of Kingsley's injunction:

> "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Family prayers, declaimed by Mrs. Knox with alarming austerity, followed close on breakfast, Philippa and a vinegar-faced henchwoman forming the family. The prayers were long, and through the open window as they progressed came distantly a whoop or two; the declamatory tones staggered a little, and then continued at a distinctly higher rate of speed.

"Ma'am! Ma'am!" whispered a small voice at the window.

Mrs. Knox made a repressive gesture and held on her way. A sudden outcry of hounds followed, and the owner of the whisper, a small boy with a face freckled like a turkey's egg, darted from the window and dragged a donkey and bath-chair into view. Philippa admits to having lost the thread of the discourse, but she thinks that the "Amen" that immediately ensued can hardly have come in its usual place. Mrs. Knox shut the book abruptly, scrambled up from her knees, and said, "They've found!"

In a surprisingly short space of time she had added to her attire her boots, a fur cape, and a garden hat, and was in the bath-chair, the small boy stimulating the donkey with the success peculiar to his class, while Philippa hung on behind.

The woods of Aussolas are hilly and extensive, and on that particular morning it seemed that they held as many foxes as hounds. In vain was the horn blown and the whips cracked, small rejoicing parties of hounds, each with a fox of its own, scoured to and fro: every laborer in the vicinity had left his work, and was sedulously heading every fox with yells that would have befitted a tiger hunt, and sticks and stones when occasion served.

"Will I pull out as far as the big rosydandhrum, ma'am?" inquired the small boy; "I see three of the dogs go in it, and they yowling."

"You will," said Mrs. Knox, thumping the donkey on the back with her umbrella; "here! Jeremiah Regan! Come down out of that with that pitchfork! Do you want to kill the fox, you fool?"

"I do not, your honor, ma'am," responded Jeremiah Regan, a tall young countryman, emerging from a bramble brake.

"Did you see him?" said Mrs. Knox eagerly.

"I seen himself and his ten pups drinking below at the lake ere yestherday, your honor, ma'am, and he as big as a chestnut horse!" said Jeremiah.

"Faugh! Yesterday!" snorted Mrs. Knox; "go on to the rhododendrons, Johnny!"

The party, reenforced by Jeremiah and the pitchfork, progressed at a high rate of speed along the shrubbery path, encountering *en route* Lady Knox, stooping on to her horse's neck under the sweeping branches of the laurels.

"Your horse is too high for my coverts, Lady Knox," said the Lady of the Manor, with a malicious eye at Lady Knox's flushed face and dinged hat; "I'm afraid you will be left behind like Absalom when the hounds go away!"

"As they never do anything here but hunt rabbits," retorted her ladyship, "I don't think that's likely."

Mrs. Knox gave her donkey another whack, and passed on.

"Rabbits, my dear!" she said scornfully to Philippa. "That's all she knows about it. I declare, it disgusts me to see a woman of that age making such a Judy of herself! Rabbits indeed!"

Down in the thicket of rhododendron everything was very quiet for a time. Philippa strained her eyes in vain to see any of the riders; the horn blowing and the whip cracking passed on almost out of hearing. Once or twice a hound worked through the rhododendrons, glanced at the party, and hurried on, immersed in business. All at once Johnny, the donkey-boy, whispered excitedly:

"Look at he! Look at he!" and pointed to a boulder of gray rock that stood out among the dark evergreens. A big yellow cub was crouching on it; he instantly slid into the shelter of the bushes, and the irrepressible Jeremiah, uttering a rending shriek, plunged into the thicket after him. Two or three hounds came rushing at the sound, and after this Philippa says she finds some difficulty in recalling the proper order of events; chiefly, she confesses, because of the wholly ridiculous tears of excitement that blurred her eyes.

"We ran," she said, "we simply tore, and the donkey galloped, and as for that old Mrs. Knox, she was giving cracked screams to the hounds all the time, and they were screaming too; and then somehow we were all out on the road!"

What seems to have occurred was that three couple of hounds, Jeremiah Regan, and Mrs. Knox's equipage, among them somehow hustled the cub out of Aussolas demesne and up on to a hill on the farther side of the road. Jeremiah was sent back by this mistress to fetch Flurry, and the rest of the party pursued a thrilling course along the road, parallel with that of the hounds, who were hunting slowly through the gorse on the hillside.

"Upon my honor and word, Mrs. Yeates, my dear, we have the hunt to ourselves!" said Mrs. Knox to the panting Philippa, as they pounded along the road. "Johnny, d'ye see the fox?"

"I do, ma'am!" shrieked Johnny, who possessed the usual field-glass vision bestowed upon his kind. "Look at him overright us on the hill above! Hi! The spotty dog have him! No, he's gone from him! *Gwan out o' that!*" This to the donkey, with blows that sounded like the beating of carpets, and produced rather more dust.

They had left Aussolas some half a mile behind, when, from a strip of wood on their right, the fox suddenly slipped over the bank on to the road just ahead of them, ran up it for a few yards and whisked in at a small entrance gate, with the three couple of hounds yelling on a red-hot scent, not thirty yards behind. The bath-chair party whirled in at their heels, Philippa and the donkey considerably blown, Johnny scarlet through his freckles, but as fresh as paint, the old lady blind and deaf to all things save the chase. The hounds went raging through the shrubs beside the drive, and away down a grassy slope toward a shallow glen, in the bottom of which ran a little stream, and after them over the grass bumped the bath-chair. At the stream they turned sharply and ran up the glen toward the avenue, which crossed it by means of a rough stone viaduct.

"'Pon me conscience, he's into the old culvert!" exclaimed Mrs. Knox; "there was one of my hounds choked there once, long ago! Beat on the donkey, Johnny!"

At this juncture Philippa's narrative again becomes incoherent, not to say breathless. She is, however, positive that it was somewhere about here that the upset of the bath-chair occurred, but she can not be clear as to whether she picked up the donkey or Mrs. Knox, or whether she herself was picked up by Johnny while Mrs. Knox picked up the donkey. From my knowledge of Mrs. Knox I should say she picked up herself and no one else. At all events, the next salient point is the palpitating moment when Mrs. Knox

Johnny, and Philippa successively applying an eye to the opening of the culvert by which the stream trickled under the viaduct, while five dripping hounds bayed and leaped around them, discovered by more senses than that of sight that the fox was in it, and furthermore that one of the hounds was in it, too.

"There's a sthrong grating before him at the far end," said Johnny, his head in at the mouth of the hole, his voice sounding as if he were talking into a jug, "the two of them's fighting in it; they'll be choked surely!"

"Then don't stand gabbling there, you little fool, but get in and pull the hound out!" exclaimed Mrs. Knox, who was balancing herself on a stone in the stream.

"I'd be in dread, ma'am," whined Johnny.

"Balderdash!" said the implacable Mrs. Knox. "In with you!"

I understand that Philippa assisted Johnny into the culvert, and presume it was in so doing that she acquired the two Robinson Crusoe bare footprints which decorated her jacket when I next met her.

"Have you got hold of him yet, Johnny?" cried Mrs. Knox up the culvert.

"I have, ma'am, by the tail," responded Johnny's voice, sepulchral in the depths.

"Can you stir him, Johnny?"

"I cannot, ma'am, and the wather is rising in it."

"Well, please God, they'll not open the mill dam!" remarked Mrs. Knox philosophically to Philippa, as she caught hold of Johnny's dirty ankles. "Hold on to the tail, Johnny!"

She hauled, with, as might be expected, no appreciable result. "Run, my dear, and look for somebody, and we'll have that fox yet!"

Philippa ran, whither she knew not, pursued by fearful visions of bursting mill-dams, and maddened foxes at bay. As she sped up the avenue she heard voices, robust male voices, in a shrubbery, and made for them. Advancing along an embowered walk toward her was what she took for one wild instant to be a funeral; a second glance showed her that it was a party of clergymen of all ages, walking by twos and threes in the dappled shade of the overarching trees. Obviously she had intruded her sacrilegious presence into a Clerical Meeting. She acknowledges that at this awe-inspiring spectacle she faltered, but the thought of Johnny, the hound, and the fox, suffocating, possibly drowning together in the culvert, nerved her. She does not remember what she said or how she said it, but I fancy she must have conveyed to them the impression that old Mrs. Knox was being drowned, as she immediately found herself heading a charge of the Irish Church toward the scene of disaster.

Fate has not always used me well, but on this occasion it was mercifully decreed that I and the other members of the hunt should be privileged to arrive in time to see my wife and her rescue party precipitating themselves down the glen.

"Holy Biddy!" ejaculated Flurry, "is she running a paper-chase with all the parsons? But look! For pity's sake will you look at my grandmother and my Uncle Eustace?"

Mrs. Knox and her sworn enemy the old clergyman, whom I had met at dinner the night before, were standing, apparently in the stream, tugging at two bare legs that projected from a hole in the viaduct, and arguing at the top of their voices. The bath-chair lay on its side with the donkey grazing beside it, on the bank a stout Archdeacon was tendering advice, and the hounds danced and howled round the entire group.

"I tell you, Eliza, you had better let the Archdeacon try," thundered Mr. Hamilton.

"Then I tell you I will not!" vociferated Mrs. Knox, with a tug at the end of the sentence that elicited a subterranean lament from Johnny. "Now who was right about the second grating? I told you so twenty years ago!"

Exactly as Philippa and her rescue party arrived, the efforts of Mrs. Knox and her brother-in-law triumphed. The struggling, sopping form of Johnny was slowly drawn from the hole, drenched, speechless, but clinging to the stern of a hound, who, in its turn, had its jaws fast in the hindquarters of a limp, yellow cub.

"Oh, it's dead!" wailed Philippa, "I *did* think I should have been in time to save it!"

"Well, if that doesn't beat all!" said Dr. Hickey.

Of the word thou hast spoken thou art the slave—but of the word not yet spoken thou art master.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend: Beware!

Turlendana Returns

By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

Gabriele d'Annunzio
Il Vittoriale, 22. VII. 1924.

THE little troupe was making its way beside the shore of the sea. Already, along the pale slopes of the coast, there were the beginnings of the return of spring; the low-lying chain of hills was green and the green of the various verdures was distinct; and each separate summit bore a coronet of trees in flower. At each northerly breath of wind, these trees were set in motion; and, as they moved, they probably denuded themselves of many blossoms, because from a brief distance the heights seemed to be overspread with a tint intermediate between rose color and pale violet, and all the view for an instant would grow tremulous and vague, like an image seen across a veil of water, or like a picture that is washed out and disappears.

The sea stretched away in a serenity almost virginal, along a coast slightly crescented towards the south, resembling in its splendor the vividness of a Persian turquoise. Here and there, revealing the passage of currents, certain zones of a deeper tint left serpentine undulations.

Turlendana, in whom acquaintance with the neighborhood had become, through many years of absence, almost entirely effaced, and in whom also, through long peregrinations, the sentiment of patriotism was well-nigh wholly effaced, continued onward, not turning to look around him, with his habitual weary and limping gait. As the camel lingered to graze upon every clump of wild growth by the wayside, he would hurl at it a brief, hoarse cry of incitement. And then the big, dun-colored quadruped would leisurely raise its head once more, grinding the herbage between its laborious jaws.

"Hoo! Barbara!"

The she-ass, the little snow-white Susanna, under the persistent torments of the monkey, resorted from time to time to braying in lamentable tones, beseeching to be liberated from her rider. But Zavali, the indefatigable, with brief, rapid gestures of alternate anger and mischief, kept running up and down the length of Susanna's back, without respite, leaping on her head and clinging to her long ears, seizing and raising her tail between two paws, while he plucked and scratched at the tuft of coarse hair upon the end, his face muscles meanwhile working with a thousand varying expressions. Then suddenly he would once more seat himself, with a foot thrust under one arm, like the twisted root of a tree, grave, motionless, fixing upon the sea his round, orange-colored eyes, that slowly filled with wonder, while his forehead wrinkled and his thin rose-tinted ears trembled, as if from apprehension. Then suddenly, with a gesture of malice, he would recommence his sport.

"Hoo! Barbara!"

The camel heeded and again set itself in motion.

When the troupe had reached the grove of willows near the mouth of the Pescara, above its left bank (whence it was possible already to discern the sailors out on the yard-arms of sailing vessels anchored at the quay of the *Bandiera*), Turlendana came to a halt, because he wished to slake his thirst at the river.

The ancestral river was bearing to the sea the perennial wave of its tranquillity. The two banks, carpeted with aquatic growth, lay in silence, as if reposing from the exhaustion of their recent labor of fertilization. A profound hush seemed to rest upon everything. The estuaries gleamed resplendent in the sun, tranquil as mirrors set in frames of saline crystals. According to the shifting of the wind, the willows turned from white to green, from green to white again.

"Pescara!" said Turlendana, checking his steps, with an accent of curiosity and instinctive recognition. And he paused to look around him.

Then he descended to the river's brink, where the gravel was worn smooth; and he knelt upon one knee in order to reach the water with the hollow of his hand. The camel bent its neck and drank with leisurely regularity. The she-ass also drank. And the monkey mimicked the attitude of his master, making a hollow of his slender paws, which were as purple as the unripe fruit of the prickly pear.

"Hoo! Barbara!"

The camel heeded and ceased to drink. From its flabby lips the water trickled copiously, dripping upon its callous chest, and revealing its pallid gums and large, discolored, yellow teeth.

Along the path through the grove, worn by seafaring folk, the troupe resumed its march. The sun was setting as they arrived at the Arsenal of Rampigna.

From a sailor who was passing along the high brick parapet, Turlendana inquired: "Is this Pescara?"

The mariner, gazing in amazement at the menagerie, replied:

"Yes, it is," and, heedless of his own concerns, turned and followed the stranger.

Other sailors joined themselves to the first. Before long, a crowd of curious idlers had gathered in the wake of Turlendana, who tranquilly proceeded on his way, not in the least perturbed by the divers popular comments. At the bridge of boats the camel refused to cross.

"Hoo! Barbara! Hoo, hoo!"

Turlendana sought to urge it forward patiently with his voice, shaking meanwhile the cord of the halter by which he was leading it. But the obstinate animal had couched itself upon the ground and laid its outstretched muzzle in the dust, as if expressing its intention of remaining there for a long time. The surrounding crowd had by this time recovered from its first stupefaction, and began to mimic Turlendana, shouting in a chorus:

"Barbara! Barbara!"

And since they were somewhat accustomed to monkeys,—because occasionally sailors, returning from long voyages, brought them back with them, as they did parrots and cockatoos,—they teased Zavali in a thousand ways, and gave him big, green almonds, which the little beast tore open for the sake of the fresh, sweet kernel that he devoured gluttonously.

After long persistence in shouts and blows, Turlendana at last succeeded in vanquishing the obstinacy of the camel. And then that monstrous architecture of skin and bones arose, staggering to its feet in the midst of the mob that urged it forward.

From all directions soldiers and citizens hurried forward to look down upon the sight from above the bridge of boats. The setting sun, disappearing behind the Gran Sasso, diffused throughout the early vernal sky a vivid rosy light; and since, from the moist fields and from the waters of the river and from the sea and from the standing pools, there had all day long been rising many vapors, the houses and the sails and the yard-arms and the foliage and all other things took on this rosy hue; and their forms, acquiring a sort of transparency, lost something of their definite outline, and seemed almost to undulate in the enveloping flood of light.

Beneath its burden the bridge creaked upon its thickly tarred floats, like some vast and buoyant raft. The populace broke into a joyous tumult; while through the midst of the throng, Turlendana and his beasts bravely held the middle of the crossing. And the camel, enormous, overtopping all surrounding heads, drank in the wind in deep breaths, slowly swaying its neck from side to side, like some fabulous, fur-bearing serpent.

Because the curiosity of the gathering crowd had already spread abroad the name of the animal, they all of them, from a native love of mockery, as well as from a mutual contentment born of the charm of the sunset and the season, unanimously shouted:

"Barbara! Barbara!"

Turlendana, who had stoutly held his ground, leaning heavily against the chest of his camel, felt himself, at this approving shout, invaded by an almost paternal satisfaction.

But suddenly the she-ass started in to bray with such high-pitched and ungracious variations of voice and with such lugubrious passion that unanimous hilarity spread throughout the crowd. And this frank laughter of the people passed from lip to lip, from one end of the bridge to the other, like the scattering spray of a mountain stream as it leaps the rocks into the gorge below.

Hereupon Turlendana began once more to make his way through the crowd, unrecognized by anyone.

When he was before the city gate, where the women were selling freshly caught fish from out their big rush baskets, Binchi-Banche, a little runt of a man, with a face as jaundiced and wrinkled as a juiceless lemon, intercepted him, and, according to his wont with all strangers who found their way into this region, made offer of his aid in finding lodgings.

But first he asked, indicating Barbara:

"Is it dangerous?"

Turlendana replied, with a smile, that it was not.

"All right," resumed Binchi-Banche, reassured. "This way, to the house of Rosa Schiavona."

Together they turned across the Fish Market, and thence along the street of Sant' Agostino, still followed by the crowd. At windows and balconies women and young girls crowded closely together to watch in wonder the slow passing of the camel, while they admired the little graces of the small white ass and laughed aloud at the antics of Zavali.

At a certain point, Barbara, seeing a half-dead wisp of grass dangling from a low balcony, raised its long neck, stretched out its lips to reach it, and tore it down. A cry of terror broke from the women who were leaning over the balcony railing, and the cry was taken up and passed along on all the neighboring balconies. The people in the street laughed loudly, shouting as they do at carnival time behind the backs of the masqueraders:

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

They were all intoxicated with the novelty of the spectacle and with the spirit of early spring. Before the house of Rosa Schiavona, in the neighborhood of Portasale, Binchi-Banche gave the sign to halt.

"Here we are," he said.

It was a low-roofed house, with but one tier of windows, and the lower part of its walls was all defaced with scribblings and with vulgar drawings. A long frieze of bats, nailed up to dry, adorned the architrave, and a lantern, covered with red paper, hung beneath the middle window.

Here was lodging for all sorts of vagabond and adventurous folk; here slept a motley crowd of carters from Letto Manopello, stout and big of paunch; gypsies from Sulmona, horse-dealers and tinkers of broken pots; spindle-makers from Bucchianico; women from Città Sant' Angelo, brazenly coming to visit the garrison; rustic pipers from Atina; trainers of performing bears from the mountain districts; charlatans, feigned beggars, thieves, and fortune-tellers. The grand factotum of this kennel was Binchi-Banche; its most revered patroness was Rosa Schiavona.

Hearing the commotion, the woman came out upon the threshold. She had, to speak frankly, the appearance of a creature sprung from a male dwarf and a female pig. She began by asking, with an air of distrust:

"What's the row?"

"Only a Christian soul in want of a lodging for himself and his beasts, Donna Rosa."

"How many beasts?"

"Three, as you see, Donna Rosa; a monkey, a she-ass, and a camel."

The populace paid no heed to this dialogue. Some were still plaguing Zavali; others were stroking Barbara's flanks and examining the hard, callous disks on knees and chest. Two guards from the salt works, whose travels had taken them as far as the portals of Asia Minor, narrated in loud tones the various virtues of the camel, and gave a confused account of having seen some of these beasts execute the figures of a dance while bearing on their long necks a number of musicians and half-clad women.

Their hearers, eager to learn more of such marvels, kept repeating:

"Tell on! Tell on!"

They all stood around in silence, their eyes slightly dilated, envious of such delights.

Then one of the guards, an elderly man whose eyelids showed the corrosion of ocean winds, began to spin strange yarns of Asiatic lands; and by degrees, his own words caught and swept him along in their current, intoxicating him.

A species of exotic languor seemed to be diffused abroad by the sunset. There arose, in the fancy of the populace, the shores of fable-land in a glow of light. Beyond the arch of the city gate, already lying in shadow, could be seen the reservoirs coated with salt, shimmering beside the river; and since the mineral absorbed all the faint rays of twilight, the reservoirs seemed as if fashioned out of precious crystals. In the sky, turned faintly greenish, shone the first quarter of the moon.

"Tell on! Tell on!" still besought the youngest of the listeners.

Turlendana meanwhile had stabled his beasts and had provided them with food; and now he had come out again in company with Binchi-Banche, while the crowd still lingered before the entrance to the stalls, where the camel's head kept appearing and disappearing behind the high grating of cords.

As he walked along the street, Turlendana inquired:

"Are there any taverns in town?"

Binchi-Banche replied:

"Yes, sir, indeed there are." Then, raising huge, discolored hands, and with the thumb and finger of the right seizing successively the tip of each finger of the left, he checked them off:

"There is the tavern of Speranza, the tavern of Buono, the tavern of Assau, the tavern of Matteo Puriello, the tavern of Turlendana's Blind Woman——"

"We'll go there," the other answered tranquilly.

Binchi-Banche raised his small, sharp, pale-green eyes: "Perhaps, sir, you have already been there before?" and then, not waiting for an answer, with the native loquacity of the Pescara folk, he talked straight on:

"The Tavern of the Blind Woman is a big one, and you can buy the best sort of wine there. The Blind Woman is the wife of four men!" Here he burst out laughing, with a laugh that puckered up his whole jaundiced face till it looked like the wrinkled hide of a ruminant.

"The first husband was Turlendana, who was a sailor and went away on board the ships of the King of Naples to the Dutch Indies and France and Spain, and even to America. That one was lost at sea,—and who knows where?—with all on board; and he was never found. That was thirty years ago. He had the strength of Samson; he could pull up anchor with one finger. Poor young man! Well, who goes down to the sea, there his end shall be!"

Turlendana listened tranquilly.

"The second husband, after five years of widowhood, was an Ortonese, the son of Ferrante, an accursed soul, who joined a band of smugglers at the time when Napoleon was making war on the English. They carried on a contraband trade with the English ships in sugar and coffee, from Francavilla all the way to Silvi and Montesilvano. Not far from Silvi there was a Saracen tower behind a grove, from which they used to make their signals. After the patrol had passed, we used to slip out from among the trees"—hereupon the speaker grew heated at the recollection, and forgetting himself, described at great length the whole clandestine operation, aiding his account with gestures and vehement interjections. His whole small leathery personage seemed alternately to shrink and expand in the course of narration. The upshot of it was that the son of Ferrante died from a gunshot in the loins, at the hands of Joachim Murat's soldiers, one night, down by the shore.

"The third husband was Titino Passacantando, who died in his bed of an evil sickness. The fourth is still living. His name is Verdura, an honest soul, who doesn't water his wines. But you shall see for yourself."

Upon reaching the much-praised tavern, they took leave of each other.

"Pleasant evening to you, sir."

"The same to you."

Turlendana entered tranquilly under the curious gaze of the crowd that sat over their wine around several long tables.

Having requested something to eat, he was conducted by Verdura to the floor above, where the tables were already laid for supper.

As yet there were no other guests in this upper room. Turlendana took his seat, and began to eat in huge mouthfuls, with his head in his plate, without a pause, like a man half starved. He was almost wholly bald; a profound scar, of a vivid red, furrowed his brow across its entire breadth, and descended halfway down his cheek; his thick, gray beard grew high on his face, well-nigh covering his prominent cheek bones; his skin, brown and dry and full of roughness, weather-beaten, sunburnt, hollowed by privations, seemed as though it no longer retained a single human sensation; his eyes and all his features looked as though they had long since been petrified into insensibility.

Verdura, full of curiosity, seated himself opposite and fell to studying the stranger. He was a man inclining to stoutness, with a face of ruddy hue, subtly veined with scarlet like the spleen of an ox. At last, he inquired:

"From what country have you come?"

Turlendana, without raising his face, answered quite simply:

"I have come from a long distance."

"And where are you going?" again demanded Verdura.

"I stay here."

Verdura, stupefied, lapsed into silence. Turlendana removed the heads and tails from his fish; and he ate them that way, one after another, chewing them bones and all. To every two or three fish, he took a draught of wine.

"Is there anyone here that you know?" resumed Verdura, burning with curiosity.

"Perhaps," replied the other simply.

Discomfited by the brevity of his guest's replies the tavern-keeper for a second time became mute. Turlendana's slow and elaborate mastication was audible above the noise of the men drinking in the room below.

A little later Verdura again opened his lips:

"What country did your camel come from? Are those two humps of his natural? Can such a big strong beast ever be entirely tamed?"

Turlendana let him talk on without paying the slightest attention.

"May I ask your name, Signor Stranger?"

In response to the question he raised his head from out his plate and said quite simply:

"My name is Turlendana."

"What!"

"Turlendana."

The stupefaction of the host passed beyond all limits and at the same time a sort of vague alarm began to flow in waves down to the lowest depths of his soul.

"Turlendana?—From here?"

"From here."

Verdura's big blue eyes dilated as he stared at the other man.

"Then you are not dead?"

"No, I am not dead."

"Then you are the husband of Rosalba Catena?"

"I am the husband of Rosalba Catena."

"Well, then!" exclaimed Verdura, with a gesture of perplexity, "there are two of us!"

"There are two of us."

For an instant they remained in silence. Turlendana masticated his last crust of bread tranquilly; and the slight crunching sound could be heard in the stillness. From a natural and generous recklessness of spirit and from a glorious fatuity, Verdura had grasped nothing of the meaning of the event beyond its singularity. A sudden access of gaiety seized him, springing spontaneously from his very heart.

"Come and find Rosalba! Come along! Come along! Come along!"

He dragged the prodigal by one arm through the lower saloon, where the men were drinking, gesticulating, and crying out.

"Here is Turlendana, Turlendana the sailor, the husband of my wife! Turlendana who was dead! Here is Turlendana, I tell you! Here is Turlendana!"

The Afghan to His Chosen One

Attributed to KUSHAL KHAN

Translated by Achmed Abdullah

THE sword—is it sharpened for the blow?
  Is it? Or is it not?
Your hair—is it curled for the touch of my hands?
  Is it? Or is it not?
Then why say to me: "Look not on my fair face!"
My eyes—did Allah create them for seeing?
  Did He? Or did He not?

Let the priests fast and babble their prayers.
Let topers raise their goblets filled with wine.
Every man has been created to live his own life.
  Is it so? Or is it not?

You said: "My mouth's touch is a healing drug."
Let me drink it—to heal my heart's wound.
  Will it? Or will it not?

Your lips suck the marrow from my soul. My soul is yours.
  Is it? Or is it not?
Compared to you, like weeds are the rose and tulip.
  Are they? Or are they not?

Here is wine. Here lute and flute. Here my mistress.
Here is desire and promise. Here is the red garden.
  Will I hasten there? Or will I not?

A Drop or Two of White

By TALBOT MUNDY

DUM-DUM TOMKINSON began the feud. He owned it, so to speak. Or, if you dig down deep enough to the prime cause of things, Pontius Pilate started it. But then Dum-dum owned Pontius Pilate, so it amounts to the same thing.

At the other end was Antonio Fernandez de Braganza, and what introduced him originally was fifteen rupees that were left to him after he had paid his railway fare from Goa. He was rich enough to buy a decent suit of clothes; and though he could not run to shoes, he looked clean and smiled ingratiatingly. Also, he let himself be kicked without remonstrance.

So a mess sergeant recommended him, and he was hired as extra supernumerary, sub-assistant mess attendant, on half pay. It followed that he made his fortune (there are wheels within wheels in India) and, like all his breed, he did not return to Goa.

But Dum-dum needs introduction first—Dum-dum of the R. & R. Romney and Rotherhithe is the full of it, but they are a great deal better known as the Royal and Reprehensible; and for all their South of England name, they are recruited mainly from the Tower Hamlets, and the purlieus of Wapping High Street, and High Holborn, and the Old Kent Road.

There was scarcely a man in the regiment who had not at some stage in his career sold papers in the streets, or who had not learned at about the time he cut his teeth what was wicked and what wasn't, and which was more amusing.

Dum-dum Tomkinson was the private who enjoyed—to the limit—the worst reputation in the regiment. It was he who always egged the others on to mischief, and acted more outrageously than any; but when the time came for discovery and Nemesis he had either a wonderfully worked-out alibi, or else an argument without a flaw.

It was he, for instance, who suggested and led the tying of the British Captain of a Goorkha company one night, and spanked him with his own scabbard; but Privates Giles and Harrison went to jail for it. Dum-dum put pork-fat in the corn-meal meant for a Pathan regiment, and all but precipitated a holy war; but a commissariat sergeant got the blame. And Dum-dum cut the drain, and washed the Connaught Rangers out of house and home the first night of the monsoon. The Connaughts blamed the Black Watch and emphasized it with their fists; a half-breed sanitation clerk got reduced and fined, and twenty of the Connaughts and Black Watch got twenty days apiece C. B. Dum-dum got nothing out of it except amusement.

He had a close-cut bullet head, an impudent mustache, and a grin that could rile the very marrow of a provost sergeant. He knew when to grin, and just when not to; and he knew the intricacies of the Queen's Regulations better than a cat knows the way home along the house tops. And—with an utterness unspeakable—he did not love Antonio Fernandez de Braganza.

At the bottom of the hill, facing the long barrack lines of British infantry, there nestled, hot and horrible, the city of Deesiribad. It had a tower or two, whence muezzins called the faithful to bellowing prayer, some minarets, and half a dozen Hindu temples. From a distance, unless the wind bore the smell in that direction, it looked sweet and almost biblical, belying its true character. There, in a shack of sorts, that had a row of trees growing in the space in front of it, Antonio Braganza—barefooted still, but owner now of a thousand-rupee bank account—established his "HOTEL FOR EUROPEANS ONLY."

All that had nothing in the world to do with Jock. He was a dog that the Black Watch owned, and they swore he was a champion in every way there is. He was big and bony and bad-tempered, and they were quite prepared to bet on him.

But Dum-dum owned Pontius Pilate and a very tricky brain; so the Scotsmen had to lay the odds—as much as nine to five in cases. The fight took place on the paradeground, and Pontius Pilate won. The Watch, being sportsmen and consequently men of honor, paid; the seed of happenings was sown; and Dum-dum and a dozen friends went down-hill to Braganza's to blow the money in.

When the money was all spent the provost sergeant and a patrol looked in on the scene, and picked Dum-dum and his friends from under tables and out of corners, and frog-marched them up-hill back to barracks. There was nothing unusual in that, nor anything unmerciful in fourteen days' cells apiece and twenty-one days' C. B. that followed as a natural corollary. So far nobody bore any grudge.

But Antonio Fernandez de Braganza was a man of business acumen and foresight. He came to the orderly room next morning and showed the commanding officer a dirty scrap of paper bearing the signature of P. H. Tomkinson, private, R. & R., with a scrawl above it admitting full responsibility for damage done. Pinned to it was Antonio's private estimate amounting to a total of two hundred rupees.

Dum-dum denied the signature, but the Colonel made him write his name twelve times quickly in his presence, and the handwriting was found to correspond. Then Dum-dum denied indignantly that he had written anything above the signature; but the provost sergeant swore, the guard deposed, and Dum-dum himself admitted that he had been far too drunk that night to remember anything. So all that remained to be done was to audit the amount of damages.

After considerable heated argument, the Colonel reduced the total down to seventy rupees, and ordered Dum-dum's pay assessed accordingly. Antonio departed smiling, and Dum-dum went swearing back to cells, feeling for the first time since he passed through his recruit course that he had got "the dog's end of a deal."

Even yet, though the matter was not serious, the memory of it rankled in Dum-dum's mind, but his thirst grew, too, as he worked at the fatigues an ingenious sergeant-major devised for him. And, with the thirst, there came a plan into his head.

So he reported eventually off the C. B. list, and cleaned himself, and shook the dust of barracks off his feet, and marched off down the hill to execute the plan.

"Four fingers o' them idol's tears o' yours!" he demanded. "Quick!"

"Four annas!" smiled Antonio, showing his amazing teeth and mopping at the bar.

"Quick, I said, you Christy minstrel! Throw your weight about!"

"No money, no brandy!" smiled Antonio.

"See 'ere!" said Dum-dum, leaning one elbow on the bar, and holding his other hand suspiciously behind him. "You've 'ad the best o' me—so far. Not countin' what I spent in 'ere that night o' the dawg fight, you've 'ad thirty-five rupees o' my pay, and there's another thirty-five a-comin'. Well an' good. You 'and across that bottle like a man, or I'll show you 'ow a man be'aves!"

Braganza grinned and showed the whites of his eyes as he glanced sidewise. In the mirror he could see that Dum-dum's other hand was empty after all.

"I—ah—do not geeve credit."

"You'll credit me with seventy dibs' worth, you black heathen, against that pay o' mine you're drawin', or I'll fix you so's you won't never sell no more booze to nobody—see?"

Braganza knew from grim experience the consequence of arguing with soldiers, so he finished wiping off the bar and stepped behind a glass door to the rear; thence he could watch the bottles on the shelves without obtruding his provocative personality.

"Come out o' that!"

There was no answer.

"You ten parts nigger, one part dago thief, come out o' that, d'ye hear?"

But still there was no answer.

So, as any righteous-minded gentleman belonging to a race of conquerors would do under similar conditions, Dum-dum picked up the brass spittoon with the portrait of the King of Portugal on it, and pitched it through the glass panel as a hint.

Five minions of Braganza's—all his countrymen, and all barefooted—answered his raucous summons, and bravely essayed to throw Dum-dum out into the street. He had on ammunition boots, of course, and his temper had not been sweetened by his thirst.

So his five antagonists sat down in acrobatic attitudes in different spots and nursed their injured feet, while Dum-dum with a bottle in each hand rushed around and did his best to brain the terrified Braganza. He had hit him twice, and had smashed one bottle, when the provost sergeant happened in again.

"And I didn't get one drink—not one!" mourned Dum-dum afterward.

He was frog-marched up the hill again, still fighting, with a fragment of the patrol's trousers in each hand; and they had to put a strait-jacket on him in the guard-room, he was so indignant. But by next morning he put up a wonderful defense.

He swore that he had been suddenly attacked by overwhelming numbers without the slightest provocation, and that his righteous indignation had been roused almost to mania by Antonio Braganza's uninvited strictures on the character and habits of the Colonel of the R. & R.

"Called you a drunkard, sir, 'e did!"

So he only got fourteen days again in cells, and twenty-one C. B.

But there—all red and ready—was a blood feud of the type that keeps the East and West apart more thoroughly than sea or mountain range. A white man had been bested by a very black man, and the black man would not surrender even part of what was his.

It was a cloud like a man's hand rising on the five-weeks-off horizon, and all Deesiribad proceeded to await the outcome with feelings not unmixed. Some laughed, and some were frightened; some counseled friend Antonio to pull up stakes and quit. But Antonio, for reasons of his own, stayed on, and hoped and prayed that luck might avert the breaking of the storm.

II

The native of the East who has a little, little drop of white or near-white blood in him is sometimes blacker than the purest aborigine. But just as the East can hear halftones of music undetectable by Western ears, so Goanese for instance, can see grades of color where their scornful white detractors notice nothing but ungraded ebony.

Antonio Fernandez de Braganza boasted —when nobody with boots on was about— of a great-great-grandfather who had been a Portuguese post-office clerk, full-blooded. He would not mix with people whose great-great-grandfathers had been half-breeds, unless from dire necessity. He looked blacker than the ace of spades to Western eyes, but he would speak of any one he thought his equal as "almost as light-colored as myself." And not a man in all his dusky brotherhood would smile.

That, naturally, was a point of view that bred ambition far more burning than the money-making kind.

Antonio knew soldiers. Ever since his star had begun to rise in India's firmament he had been associated with them; and he had been kicked by them until his sense of their superiority was fixed, like well dried-out cement. It would have taken dynamite to shift it.

Once, after a dinner that made history in western India, he had been kicked by a full-blown major-general, and there are astonishingly few mortal men so favored. Antonio was proud of it. He wore the memory of that kick as other men would wear a medal, only more so.

Soldiers were his living, his horizon. They had always made the difference to him between abject poverty and wonderful prosperity. So it was not more than natural that what at best annoyed most Europeans should seem to him like brilliant spots upon the darkened page of history. When Thomas Atkins so far forgot his pride of race, and his prospects, as to marry a half-caste woman, there would be swearing in the clubs and messes and canteens; but Antonio Fernandez de Braganza would buy himself a new pair of colored cotton trousers, and take his boots out of the locker, and attend the wedding.

Then for a week he would talk in strangely sounding English, meant to show class-exclusiveness, and he would call his cronies "dear old chappie, don'tcherknow."

As year succeeded year and the original thousand-rupee bank account swelled gradually up into the tens of thousands, there crept into the bosom of Antonio a secret thought that grew, from cherishing, into a wish—that waxed, and dared, and mounted to a hope—and finally became ambition. It was nothing yet to boast about, or whisper; but if ever great poetic soul nursed fevered longings underneath a dusky skin; if ever brown eyes blazed with checked emotion; if ever voice betrayed by altered tones its owner's awakening to a sense of greater things—that voice, those eyes, that spirit were Antonio's.

He began to clip and carve his straggling black beard into a neat torpedo shape, and keep it so. He took to wearing boots every evening, and a clean shirt once a week.

In fact, he did all the things, and did them thoroughly, that betray the insidious encroachments of the little love god.

And she—who shall describe her? Certainly Antonio could not. She counted for nothing to the privileged white-skinned race, and for less than nothing to the altogether dark; but among the snuff-and-butter-colored bloods she ranked as more than queen.

Snuff and butter in the right proportions blend into a glowing gold that sets off raven hair and dark-brown eyes to absolute perfection. Her beauty alone would have brought her social distinction in the half-caste world, but the fact that her father had been a quartermaster-sergeant, British born, placed her so far above the rest as to make Antonio's ambition like that of an earthworm aspiring to the air.

The father had died, and had been relegated gladly to oblivion by his own race. Her mother drew a tiny pension, ran a boarding-house, and died too, leaving Alexandra Eulalia Sophia Hendon a modest competence; and an aunt—on the mother's side, and dark—looked after her as if she were a princess of the blood royal.

Antonio's chances, then, were slim. Money counts for something in all layers of society, but such gulfs as lie between a quartermaster-sergeant's daughter who is quite half white and beautiful as well, and a Goanese innkeeper boasting of nothing better than a drop or two of Portuguese, are unbridgeable by anything except the superhuman.

Love, though, is superhuman. Antonio knew as much from studying his own sensations. So he started, with all the poetry and fervor of the East and West combined, to wage strategic warfare against convention. And any woman, tackled that way, will be flattered, no matter who the besieger is. Besides, there was Pontius Pilate.

While Dum-dum Tomkinson toiled at barrack-yard fatigues, the ill-conditioned mongrel wandered as he chose, and picked up a living mostly on the back verandas of dark-skinned hosts who were afraid of him. In fact, he levied blackmail, for everybody knew to whom he belonged and what dire consequences might result from using sticks and stones to drive the brute away. So he waxed fat and prospered.

The houses where he found the blackmail easiest were those where only women lived, and of them the easiest of all was that occupied by Alexandra Eulalia Sophia Hendon and her aunt. There he would choose to lie, then, through the long hot afternoons, and suffer scraps to be tossed to him whenever a mere woman wished to venture out of doors.

Thither, too, came Antonio, booted and flossed up in his best, to make excuses for an interview.

If Alexandra Eulalia Sophia, with pale blue ribbon in her hair, should choose the moment of his coming to seek coolness on the veranda, that was nobody's affair but hers. But the mongrel lying in the shade snarled none the less, and Alexandra screamed. She naturally had no scraps of meat with her; and the swinging chair that showed her figure off so well was at the far end of the veranda. Besides, she had a very pretty ankle. She did not want to encourage Antonio's attentions openly, but she did want to be admired; so she drew her dress back, and essayed to pass the growling brute without touching him.

The dog flew at her, seized her dress, ripped off a yard of it, and flew at her again.

What long-forgotten Vasco da Gama blood rose then in Antonio's veins, or how he overcame the cowardice inbred by centuries of scorn and terrorism, are matters Dan Cupid must decide; but he acted on the instant. He vaulted the veranda rail, and landed boots and all on the back of the worst-tempered parasite of the British Army.

In a second, before he realized what he had done, he was fighting for dear life with a brute whose only leave to live was granted him because he could outfight anything. The dog had him by the throat—he was in his best clothes, and had donned a collar fortunately—and the end seemed a question only of how long Antonio could cling to life without drawing any breath.

The aunt rushed out and screamed. Alexandra screamed. Several neighbors came and screamed. There was plenty of advice, but nobody did anything—except Antonio. He worked his toil-strengthened fingers in between the brute's jaws, and began to break the teeth one by one. In a minute, he could force two fingers in; a second later, he could force in three; and then he reached for, grabbed, and held the tongue, driving his nails in to overcome the slipperiness.

The dog, for one foolish, ill-considered fraction of a second, loosed his hold to get a better grip and end things; and in that instant his tongue came out by the roots. The rest was easy. In another minute Antonio had him by the hind legs and was dashing out his brains against the veranda woodwork.

It was Alexandra Eulalia Sophia's fingers that bathed and bandaged poor Antonio's wounds, her fan that cooled him, her lips that praised him until Heaven knew what sensations coursed up and down his spine. It was her aunt who asked him in, and brought up the wicker chair for him, and told him he might call again as often as he chose; and it was Alexandra Eulalia Sophia who sat beside him in the *tikka-*

gharri that was sent for to take the hero home.

But deep, deep down in Antonio's happy, hopeful heart, there lay a feeling of impending trouble. It would not die away. It grew. It took away more than nine-tenths of his happiness, and sometimes even sickened him with fright.

Up in the barrack yard, doing endless, aggravating, hard-labor fatigues in the hot sun, Dum-dum Tomkinson had heard about the death of Pontius Pilate, and the circumstances that attended it.

He had not vowed vengeance. He had grinned, and a full description of the grin had been carried to Antonio within eight hours by a dozen different people.

Had Dum-dum uttered threats, Antonio could have asked for and received protection. But Dum-dum did not threaten. If Dum-dum had broken bounds, and had come down in the night to break Antonio's head, spies would have brought the news, and an arrest would have been made in time.

But Dum-dum only toiled on in the barrack square, and grinned, and Antonio—making amazing progress with his love affair—felt, with each new step won, more like a murderer under sentence.

III

OTHER Eurasians still scoffed at the idea of Antonio's love-suit. To slaves of the iron-bound middle sphere, that is neither black nor white, his marriage to Alexandra Eulalia Sophia was unthinkable.

But to Dum-dum Tomkinson the whole thing was instantly an open book. That is the way of Thomas Atkins, who thinks himself an Orientalist, and really is nothing of the kind. He ignores the standards and devious arguments and byways of the East, and sometimes arrives—by a jump—at perfectly correct conclusions.

The orderly-room clerk was a friend of his, and as it happened passed him in the barrack square within a quarter of an hour of the breaking of the news about his dog. All the regimental, and many other records were available to the clerk at practically any time.

"Who's this 'ere Mrs. Wade?" asked Dum-dum. "'Er what 'as the 'ouse where Pontius Pilot lost 'is number?"

"Widow of a railway man. Guardian, or what you care to call it, to Miss Hendon."

"She the gal what Ponpi tried to worry? Know anything about 'er?"

"I can find out."

Within an hour Dum-dum knew that Alexandra Eulalia Sophia was the daughter of Quartermaster-sergeant Hendon, of the R. & R., deceased; and the grin that he had worn since they had told him of the dog's death grew wider.

"Didn't know as 'ow we was ever quartered 'ere afore," he volunteered for the sake of further information.

"We weren't. The other battalion was at Ahmedabad. Hendon took his discharge there, and came up here to live."

"Gawd pity 'im!"

"His daughter's a piece of all-right! Yum-yum!"

"So?" Dum-dum seemed relieved to hear it. "'Ow is it none of us never sees 'er, then?"

"Keeps 'erself to 'erself—respectable gal—brought up proper. That's why."

Dum-dum seemed extremely edified to hear it. His face beamed pleasure.

"I 'opes as 'ow she's all she ought to be!" he muttered piously, slapping on the whitewash. "I 'opes as 'ow 'e loves 'er. I 'opes as 'ow she means the 'ole bloomin' world to 'im, an' more. I does—I do—I does. So 'elp me two privates an' a provost sergeant, I surely does!"

For the rest of that afternoon, and all that evening, although the sergeant-major found a dozen extra tasks for him and nagged him pitilessly, Private Dum-dum Tomkinson grinned happily.

He grinned day after day, and was grinning still when he reported off the C. B. list.

During the three or four hot months that followed, Dum-dum behaved himself in such an exemplary manner that his intimates chaffed him about playing for promotion. He repudiated that with all the scorn it merited, but he steadfastly refused to get drunk in canteen or elsewhere, and he avoided Braganza's as though it were a plague spot.

But he kept himself very well informed on the progress of the love affair, and when the engagement was at last announced he was among the first to hear of it. He was one of the first, too, to call on Antonio and congratulate him when the date for the wedding had been fixed.

"I wishes yer luck, Antonio, my son! I wishes yer Gawd's own luck! I 'opes as 'ow yer comes by yer deserts! Shake 'ands on that!"

So Antonio shook hands, and Dum-dum swaggered out again, leaving the unhappy

Goanese quaking and suffering beneath a sickening load of fear.

It was noticeable after that that Dumdum spent a lot of spare time talking to his cronies, and even with men who were not at all his cronies. He walked down to the Black Watch lines, and argued there for an hour or two, but did not seem to have much luck.

He got one or two men interested, but that was all. Thence, though, he went to the Connaught Rangers, and found the Irishmen like tinder waiting for a match; soon he had half the regiment arguing with the other half in odd corners.

"And remember this," he kept on telling them. "That day's the very day when the polo championship comes off at Abu. There'll be just enough officers left 'ere to do the rounds, and not a perishing extry one! We'll 'ave it all our own way—an' they can't 'ang, nor yet C. B. three 'ole reg'ments!"

IV

The City Magistrate was taking *chota hazri* on his cool veranda in pajamas when an abject individual—barefooted, but arrayed in wondrous cotton trousers—approached him diffidently through the compound. He salaamed profoundly, then recalled his modicum of white blood and stood upright, hands beside him, hat in hand. The hat was a marvel—panama type, two feet wide from brim to brim.

"What d'you want?" The magistrate was none too pleased to hear petitions at that hour of the day.

"Ver-ee sor-ee, sir, to trouble you, but——"

He shifted from one foot to the other, looking sheepish, foolish, helpless—anything but like a bridegroom; head a little to one side, and his hat moving restlessly from hand to hand. His toes, too, twiddled as though he were in torture.

"Well, what?"

"I will be getting married this morning, sir."

"—— you, Braganza! Didn't I sign the license? Don't I know it? Go and get married, and confound you!"

"But, sir——"

He was more than ever abject. His teeth were a splash of purest white on a sea of black, and his eyes two alternating spheres of white and brown.

"But what?"

"I am ver-ee much af-raid, sir."

"Of what?"

"Sir, of the militar-ee."

"Of the soldiers? Why?"

"They are likel-ee to make trouble, sir."

"Indeed? What makes you suppose that?"

"There is one certain Private Tomkinson, sir, who is my enemy."

"Now we're getting nearer! That cuts it down to one man. Has he been making threats?"

"Five months ago, sir, he——"

"And you have the impudence to come here at this hour and bother me, because a drunken private chose to threaten you five months ago? Has he threatened you since?"

"Not openl-ee, sir."

"How d'you mean—not openly?"

"He has smiled, sir, ver-ee meaningl-ee."

"Oh, he has, has he? And because this private grinned at you, I'm to be disturbed at breakfast, eh? I'll give you just one minute to get out of the compound! Boy! Bring me my watch and dog whip, quickly!"

So Antonio took his leave in something less than half the time allotted to him, and, trembling at the knees and sick at heart, set himself to watching from his roof for signs of catastrophe descending from the hill. He knew—and his heart turned to water within him at the thought—that on a Thursday, with many more than half the officers away, there would be nothing much to keep the soldiers in barracks.

And he labored under no delusions about Tomkinson. There was too much Eastern subtlety and atmosphere about Dum-dum's smiling silence for Braganza not to understand the meaning of it. The wedding was no secret; on the contrary, it was to be a Goanesely brilliant affair. Dum-dum had congratulated him, so Dum-dum knew about it. But Dum-dum had said nothing! The suspense of wondering what was going to happen was worse than the torturing wait had been for Alexandra Eulalia Sophia's answer!

He was all but sweating blood when the time came to draw his boots on, and make a brave show before his friends, and drive to the little Catholic chapel on the outskirts of the city. He did try to smile, but the result was sickly; it only accentuated the green tint underneath his dusky skin.

"Oh, how he is in love!" sighed Cortez, his best man.

"Ah, what a passion holds him!" nodded de Catania, climbing in and sitting with his back to the horses (they had two!).

"Love! Love is like the sun; it wilts the flower it shines on!" quoted Mendez, buttoning a white glove, and getting in beside de Catania. "Antonio is the flower of chivalry! Behold—he wilts!"

It was all in English—all meant seriously—all designed to leave in friend Antonio's mind pleasant memories of a day of days, civilized to the last notch, and brimming over with refinement. They only wished they were as pale as he, that they might do more honor to him.

The carriage started; the white-beribboned driver beat the pair of crocks to make them prance, and the three friends attended to their smiles and the set of their salmon-pink cravats. But Antonio groaned aloud.

"Ah, love is a ver-ee seerious malad-ee," approved Cortez. "Ha-ha! A fortunate affliction! One we are praying is contag-i-ous! Ha-ha-ha!"

"Look!" groaned Antonio, and they all three stared. All three turned gray as friend Antonio beneath the black.

There was a dust-cloud on the hillside—a cloud kicked up by men who marched, and by far more than a dozen men. There were many hundred coming down the hill, not in formation, but in little groups of three and four who marched as they chose, those all in one direction.

"Mother of God!" groaned Antonio, leaning back against the horse-hair cushions in a state of near-collapse. "They will get there first—they will reach the chapel first—they will——"

Even in that awful moment he spoke English, and set a good example to the rest; but there his ability to be a man left off. He was only Portuguese and water, and he knew it—nine parts water, black.

"Possibl-ee they go to play a football match," suggested he of the purple pants, de Catania, the optimist.

"Or a battle bee-tween dogs," hazarded Mendez; and at the mere suggestion of a dog-fight poor Antonio groaned from bitterness of recollection.

"Let us drive another way," advised Cortez. "Let us ap-proach thee chapel from thee far side (his teeth were chattering) and notice casual-ee what they do, beefore taking the matter underneath advisement—that ees my idee-a. Ho—*gharri-wallah—sita haht!*"

The driver pulled out to the right, but Antonio recovered some of his self-possession all at once; he sat up suddenly, and struck at the driver with a silver-mounted cane.

"No-no-no! Drive on, driver! Drive ahead! No turning a-side! Straight! (every word of it in English, still!). She will bee waiting there for me—there will bee onlee women with her," he said in explanation. The little drop of white was coming uppermost.

"Trul-ee—she might conceivabl-ee suppose we are afraid," assented Mendez, feeling at his collar, that bordered on collapse.

"She will know better!" snapped Antonio. "She will be waiting there. That iss thee reason!"

His three friends sat and stared at him. Was this Antonio? They had thought him more afraid than they!

All four of them nearly fell out of the carriage as they rounded the last corner but one before the chapel. There was a little public square in front of them, and it was crammed, jammed full with soldiers. There were Connaughts there, and R. & R.'s, and Highlanders, though not so many Highlanders. And there was Dum-dum, grinning; he stood out in front.

"They appear exceedingl-ee susceptible to provocation!" diagnosed Cortez timidly.

"Possibl-ee they come to celebrate the wedding of a former mess-attendant," hoped Mendez out aloud. "That would indeed be most praiseworth-ee."

Dum-dum cut the speculation short. "Halt!" he roared; and like a flash—as if a shell had fallen in their midst—the three friends vanished. They streaked over the high back of the carriage, and vamoosed. The watching soldiers roared.

"Give an account o' yourself!" demanded Dum-dum. "Where are you goin'?"

"You know me, and you know where I am going," said Antonio. "Allow me to drive on. I go to marry Miss Hendon."

He felt very lonely in the carriage by himself, but he was too busy scanning faces for a possible sympathizer to find time to think about the friends who had deserted him.

"'Ear that, mates? This 'ere black Goanese swine says as 'ow 'e's a-goin' to marry the daughter of a bloomin' British sergeant!"

The announcement was greeted with another roar of laughter. There were no sympathizers there. The men were evidently bent on mischief. Saving just here and there, the laughter had almost none of the ugly-sounding mob-mirth in it, but to Antonio it pealed out like the knell of doom.

"Get out!" commanded Dum-dum. "Sittin' in a kerridge while your betters stand in the 'ot sun! The bloomin' idea!"

Dum-dum made a move to the carriage wheel, and in an instant he was joined by fifty others. They turned it over, and released the horses, but Antonio landed on his feet; he was surrounded now, though, and cut off from all escape. The uniformed, grinning crowd drew back, and left him with Dum-dum, standing in the middle of a circle.

"This 'ere marriage ain't a-goin' to take place!" asserted Dum-dum truculently.

"No?" said Antonio. "Why not?"

"Because h-I says so! There's a tank o' stinkin' water two 'undred yards from 'ere—unless you wants a bath more than usual extry, you'd better swear off marryin'!"

"How about that seventy rupees?" shouted a voice from somewhere in the crowd. "Ask him to explain that!"

"Ay! Make him give up the seventy dibs!"

"I will not!" said Antonio, chin up; and the soldiers left off laughing.

"'E'd rather 'ave the seventy than the gal!" sneered Dum-dum. "Come on—let's duck 'im!"

"Compared to you," said Antonio quietly, "I am a rich man—ver-ee rich. Rupees sevent-ee are nothing—positively nothing—a mere bagatelle!" He snapped his fingers eloquently.

"'And 'em over, then!"

"I will not!"

"'Ear that, you blokes? 'E says 'e's rich, an' yet 'e won't pay like a man! 'Ow's that for a blighter?"

But at that point a Highlander joined in. He stepped up to Antonio, and laid a huge hand on his shoulder; the little man wilted in terror at the touch.

"Mon, y're ain frien's have left ye. Ye're in the wrong. Why else did they leave ye?"

"They? Bee-cause they are colored men!" declared Antonio, his breast swelling visibly. "Their great-great-grandfathers were black!"

A hurricane of laughter greeted that reply; the soldiers roared until the native population came running out through the city gate to find out what was happening. A party ran, too, from the chapel, and the Goanese priest sent a messenger to find out the cause of the delay.

"Bah! Duck 'im, an' get it over!" shouted Dum-dum. "What's the use o' talkin'?" But again the Scotsman intervened.

"Na-na! Wait a wee! Let's hear what the mon has to say."

It was evident that Antonio did have something to say, for he had cleared his throat; and though his eyes were wild and the sweat was running down his face onto his concertina-ed collar, he thrilled with determination.

"Why shall I not marry?" he demanded, facing Dum-dum, and looking at him straight between the eyes.

"Because you're a dirty little 'undredth-part Portuguee an' she ain't!"

"And, the dee-ference, for instance, between you and me is——"

"I ain't goin' to marry the gal!"

"But the dee-ference?"

Dum-dum was getting rattled; he preferred to do the cross-examining himself.

"The difference? Why, you're a dirty little black cur—that's the diff'rence!"

"Ah! So that is it? Do you dare fight me—with your feests? You, who are not a cur? It is you and I who have the quarr-el, is it not?"

"D'ye 'ear that, mates? 'E wants to fight me—'im!"

"The mon's a mon!" declared the Highlander, looking down at Antonio with something of a twinkle in his eye. The jeers of the crowd gave place to laughter and squeals of merriment.

"Go on, Dum-dum! Fight him! You're challenged—can't refuse! Mustn't show the white feather! Make a ring! Fetch two buckets, some one!"

Antonio began to peel his clothes, and as each fresh article came off, the soldiers shrieked with laughter. He took off the wonderful Prince Albert, and folded it, and laid it in the dust—unhitched the pink-striped dickie—laid it on the coat lovingly—and stood in a Joseph-colored cotton shirt and flowered suspenders, waiting. He looked like a scarecrow that somebody had robbed, but his eye was steady now.

"I need a second!" he demanded.

"Fetch one of 'is pals back, then!" ordered Dum-dum.

"No. They are colored men. They are not my class! I need a proper second, one befitting my condition!"

That brought out another roar of delight, but there was a sudden silence when the gigantic Highlander stepped up to him.

"I'll gie ye a knee, mon—ye're a plucked 'un!" He smiled, and stooped, and picked up Antonio's coat.

The thing was beyond a joke now, and Dum-dum began to peel his tunic off.

"Hell!" he shouted, turning to the crowd behind him. "H-I can't fight *'im!* Why, s'elp me Gawd, I can lick 'im with one 'and!"

But the consensus of opinion seemed to be against him; military etiquette is strict, and a challenge is a challenge. Off came Dum-dum's tunic, and he tossed it to a man behind him.

"We ought to ha' done what I said," he grumbled. "We ought to ha' gone straight to the chapel, an' stopped the weddin' there."

"A priest's a priest!" answered a private of the Connaughts, and a murmuring chorus of approval showed that the Irishmen had vetoed that part of the proceedings. Half-breed or not, they will respect the cloth if not the man who wears it. Poor little Antonio, with the grim, gaunt Highlander behind him, stood and pulled his courage up out of his boots, and prayed that a priest might come like the spirit of Aladdin's lamp and save him.

"Three-minute rounds!" shouted somebody. "Take your corner, Dum-dum! Mind 'e don't slip one over on you!"

"Blast 'im, 'e killed my dawg!" swore Dum-dum, searching for a salve for his none-too-sensitive conscience; it was pricking him now for the first time in his recollection. In the first place, Antonio was barely half his size. And all the regiment, or nearly all of it, was looking on.

"Time!" called a self-appointed referee, and Antonio stepped out bravely into the middle of the cleared space, and stood there waiting, with his fists clenched. He clenched them as a woman does, with the thumbs inside, and he held them like a runner at his second mile.

"Gawd! 'Ere, mates, I can't stand this! I'm a white man! I can't fight a Goanese!"

Antonio Braganza stood still, breathing heavily, and praying for the fortune that is said to favor brave men. He took one glance behind him, and noticed that his Highland second was smiling through puckered eyes; that gave him a little confidence, but not much.

"Time's called!" said the Highlander. "Ma mon's waitin'!"

Dum-dum squared himself, and struck a fighting attitude, and looked his adversary over. Then he threw his hands up, and drew back again.

"Gawd! I ain't a h-excutioner! I can't stand this!"

"Will ye fight?" the Highlander demanded. "Ma mon's a-weary o' waitin' for ye to begin!"

"No—so 'elp me Gawd, I won't fight that! There can't be no fight wi' a thing like that!"

"I told ye ma mon's waitin'. I asked ye, will ye fight?"

"And I said 'no!' — you! This 'ud be bloomin' murder! I could get ten year in jail for it!"

"Then, count him oot!" roared the Scotsman; and like a flash, the whole crowd saw the humor of it.

"Seven—eight—nine—ten!" they roared in unison. "He's out!"

"Ma mon wins! He's proved himself a mon! He's won the lassie!"

The giant seized Antonio by both elbows, and tossed him up sky-high. A sea of helmets rose to greet him, and a roar went up that told Antonio his erstwhile enemies were friends.

"His lassie's waitin' for him!" yelled the Highlander, swinging him aloft again.

"And the priest—the priest's waiting," shouted the Connaughts.

"Where's his best man? Where are his pals?"

"—his pals! I'm his best mon!" And up went Antonio again.

"The carriage, then! Put in the horses!"

"Dom the horses! Mak' Dum-dum pull him!"

That was a grand idea, and there was a swirl and a rush to look for Dum-dum; but that gentleman had vanished. They caught sight of him making at the double for the hill where the barracks were.

A minute later the carriage was standing on its wheels again; three minutes after that, it stopped with a jerk before the little chapel, and, carried aloft by an enormous Highlander amid a swarming mob of laughing soldiers, Antonio was borne into the chapel to be married—with unregulation military honors—to a quartermaster-sergeant's daughter.

He found his three friends waiting for him by the altar; they had slipped round by another road and had said nothing of Antonio's predicament. Cortez, the best man, stepped up to Antonio's side.

"What are niggers doing here?" asked Antonio with dignity. "This is the wedding of a gentleman."

So they threw the "niggers" out until Antonio Fernandez de Braganza and Alexandra Eulalia Sophia Hendon had been made legal man and wife.

A Moral Little Tale

By LORD DUNSANY

THERE was once an earnest Puritan who held it wrong to dance. And for his principles he labored hard, his was a zealous life. And there loved him all of those who hated the dance; and those that loved the dance respected him too; they said, "He is a pure, good man and acts according to his lights."

He did much to discourage dancing and helped to close several Sunday entertainments. Some kinds of poetry, he said, he liked, but not the fanciful kind as that might corrupt the thoughts of the very young. He always dressed in black.

He was interested in morality and was quite sincere and there grew to be much respect on Earth for his honest face and his flowing pure-white beard.

One night the Devil appeared unto him in a dream and said, "Well done."

"Avaunt," said that earnest man.

"No, no, friend," said the Devil.

"Dare not to call me 'friend,'" he answered bravely.

"Come, come, friend," said the Devil. "Have you not done my work? Have you not put apart the couples that would dance? Have you not checked their laughter and their accursed mirth? Have you not worn my livery of black? O friend, friend, you do not know what a detestable thing it is to sit in hell and hear people being happy, and singing in theaters and singing in the fields, and whispering after dances under the moon," and he fell to cursing fearfully.

"It is you," said the Puritan, "that put into their hearts the evil desire to dance; and black is God's own livery, not yours."

And the Devil laughed contemptuously and spoke.

"He only made the silly colors," he said, "and useless dawns on hill-slopes facing South, and butterflies flapping along them as soon as the sun rose high, and foolish maidens coming out to dance, and the warm mad West wind, and worst of all that pernicious influence Love."

And when the Devil said that God made Love that earnest man sat up in bed and shouted "Blasphemy! Blasphemy!"

"It's true," said the Devil. "It isn't I that send the village fools muttering and whispering two by two in the woods when the harvest moon is high, it's as much as I can bear even to see them dancing."

"Then," said the man, "I have mistaken right for wrong; but as soon as I wake I will fight you yet."

"Oh, no you don't," said the Devil. "You don't wake up out of this sleep."

And somewhere far away Hell's black steel doors were opened, and arm in arm those two were drawn within, and the doors shut behind them and still they went arm in arm, trudging further and further into the deeps of Hell, and it was that Puritan's punishment to know that those that he cared for on Earth would do evil as he had done.

Life is but Vain

By LÉON DE MONTENAEKEN

(Often attributed to Alfred de Musset)

LIFE is but vain:
  A little love,
A little hate—
  And then, good-day!

Life is but brief:
  A little hope,
A little dream—
  And then, good-night!

Perhaps It Didn't Matter

By CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

C.B. Fernald

IF YOU are a citizen of the Great Democracy and are aware that all things change, you should take some account of the direction in which your civilization is growing. In this story you will discover a dreadful example of what may happen if American institutions should grow in a certain direction in which at present they are not growing. Just as in another story I could give you a dreadful example of what may happen if they keep on in the direction in which they really are growing.

The names and pedigrees of the persons in this episodes would grace any drawing-room table, printed in the best of our publications. For though not people of title, they were of the same blood with people of title whom they called by their Christian names, and all that there was in English tradition, birth, and breeding, coupled with sufficient wealth, was theirs; so that they possessed everything worth having in this world except imagination, music, and your sense of the ridiculous. I take some credit to myself for writing about them at a time when the pages of our most polite periodicals are filled with accounts of people who probably black their own boots, dine at midday, and take twice of the soup.

They were products of that finished civilization which a century of undisputed national supremacy, of wealth, and of natural solidity has made, from one point of view, the finest in the world. That point of view is England's; and on the whole I agree with it. I am forced to, because, seeing that the same supremacy and wealth and a like blood-quality are molding our own institutions, I should otherwise despair of the future, which would prove that I am not an American, which is an absurdity.

I am spared describing, and you are spared reading about, the ancestry, the estate, and the solid characteristics of Colonel and Mrs. Teddington Fyles, because you have read about them already in several standard English novels. Or, at any rate, you pretend to have read about them, because you keep those books in expensive bindings on your shelves. (The story is not interesting unless the reader is well bred enough to maintain this pretense.) The ancestral home was in Sussex; there was a proper acreage, gate, lodge, keeper, head gardener with unconscious humor, and a very beautiful distribution of everything vegetable that flourishes in a damp climate where the sun is not vulgarly and nakedly in evidence half the days of the year. Colonel Fyles had been educated at Eton, or, to be more accurate, he had passed through Eton and acquired the title "a public-school man," which is a man who has been to a school that is closed to the public outside of those who have sound incomes. It is a title without which the title of duke or prince is valueless. There is nothing you can say to an Englishman so sure of putting him abjectly in his place as to suggest, if it be true, that he is not a public-school man. No man who is not a public-school man appears in this story except to wear a livery and to do things which are strictly menial.

And so, since you already have an intimate acquaintance with Colonel Fyles, who was of course retired on half-pay and who had a pink skin, iron-gray hair, and was turned five and fifty, I move to his wife Alice, née Glaston, a family which was quite everything it ought to be, and which possessed the wealth without which refinement is only a pose. When I say wealth, I do not mean anything vulgar, like a million pounds; I mean sufficient to pay for proper wines and annual subscriptions and to maintain the parklike aspect of its acres without ostentation and without strain. You generally find an account of Alice in about the third chapter of a two-volume novel, where she is apt to appear as a secondary character, being too authentic to fill the rôle of a heroine, heroines being more like what people would wish them to be, or would themselves wish to be, than like what people are.

For instance, Alice's beauty lacked something which the British mind does not readily distinguish with a name. Her features were fairly regular, her hair was abundant and ash-blonde, and she had the long Norman face which keeps one from being thought a nonconformist. But her carriage was on the doubtful authority of Rossetti and Burne-Jones—a forward leaning of the head, a compression of the lungs, and rounded shoulders, all of which brought her weight upon her heels. Bluntly, she had no life in her toes, such as goes with a woman of a lively and well-regulated self-consciousness. But you must not assume from this anything against one of the old county families of Sussex. Nor must you assume that you or your daughter could arrive on your or her toes in all the places where the Glastons went on their heels, even if you have a million dollars. It would come to nearer a million pounds, unless you possessed some renown which had acquired a British hall-mark. For England is the most democratic country in the world; by which I mean that England has long proved what other democracies are still striving to prove, that all men are equal at birth, and at birth only.

Alice could play the accompaniment to ballads on the piano; she could do a water-color sketch of the paddock, including birds, but not cattle; and she could embroider with deep-green silk on bright-pink satin. She could dig in the garden with a trowel, and she knew how to talk to the lower classes. She had negative ideas on all the great subjects of the hour even before they were introduced to public notice. And as to virtue, it is not possible, I am glad to say, for any woman to be more chaste than Alice Fyles was, even when there was nothing to be chaste about. You had only to hear her play the above accompaniments, preferably from near a door, to be convinced of that.

Still further to differentiate Alice as well as Colonel Fyles, who was her second husband, let me add that, within their great circle, they belonged to the segment which does not keep a house in town and does not keep hunters in the country, nor yet lead a social life of endless gaiety. In other words, they could afford not to do those things, which you, with ten times their income, could not, unless your name exists. By which I mean if it exists in Debrett, not in the sailing-list of the *Mayflower*. You must see that no person of note had any reason to come over in the *Mayflower* and leave his note behind him. Colonel and Mrs. Fyles —"Mrs." is really more a distinction than "Lady"—would have been in the circles where they moved, because it is rarer—lived the domestic life of the early Victorian period, as shown in the best steel engravings of those times, except that the children were replaced by more dogs. But the upholstery was the same: the drawing-room was hung in maroon, with a salmon-colored Turkish carpet and two hundred and eighty-five objects of art and uselessness arranged in such a manner that no person wanting in perfect drawing-room composure would be wise to attempt its navigation. I once fell down half a flight of stairs and quite out of the most solemn picture while attempting to tow a lady from a first-floor drawing-room to a ground-flour dining-room past two threatening ebony statues of Moorish chieftains. Such scenes are only vulgar, especially if accompanied by the least trace of American accent. Nothing is more distressing on the part of a newcomer than a display of anything like eagerness when there is food in the wind.

Now, since this story is likely to begin at any moment, let me explain that within their great circle there were differences of opinion in matters of taste. The hunting and other sets spoke of the Fyleses as inclined to be merely rustic; and the Fyleses spoke of them with the suggestion that they overdid in some directions, which is a pretty strong thing to say. But while this is to show that you must not take the Fyleses as typical of all English life, it is to be understood that these differences did not affect their calling-list or their pew in the parish church or decrease the amount they were expected to subscribe to local charities. A specimen of their days was something like this:

Colonel Fyles would breakfast on bacon and eggs at nine; would smoke his pipe and read "The Times." He would then write a letter to "The Times" in opposition to some suggested change in a public institution, and for two hours would exercise his horse. Lunch and a nap would occupy him until three-thirty, and visitors and tea would occupy him until six, unless he motored to tea elsewhere with Alice. He would then dress for dinner,—it is a pity I must explain to you that this meant for him a dinner-jacket and for her a full décolletée,—and after that noiseless function, during which they would confirm to each other what they had said at dinner the night before, he would play chess with Alice until she was defeated or he felt inclined to yawn. You may ask what Alice was doing all day. She was doing the things which I previously said she could do.

If this seems a quiet life, it must be remembered that Colonel Fyles had seen years of service in India. He had retired only after the Boer War, during which at one time he had commanded three regiments of infantry in a rather important engagement that would have resulted in the utter rout of the enemy had the enemy been up to public-school form or had it acted with any sense of tradition, as Colonel Fyles afterward explained in the Boer camp. But unfortunately the enemy consisted of men of no class and of no breeding; in fact, foreigners. Such men as Colonel Fyles are absolutely fearless, and will stand up to be shot at by anything but ridicule or the accusation of seeming in bad form. If there ever comes a war in which all the combatants are men like Colonel Fyles, no one will be left alive on either side, and the war will have to be fought over again by a lot of cowards.

It seems regrettable that, after her second marriage, what is so out of place as the supernatural should have introduced itself at Glaston Angle, which Alice inherited early in life. The supernatural belongs in the Scriptures; elsewhere its occurrence savors of flippancy and a general lack of solidity in those concerned. In common with every one I wish this story were about something else. But—

When her first husband, Major Topham-Hampton, died,—I shall call him Topham for euphony,—Mrs. Topham had behaved as a widow should. And when the year of her mourning had expired, she had her black things put away in the camphor-chest and went to Bath. It was at Bath that she had met Topham, which formed a habit. Bath, although it suffers from comparison with itself in the days of Beau Nash, and from the modern taste for foreign watering-places, still continues a resort for people of a certain conservatism. And it is not surprising that there she met Colonel Fyles. Topham, too, had been a public-school man, of course,—the paste of his adolescence had been dried in the same Etonic matrix,—he had served in India, and he wrote his objections to "The Times" on a breakfast of eggs and bacon. It did not startle Alice, then, that at the same spot among the ruins of the Roman tepidarium under the concert-hall Fyles should briefly say the same thing that Topham briefly had said. The affair with Fyles passed along with the same restraint as had the affair with Topham; and in a few months Colonel Fyles had fitted into the same duties under the same roof that had sheltered Topham with a calm that could be approached by no people on earth other than those on this island. Perhaps you begin to appreciate, if never before, what it is to live in order and peace and propriety in the most finished civilization in the world, where everything is standardized and where, if anything is lost, you can exactly duplicate it with little delay. In fact, nothing happened that would affect the outward composure of a well-trained butler until three years after this marriage, when one evening Colonel Fyles tripped on the carpet at the half-landing of the main staircase, and, being already vexed at having left his cigarette-case up-stairs, swore. It was a mild oath, and there was every justification for it, the carpet being totally in the wrong. Colonel Fyles would have thought no more about it had he not looked up and seen his wife's first husband, the late Major Topham, gazing at him from the head of the stairs.

I put it to you as suddenly as it was put to Colonel Fyles. I can't stop to argue the point of probability. If you don't believe in the reëmbodiment of spirits, you are one who requires the evidence of his own senses, and you probably have no faith in anything, which is worse than being a nonconformist. Colonel Fyles had never seen Major Topham, or even any portrait of Major Topham. Alice had plenty of storage-room and a reasonable amount of tact. But the colonel knew at once that this was the major. The apparition was so obviously a Briton, a public-school man, a soldier, a chess-player, and a letter-writer. There the major stood, as a man at the head of his own stairs, so slim, so iron-gray, so retired on half-pay, and so with an air of taking the presence of another retired officer for granted, that Colonel Fyles could not in good form but take the major for granted. And since they never had been introduced to each other, Colonel Fyles, by virtue of his rank, passed up the remaining stairs, bowed to the major, who bowed in return, and then the colonel went to his room, while the major went down-stairs, each with a calm you can imagine only if you have very little imagination.

But not a mental calm. When I think of what the colonel thought and what he thought a public-school man ought to think, and most of all of what he thought other people might think, I am not sure but that I am writing a novel. Major Topham's presence was so irregular, so uncustomary, so unprearranged—these are very strong English words,—and yet, so perfectly within propriety. For what earlier thing should a late husband do than call upon his wife after having changed his damp clothes? Colonel Fyles found the damp clothes in his own dressing-room, or in what he had been led by the marriage-service to believe was his own dressing-room, and the colonel's spare evening suit had gone down-stairs to the drawing-room, where Alice was bending over an unfinished game of chess. For several moments Colonel Fyles did what his adolescent training had taught him was certain to be good form in matters of mental strain, which was nothing.

You must admit that the situation was delicate. The law was on both their sides. Good form was on both their sides. And surely the wife of their bosom must be on both their sides. Major Topham also had lived three years in this house. As many of his Indian trophies as of Colonel Fyles's caught your hair or feet in this house. The situation was more than delicate, even if there were to be considered only the feelings of their wife.

If you have lived all your life in surroundings which obey fixed laws, and where, within reasonable bounds, nothing happens but the expected, and nothing is expected which has not been invited, you can understand the very great pain and responsibility there is in facing a situation absolutely new and unheard of. But if you are a compatriot of mine, if you live in God's own country, where your chances of being smashed up in a train, burned up in a hotel, murdered in the streets, or otherwise violently assisted along your destiny are statistically between fifteen and twenty times as great as they are in England, then you are born inured to sudden emergencies, and I don't suppose you can understand the plight of a man like Colonel Fyles, faced by perhaps the only emotional situation which by no manner of means can be reduced to pounds sterling.

He quietly descended the stairs and looked through the crack of the drawing-room door. Major Topham and their wife sat bowed and motionless over the chess-board—the carved chessmen Topham himself had brought from Bengal. The two sat motionless, staring at the board, Alice with her pale-blue eyes and beautiful blankness of expression, untouched by suspicion that it was Topham, and not Fyles, who sat across from her. Why should she suspect? Fyles bitterly asked himself. Was not Topham all that he, Fyles, was? Iron-gray hair, public school, half-pay, objection to any alteration of existing institutions—they were all too patently there. Fyles had left his men in bad order; he had been thinking about his cigarette-case. "Rather a muddle," Fyles smiled to himself, to counterbalance any smile that might ever be smiled at him. He saw Topham reach for a cigarette in the empty silver box without turning an eye to it, saw his fingers hunting about within the box as accurately as if they had done this every night for the last four years instead of moldering in the grave. Fyles would not have believed his senses had he not known that Topham was a public-school man and above the pretense of having returned from the grave when he had not. Presently Topham leaned back.

"Rather a muddle," Topham smiled. Fyles could see Alice's eyes examine Topham, still without inquiry or doubt. She answered as a good wife always does, sympathetically, even if a little tired: "Yes, dear." Fyles walked out of the house, and they did not hear him.

Fyles paced up and down the grass, and meditated some ten or twelve pages of this print. Through the curtains he saw their game go on until Topham said "Check" and Alice acknowledged "Checkmate." Then, in the hall, he saw Topham shake hands with their wife, saw her pick up her blue skirts and mount the stairs, her long train picturesquely dragging behind her: that was the way Alice always parted from her husbands at this hour. A light came from her window; then presently a light from Fyles's own window, or Topham's window, or whichever window you think it rightly was. The butler locked up for the night, leaving Alice's second husband out on the damp grass. Men of less delicacy would have thrown a pebble at Alice's window in their anxiety for a word with her as to the future; and I suppose it will be impossible to prevent this story falling into hands which would have heaved a brick at the Topham window, if such a thing as a loose brick could have been found in those three hundred-odd acres. But Colonel Fyles was a public-school man, and for some time he did nothing. Then he went around to see if the dogs would recognize him, a step involving no constraint upon the feelings of a delicate woman. The dogs did recognize him, though I do not know for what. They barked so that the butler opened a door through which the colonel strolled in as if he did not know that Topham now was sound asleep in the Topham-Fyles chamber.

Colonel Fyles paced the carpet in a room on the top floor in the wing farthest from the servants' quarters. On no account must the servants ever know; that is, must they ever know in such a way that they would seem officially to know. There is in this a most important distinction that runs all through English life: things subtly are and subtly are not what they are called or seem on this island, whence foreigners have worked out a phrase, "British hypocrisy," a jealous term for that good form which all other peoples have something too bourgeois in their nature successfully to imitate. If you have a taste for these distinctions, consider the word "England." It is spelled "Eng"-land, it is pronounced "Ing"-land, and it means "Angle"-land. To remember this will help you to understand many English equations; and if you are ascended from the *Mayflower*, it may help you to understand yourself.

Colonel Fyles locked himself in and went to sleep on a lounge, hoping that somehow in the morning Topham, or the illusion, or whatever it is, would have vanished. He slept less well than usual; if he had been an overwrought American he would not have slept at all. In the morning he looked over the balusters and heard the swish of Alice's gown, heard her greeting to Topham, accompanied by nothing less than a kiss,—surely a legitimate one,—and then heard their descent to the breakfast-room. Colonel Fyles made a dash, half-dressed, to the husband's room, to get into his riding-togs. They were gone. Topham had them on. Fyles sat on the bed and perspired until the up-stairs maid begged his pardon, explaining that she had thought she had seen him go down-stairs. He hurriedly dressed for town; the servants must not know. He stole out when no one saw him, went to the station on foot, and ate his breakfast at his club in Piccadilly at eleven o'clock.

Major Topham ate his bacon and eggs, or their bacon and eggs; in fact, the financial situation was such that the eggs and bacon really belonged to Alice. He smoked a pipe, read "The Times," and wrote a letter protesting against any reduction in the defenses of the empire. He lunched, napped, teaed, entertained the canon and his lady with as much lucidity as avoids seeming to wish to appear clever; and if there was the slightest sense of altered fact in the mind of Alice, be sure she was too well bred to betray it. Then Topham did a thing which you may think lies on debatable ground: he answered to the name of Fyles.

"Fyles," said the canon, standing in his Christian gaiters and canonical outdoor head-gear, "times have changed since you and I were boys." The canon was thinking of religion, as he often did.

"Yes," said Topham, thinking of the army. "It's a great pity—a great pity. It's these confounded foreigners."

"I'm afraid it is, Fyles," the canon replied, thinking of the English estates bought up by flying monasteries since the end of the French Concordat. So they parted in full agreement. Major Topham, of course, had answered to the name of Fyles in order to avoid explaining in the presence of a canon's wife.

But there was something on the mind of Alice. For all institutions have human imperfections, and it is not yet possible for British form, tradition, and education, which are three words for the same thing, to produce two men so precisely alike that the fine intuition of a gentlewoman cannot detect a difference. All that night Alice wondered, when she was not alseep, whether the servants had discovered anything and whether she would be compelled to get in an entire new lot.

Now, although the colonel had broken his habit by going to town on Wednesday instead of Thursday, which was extremely distasteful, his habit of going the round of his tenants on Friday morning and of giving them the best military advice on agriculture, he could not break, or perhaps would not, from his sense of duty. He automatically took the train down into Sussex early Friday morning, and against all that might happen to shock Alice and astound the servants, he walked straight to Glaston Angle. He was rather surprised at himself; but no one seemed surprised to see him. Alice was in the garden. She had on a tweed skirt which reached to various distances from the ground, and she was busy with a trowel, undoing what the gardener had done the day before. Fyles walked over to the stable. His cob was gone. Topham was off visiting the tenantry. At any moment he might return, or the stable-boy, seeing Fyles, might come and dumbly wonder where the cob was. Fyles caught Alice glancing at him. Her eyes fell, and he believed her color rose.

"You are early, dear," she said to the worm she had just bisected with her trowel.

Colonel Fyles had the English faculty, which Americans well might cultivate, of being unembarrassed by his own silence. He stood seeking the reply which might go down to history as a true, restrained, and accurate expression of an officer, a gentleman, and a public-school man in a painful dilemma. At last his answer came.

"Yes, dear," he said. And he went up and looked out of the attic window, through the curtain, at Topham galloping home in their riding-boots. Fyles heard her speak to Topham.

"You are early, dear," she said. Fyles saw the major look at her and guess that she was under some stress which called for some right answer. "Yes, dear," he presently said. He went up-stairs to put on their afternoon suit.

But even in the best society there is a limit to human endurance, and this limit came to Colonel Fyles at three minutes to ten that evening when, not having eaten for fourteen hours, he descended from the attic to Topham's room, put on their spare evening clothes, and marched down another flight to the drawing-room. If Major Topham's color had been a trifle heightened by his resumption of morning rides, Colonel Fyles's color had declined enough to match it. Fyles's face was not exactly white; it was the shade of a shirt that had been washed in London. This is where my story really begins; and you may be sure, as you see Colonel Fyles steadily marching down the broad staircase, that the end is approaching.

Observe him more closely for a moment —his immobile countenance; his excellent, square jaw and unobtrusive cranium; his hair, with its look of retirement on half-pay; his erect carriage, which spoke of a man of fifty-five in a physical condition you won't be able to match at forty unless you change your mode of life. If you are an average quick-luncher, he could have punched your head—punched it, without losing his wind or his temper, to a nicety suiting whatever mockery with which you might have treated this solemn occasion. And, after all, without reference to any particular head, perhaps that is the thing most worth being able to do in all the world at fifty-five. So Major Topham could have. And if you are still disinclined to view Colonel Fyles seriously, which I hope is not the case, and if you are an average American, then let me tell you that in all his life he had accepted less insolence, less personal indignity, and less civic wrong than you put up with in a week of crowded travel in your daily trolley-car. So had Major Topham.

When you have recovered from this, do not imagine that Colonel Fyles paused an instant at the threshold, where the salmon Turkish rug stretched to receive his footfall. He strode to the middle of it. Alice and the major were bent over their chessboard. The butler was in the act of setting down a tray of whisky and soda-water close at hand. The butler let down the tray with a jingle that gave the true note of sound to the note of astonishment that tore his long-trained face. Alice rose to her feet. Major Topham of course must when a lady did. There was a pause of five heart-beats.

Then the butler's face swallowed the gleam of his intelligence and he retired without breaking anything and in the most faultless form. There was a longer silence until the three heard the door close that led from the dining-room across the wide hall to the pantry beyond. Her husbands turned to their wife. She gasped what any well-bred woman would.

"Before the servants!" she said, accusing Fyles. She turned away to hide her feelings from the men and thus to throw them into confusion.

Here followed a silence so long that I could give you the impression of it only by several paragraphs of irrelevant matter. If you like, picture Major Topham meanwhile, his face betraying no emotion, his strong jaw and retreating brow; his iron-gray hair, with its look of half-retirement; his soldierly bearing, which spoke of a physical life never relinquished since the playing-fields of Eton. And be careful to distinguish him from my portrait of

Colonel Fyles, for now both their faces were quite pink.

Then occurred something which never can be cleared up. Alice suddenly went and flung open the drawing-room door, and her husbands for a moment wilted as one man—at what this might forebode for both of them. But she wished only to be certain that the butler had not come back and found something to do in the hall. Her husbands watched her close it and sit down near it, as if on guard until the scene was over through which she knew she had to pass. They watched her with such intentness that—please read carefully—they forgot to note which of the chairs they then chose for themselves. One of them took the Hepplewhite occasional chair, and one of them took the Chippendale occasional chair, and both seated themselves to show how well in control their emotions were. But which was which—which of them took the Hepplewhite and which the Chippendale I do not know. For convenience I attach some of the subsequent speeches to Fyles and others to Topham, but I cannot vouch for which was actually the speech of either one. After an appropriate silence, during which I wish to say that Alice had slightly protuberant teeth, her nurse having neglected to keep Alice's mouth closed when not engaged in its proper offices—and that Alice's feet were capable of supporting her without discomfort on a plowed field—after a silence which would have caused any three underbred people to burst to atoms, Fyles said that which he had come downstairs to say. He looked at Major Topham, who looked back at him as if Fyles was looking in a mirror, and then Fyles turned his gaze steadily upon Alice, whose face showed unmistakable suffering now, as if she could not forget the butler. And Fyles came out with it:

"There are more than two of us in this room!"

I think it was Fyles who said this, because it sounds so much like Topham. Anyway, it was an accusation to their wife. It was good, blunt English, without irony or indirection—English such as Richard Cœur de Lion might have used on the battlefield, or brave Anne Boleyn in her boudoir. Alice could make no denial either as a good wife or with regard to fact. And yet how flat the accusation fell to a woman who could wave two marriage certificates, both from the Established Church! But she did not grow vulgarly superb. She only bowed her head to the suffering which she felt it is a woman's duty to discover.

"I have suspected this," she began to quiver. She turned away from them for the purpose hereinbefore described. What brought her back was the assertion made by her other husband.

"And one of us," he said to her—this was Topham or else Fyles—"one of us is Topham — Topham, returned from the grave."

Trust their cruel masculine insistence to pounce upon the question she did not wish to answer, could not answer! She stayed for moments grasping the back of the chair from which she rose. Then her shuddering eyes went out in blue appeal to both of them.

"Which of you"—her voice broke—"which of you *is* Topham?"

At once their faces shadowed with a new dismay. What had happened since just now both men for the first time had looked each other fully in the face? The man on the Hepplewhite turned to the man on the Chippendale: each saw in the other the perfect representative of his class. Each saw the man of birth, the public-school man, the soldier retired on half-pay, the pink English gentleman with half-retired hair, the product of a tradition which only the destruction of an empire can change. Each found himself staring at a Major-Colonel-Topham-Fyles, sitting in a Chipplewhite chair. Intensely they rose; they even gestured to the one woman in all the world they might expect to help them—their wife!

"Can't *you* tell?" they jointly quavered.

She stared from one to the other again and again, the words of her marriage services ringing in her ears. With each look their hearts sank further.

"Can't *you* tell?" she limply said.

Chipplewhite turned to Heppendale. The two froze palely to each other's faces. They tried with all their might to remember which of them had sat in which chair at that forgetful moment which seemed so long ago. Their faces went through movements which can be good form only for gentlemen who are drowning. They were drowning; but Alice was not. And the scene began to annoy her; their putting it on her, a weak woman—all on her. They could see her so straightening up that Burne-Jones would not have recognized her.

"No!" they agonized, both in answer and in vague new protest. But before her pale-blue eyes their heads could only droop upon their shoulders. She could endure it no longer: they only stood dazed, like the two halves of the worm she had bisected that morning.

"I cannot discharge the butler," she said from the height of her womanhood. "I can only retain him and insist upon his drinking less. One of you must go *now*—before he sees you again."

They waited, bowed, as if to try to force the choice on her. But how could Alice make it and be true to all her marriage vows? Death had not parted her from either of these men. At length they heard her slipper tapping on the rug impatiently. She glanced commandingly at the clock, and it began to strike ten.

What followed is susceptible of so many different explanations that I shall offer only one. Chippendale slowly turned toward the door. He opened it and glanced toward the dining-room, which was vacant. Then without a word he let himself out of the house. Alice and Hepplewhite watched him through the French window down the path and out of the gate that led most easily to the churchyard where Major Topham's headstone was. Chippendale had never turned back. He was gone.

I think it was Fyles who went. I think he did it under the impression that he was Topham and that this was a good way to get even with Topham. If you call it strange that Fyles should go into Topham's grave, I answer that it is no stranger than that Topham should have left. But perhaps you think it was Topham who went, and that Topham had lost his temper. But if you think Topham would lose his temper, you don't understand—you quite don't understand.

Alice took a mild, fresh breath and sank again to the chess-table. It was Hepplewhite's move. He pondered a long time. He really was not thinking of the game just yet. He seemed to have something on his mind. Finally the words came:

"My dear," he said, "which of us really *was* it that went?"

Alice turned up her pale-blue eyes to him. All that was forgiving, all that was pure and wifely, all that was anchored in her marriage vows, stood in her eyes.

"Does it really matter, dear?" she softly said.

Summer Night

By LORD TENNYSON

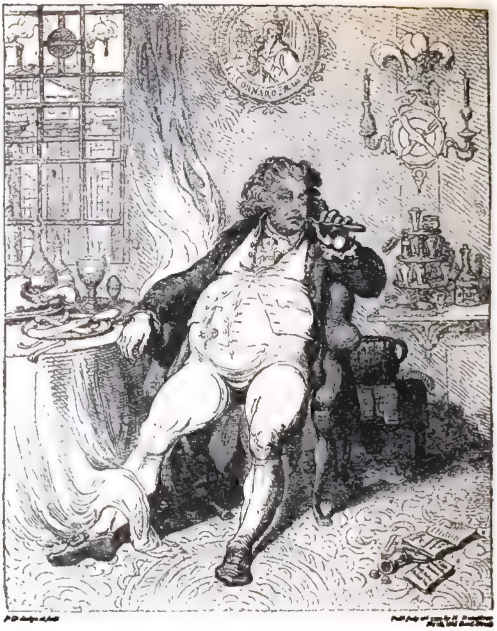
NOW sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The firefly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.



A GOURMET, UNDER THE HORRORS OF DIGESTION

Drawn by James Gilray

A Barmecide Feast

THE FIRST COURSE

A GASTRONOMER'S CREDO

Nevertheless, of all the senses in their natural state, taste procures us the greatest number of enjoyments:—

1. Because the pleasure of eating, taken in moderation, is the only one that is not followed by fatigue. 2. Because it is common to every time, age, and condition. 3. Because it must return at least once every day, and may, during that space of time, be easily repeated two or three times. 4. Because it can combine with all our other pleasure, and even console us for their absence. 5. Because its sensations are at once more lasting than others, and more subject to our will; and 6. Because we have a certain special but indefinable satisfaction, arising from the instinctive knowledge that, by the very act of eating, we are making good our losses and prolonging our existence. ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell. LORD BYRON.

THE BARBER'S SIXTH BROTHER

My sixth brother, O Commander of the Faithful, Shakashik, or Many-clamors, the shorn of both lips, was once rich and became poor; so one day he went out to beg somewhat to keep life in him. As he was on the road he suddenly caught sight of a large and handsome mansion, with a detached building wide and lofty at the entrance, where sat sundry eunuchs bidding and forbidding. My brother inquired of one of those idling there and he replied, "The palace belongs to a scion of the Barmaki house;" so he stepped up to the door-keepers and asked an alms of them. "Enter," said they, "by the great gate and thou shalt get what thou seekest from the Wazir our master."

Accordingly he went in and, passing through the outer entrance, walked on a while and presently came to a mansion of the utmost beauty and elegance, paved with marble, hung with curtains and having in the midst of it a flower garden whose like he had never seen. My brother stood awhile as one bewildered not knowing whither to turn his steps; then, seeing the farther end of the sitting-chamber tenanted, he walked up to it and there found a man of handsome presence and comely beard. When this personage saw my brother he stood up to him and welcomed him and asked him of his case; whereto he replied that he was in want and needed charity. Hearing these words the grandee showed great concern and, putting his hand to his fine robe, rent it exclaiming, "What! am I in a city, and thou here an-hungered? I have not patience to bear such disgrace!" Then he promised him all manner of good cheer and said, "There is no help but that thou stay with me and eat of my salt."

"O my lord," answered my brother, "I can wait no longer; for I am indeed dying of hunger." So he cried, "Ho boy! bring basin and ewer;" and, turning to my brother, said, "O my guest come forward and wash thy hands." My brother rose to do so but he saw neither ewer nor basin; yet his host kept washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water, and cried, "Bring the table!" But my brother again saw nothing.

Then said the host, "Honor me by eating of this meat and be not ashamed." And he kept moving his hand to and fro as if he ate, and saying to my brother, "I wonder to see thee eat thus sparely: do not stint thyself for I am sure thou art famished."

So my brother began to make as though he were eating whilst his host kept saying to him, "Fall to, and note especially the excellence of this bread and its whiteness!" But still my brother saw nothing. Then said he to himself, "This man is fond of poking fun at people;" and replied, "O my lord, in all my days I never knew aught more winsome than its whiteness or sweeter than its savor." The Barmecide said, "This bread was baked by a handmaid of mine whom I bought for five hundred dinars." Then he called out, "Ho boy, bring in the meat pudding for our first dish, and let there be plenty of fat in it;" and, turning to my brother, said, "O my guest, Allah upon thee, hast ever seen anything better than this meat-pudding? Now by my life, eat and be not abashed." Presently he cried out again, "Ho boy, serve up the marinated stew with the fatted sand-grouse in it;" and he said to my brother, "Up and eat, O my guest, for truly thou art hungry and needest food."

So my brother began wagging his jaws and made as if champing and chewing, whilst the host continued calling for one dish after another and yet produced nothing save orders to eat. Presently he cried out, "Ho boy, bring us the chickens stuffed with pistachio nuts;" and said to my brother, "By thy life, O my guest, I have fattened these chickens upon pistachios; eat, for thou hast never eaten their like." "O my lord," replied my brother, "they are indeed first-rate." Then the host began motioning with his hand as though he was giving my brother a mouthful; and ceased not to enumerate and expatiate upon the various dishes to the hungry man whose hunger waxed still more violent, so that his soul lusted after a bit of bread, even a barley-scone.

Quoth the Barmecide, "Didst thou ever taste anything more delicious than the seasoning of these dishes?"; and quoth my brother, "Never, O my lord!" "Eat heartily and be not ashamed," said the host, and the guest, "I have eaten my fill of meat." So the entertainer cried, "Take away and bring in the sweets;" and, turning to my brother, said, "Eat of this almond conserve for it is prime and of these honey fritters; take this one, by my life, the syrup runs out of it." "May I never be bereaved of thee, O my lord," replied the hungry one and began to ask him about the abundance of musk in the fritters. "Such is my custom," he answered: "they put me a dinar-weight of musk in every honey-fritter and half that quantity of ambergris." All this time my brother kept wagging head and jaws till the master cried, "Enough of this. Bring us the dessert!" Then he said to him, "Eat of these almonds and walnuts and raisins; and of this and that (naming divers kinds of dried fruits), and be not abashed."

But my brother replied, "O my lord, indeed I am full: I can eat no more." "O my guest," repeated the host, "if thou have a mind to these good things eat: Allah! Allah! do not remain hungry;" but my brother rejoined, "O my lord, he who hath eaten of all these dishes, how can he be hungry?" Then he considered and said to himself, "I will do that shall make him repent of these pranks."

Presently the entertainer called out, "Bring me the wine;" and, moving his hands in the air, as though they had set it before them, he gave my brother a cup and said, "Take this cup and, if it please thee, let me know." "O my lord," he replied, "it is notable good as to nose but I am wont to drink wine some twenty years old." "Knock then at this door," quoth the host, "for thou canst not drink of aught better." "By thy kindness," said my brother, motioning with his hand as though he were drinking. "Health and joy to thee," exclaimed the housemaster and feigned to fill a cup and drink it off; then he handed another to my brother, who quaffed it and made as if he were drunken.

Presently he took the host unawares; and, raising his arms till the white of his armpit appeared, dealt him such a cuff on the nape of his neck that the palace echoed to it. Then he came down upon him with a second cuff, and the entertainer cried aloud, "What is this, O thou scum of the earth?"

"O my lord," replied my brother, "thou hast shown much kindness to thy slave, and admitted him into thine abode and given him to eat of thy victual; then thou madest him drink of thine old wine till he became drunken and boisterous; but thou art too noble not to bear with his ignorance and pardon his offense." When the Barmaki heard my brother's words, he laughed his loudest and said, "Long have I been wont to make mock of men and play the madcap among my intimates, but never yet have I come across a single one who had the patience and the wit to enter into all my humors save thyself: so I forgive thee, and thou shalt be my boon-companion in very sooth and never leave me." Then he ordered the servants to lay the table in earnest and set on all the dishes of which he had spoken in sport; and he and my brother ate till they were satisfied. *The Thousand Nights and a Night* (Burton).

Dinner for Three—$10,000

It is plain from the anecdotes on record of him, that Lucullus was not only pleased with, but even glorified in his way of living. For he is said to have feasted several Greeks upon their coming to Rome day after day, who of a true Grecian principle, being ashamed, and declining the invitations, where so great an expense was every day incurred for them, he with a smile told them, "Some of this, indeed, my Grecian friends, is for your sakes, but more for that of Lucullus."

Once when he supped alone, there being only one course, and that but moderately furnished, he called his steward and reproved him, who professing to have supposed that there would be no need of any great entertainment, when nobody was invited, was answered, "What, did you not know, then, that today Lucullus dines with Lucullus?" Which being much spoken of about the city, Cicero and Pompey one day met him loitering in the forum, the former his intimate friend and familiar, and, though there had been some ill-will between Pompey and him about the command in the war, still they used to see each other and converse on easy terms together. Cicero accordingly saluted him, and asked him whether today were a good time for asking a favor of him, and on his answering, "Very much so," and begging to hear what it was. "Then," said Cicero, "we should like to dine with you today, just on the dinner that is prepared for yourself." Lucullus, being surprised, and requesting a day's time, they refused to grant it, for fear he should give order for more than was appointed before. But this much they consented to, that before their faces he might tell his servants, that today he would sup in the Apollo (for so one of his best dining-rooms was called), and by this evasion he outwitted his guests. For every room, as it seems, had its own assessment of expenditure, dinner at such a price, and all else in accordance; so that the servants, on knowing where he would dine, knew also how much was to be expended, and in what style and form dinner was to be served. The expense for the Apollo was fifty thousand drachmas, and thus much being that day laid out, the greatness of the cost did not so much amaze Pompey and Cicero, as the rapidity of the outlay. One might believe Lucullus thought his money really captive and barbarian, so wantonly and contumeliously did he treat it. Plutarch.

Lucullus and his Chef

Lucullus—Of course, I don't say that it wasn't a good dish; but it was not Neapolitan peacock.

The Cook—They were straight from Naples; the same as we've always had, sir.

Lucullus (*irritated*)—I'm not talking about the bird, but about the dish. You know as well as I do that Neapolitan peacock without anemone seed is not Neapolitan peacock. And then the nightingales' tongues were over-roasted. They ought to be roasted for twenty-three minutes, and not one second longer.

The Cook—They were only twenty-four minutes on the roast.

Lucullus—There, you see, it was that extra minute that spoilt them. You might just as well not roast them at all as roast them for twenty-four minutes. And then there were too many butterflies' wings round the sturgeon.

The Cook—The chief slave——

Lucullus—I've told you over and over again, till I'm tired of saying it, that the chief slave has nothing to do with the arrangement of the dishes. That is your affair. The chief slave can arrange the table, but he must not touch the dishes. The look of a dish is just as important as the taste of it. And then there was a pinch too much sauce in the wild boar sauce.

The Cook—The first sauceman has just lost his wife.

Lucullus—That's not my affair. Please make it clear that this must not happen again. The fact is, Æmilius, you're falling off—last night's dinner wasn't fit to eat; it was filthy; the kind of food one gets at Cæsar's—sent for from round the corner.

Maurice Baring.

Tripe and Wine for Heroes

They passed into the halls of godlike Odysseus and laid by their mantles on the chairs and high seats, and sacrificed great sheep and stout goats and the fatlings of the boars and the heifer of the herd; then they roasted the entrails and served them round and mixed wine in the bowl, and the swineherd set a cup by each man. And Philœtius, a master of men, handed them wheaten bread in beautiful baskets, and Melanthius poured out the wine. So they put forth their hands on the good cheer set before them. Homer.

"All for Love"—But Something for the Table

When he came into the kitchen, beside an infinite variety of other provisions, he observed eight wild boars roasting whole; and expressed his surprise at the number of the company for whom this enormous provision must have been made. The cook laughed and said that the company did not exceed twelve, but that, as every dish was to be roasted to a single turn; and as Antony was uncertain as to the time when he would sup, particularly if an extraordinary bottle, or an extraordinary vein of conversation was going round, it was necessary to have a succession of suppers. Plutarch.

One of the Charms of a Charmer

Cleopatra—I have ordered such a dinner for you, Cæsar!

Cæsar—Ay? What are we to have?

Cleopatra—Peacocks' brains.

Cæsar (*as if his mouth watered*)—Peacocks' brains, Apollodorus. Not for me. I prefer nightingales' tongues.

Cleopatra—Roast boar, Ruffio!

Ruffio (*gluttonously*)—Good!

The Major Domo (*at Cæsar's elbow*)—What shall we serve to whet Cæsar's appetite?

Cæsar—What have you got?

The Major Domo—Sea hedgehogs, black and white sea acorns, sea nettles, beccaficos, purple shellfish——

Cæsar—Any oysters?

The Major Domo—Assuredly.

Cæsar—British oysters?

The Major Domo—British oysters, Cæsar.

Cæsar—Oysters, then.

Ruffio—Is there nothing solid to begin with?

The Major Domo—Fieldfares with asparagus.

Cleopatra—Fattened fowls! have some fattened fowls, Ruffio.

The Major Domo—Cæsar will deign to choose his wine? Sicilian, Lesbian, Chian—

George Bernard Shaw.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A street there is in Paris famous,
  For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
  The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
  But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
  A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
  That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
  Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at TERRE's tavern,
  In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
  And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
  Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And cordelier or Benedictine
  Might gladly, sir, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
  Which served him up a Bouillabaisse. THACKERAY.

WITH PERICLES AND ASPASIA

We had invited Polus to dine with us, and now condoled with him on his loss of appetite. . . . Slaves brought in an ewer of water, several napkins. They were not lost upon Polus, and he declared that those two boys had more sagacity and intuition than all the people in the theater. . . .

Supper was served.

"A quail, O best Polus."

"A quail, O wonderful! may hurt me; but being recommended——"

It disappeared.

"The breast of that capon——"

"Capons, being melancholic, breed melancholy within."

"Coriander-seed might correct it, together with a few of those white plump pine-seeds."

"The very disideratum."

It was corrected.

"Tunny under oil, with marjoram, and figs, pickled locusts, and pistachios—for your stomach seems delicate."

"Alas! indeed it is declining. Tunny! tunny! I dare not, O festoon of the Graces! I dare not, verily. Chian wine alone can appease its seditions."

They were appeased.

Some livers were offered him, whether of fish or fowl, I know not, for I can hardly bear to look at that dish. He waved them away, but turned suddenly round, and said, "Youth! I think I smell fennel."

"There is fennel, O mighty one!" replied the slave, "and not fennel only, but parsley and honey, pepper and rosemary, garlic from Salamis, and——"

"Say no more, say no more; fennel is enough for moderate men, and brave ones. It reminds me of the field of Marathon."

The field was won; nothing was left upon it.

Another slave came forward, announcing loudly and pompously, "Gosling from Brauron! Sauce, prunes, mustard-seed, capers, fenugreek, sesamum, and squills. . . ."

"Our pastry," said I, "O illustrious Polus! is the only thing I can venture to recommend at table; the other dishes are merely on sufferance; but, really our pastry is good; I usually dine entirely upon it."

"Entirely," cried he, in amaze.

"With a glass of water," added I, "and some grapes, fresh or dry."

"To accompany you, O divine Aspasia! though in good truth this said pastry is but a sandy sort of road; no great way can be made in it."

The diffident Polus was not a bad engineer, however, and he soon had an opportunity of admiring the workmanship at the bottom of the salver.

Two dishes of roast meat were carried to him. I know not what one was, nor could Polus make up his mind upon it: experiment following experiment. Kid, however, was an old acquaintance.

"Those who kill kids," said he, "deserve well of their country, for they grow up mischievous: the gods, aware of this, make them very eatable. They require some management, some skill, some reflection: mint, shalot, dandelion, vinegar: strong coercion upon 'em. Chian wine, boy!"

"What does Pericles eat?"

"Do not mind Pericles. He has eaten one of the quails, and some roast fish, besprinkled with dried bay-leaves for sauce."

"Fish! ay, that makes him so vigilant. Cats——"

Here he stopt, not, however, without a diversion in his favor from me, observing that he usually dined on vegetables, fish and some bird: that his earlier meal was his longest, confectionery, honey, and white bread composing it.

"Chian or Lesbian?"

"He enjoys a little wine after dinner, preferring the lighter and subacid."

"Wonderful man!" cried he; "and all from such fare as that!"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE COO IN COOKERY

. . . He said to Juliet:

"I've brought a bird, who will wake us in the morning with his melodious voice, and warn us of the moment when we must tear ourselves apart in despair"; and he hung up the cage in a corner of the room.

The next morning, at five o'clock, the pigeon came up to time, and filled the room with prolonged cooings that would have awakened the sleepers, had they been asleep.

"Well," said Juliet, "now's the time to go out on the balcony and say our desperate farewells. What do you think of it?"

"The pigeon must be fast," said Rodolphe. "It's November, and the sun doesn't rise till midday."

"Well," said Juliet, "I shall get up."

"What for?" he asked.

"I'm frightfully hungry, and must have something to eat."

"It's extraordinary how similar our tastes are," said Rodolphe. "I, too, have got an enormous appetite."

Juliet lit the fire, looked at the sideboard, and found nothing. Rodolphe helped her in the search.

"Hold!" he said; "here are onions."

"And lard," said Juliet, "and butter, and bread."

But there was nothing else.

While the search was progressing, the optimistic, heedless pigeon was cooing on its perch. Romeo looked at Juliet, Juliet looked at Romeo, and then they both looked at the pigeon. Not a word passed, but the pigeon's doom was sealed. Rodolphe put coals on the fire, and began melting some lard in a frying-pan with grave and solemn air. Juliet sliced an onion, in a pensive attitude. Still the pigeon went on cooing his death-song, which was mingled with the hissing of the lard in the frying-pan.

Five minutes later the lard was still hissing, but the pigeon was silent for ever.

When they sat down to the table, Juliet said, "It had a beautiful voice."

"It's very tender," said Rodolphe, who carved the unhappy fowl.

The two young people looked at each other, and each saw in the other's eye a tear.

But that was all because of the onions. HENRI MURGER.

HOW TO KEEP FRIENDS WITH YOUR WIFE

Again, when shared, the love of good living has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair, with this taste in common, have once a day, at least, a pleasant opportunity of meeting. For, even when they sleep apart (and a great many do), they eat at least at the same table, they have a subject of conversation which is ever new, they speak not only of what they are eating, but also of what they have eaten or will eat, of dishes which are in vogue, or novelties, etc. Everybody knows that a familiar chat is delightful. BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

A DINNER OF DIGNITY

At the middle of a long table sat Washington, and on the opposite side Mrs. Washington; at one end one of his private secretaries, and the other end another. After the soup came fish roasted and boiled; then meat, salmon and fowl. Dessert began with apple-pies and puddings, and ended with ice cream, jellies, water-melons, musk-melons, apples, peaches, and nuts. The middle of the table was decorated with small images and artificial flowers. "It was," says Maclay, "the most solemn dinner I ever sat at. Not a health drank, scarce a word said until the cloth was taken away. Then the President filling his glass of wine, with great formality, drank to the health of every individual by name around the table. Everybody, imitating him, charged glasses, and such a buzz of 'health, sir,' and 'health, madam,' and 'thank you, sir,' and 'thank you, madam,' never had I heard before."

Washington's dinners are pronounced good ones by all who have written about them. He was certain to have the best wines, especially Madeira and claret, the fashionable wines of the day, which he got from France. He was careful to have handsome plate, and that was necessary lest he be surpassed by the rich merchants of New York or Philadelphia. A. B. HART.

THE DREAMER AND THE BUTTER

GINA—Lord help us! where have you been to with those two ne'er-do-weels?

HJALMAR—Oh, don't bother me about trifles. Do you suppose I am in the mood to remember details? . . .

GINA (*sets a tray with coffee, etc., on the table*)—Here's a drop of something hot, if you'd fancy it. And there's some bread and butter and a snack of salt meat.

HJALMAR (*glancing at the tray*)—Salt meat? Never under this roof! It's true I have not had a mouthful of solid food for nearly twenty-four hours; but no matter! . . . My memoranda! The commencement of my autobiography! What has become of my diary, and all my important papers? . . .

GINA—Wait a bit, Ekdal; don't rummage so in the drawers; I know where everything is . . .

HJALMAR—That portmanteau is of no use! There are a thousand and one things I must drag with me.

GINA—Why not leave all the rest for the present, and only take a shirt and a pair of woollen drawers with you? . . . And there's the coffee getting cold.

HJALMAR—H'm (*drinks a mouthful without thinking of it, and then another*) . . .

GINA—Shall I put the flute in the portmanteau for you?

HJALMAR—No. No flute for me. But give me the pistol! . . . (*He takes a piece of bread and butter, eats it, and finishes his cup of coffee.*)

GINA—But couldn't you put up with the sitting-room for a day or two? You could have it all to yourself.

HJALMAR—Never within these walls! . . . (*Takes another piece of bread and butter*) Some arrangement must be made . . . (*Looks for something on the tray.*)

GINA—What are you looking for?

HJALMAR—Butter!

GINA—I'll get some at once. (*Goes out into the kitchen.*)

HJALMAR (*calls after her*)—Oh, it doesn't matter; dry bread is good enough for me.

GINA (*brings a dish of butter*)—Lood here; this is fresh churned. (*She pours out another cup of coffee for him; he seats himself on the sofa, spreads more butter on the already buttered bread, and eats and drinks awhile in silence.*) IBSEN.

[*The End of the First Course. Second Course Next Month*]

Spreading the News

By LADY GREGORY

Augusta Gregory

PERSONS

Bartley Fallon.
Mrs. Fallon.
Jack Smith.
Shawn Early.
Tim Casey.
James Ryan.
Mrs. Tarpey
Mrs. Tully.
A Policeman—(*Jo Muldoon*).
A Removable Magistrate.

Scene: The outskirts of a Fair. An Apple Stall. Mrs. Tarpey *sitting at it.* Magistrate *and* Policeman *enter.*

Magistrate—So that is the Fair Green. Cattle and sheep and mud. No system. What a repulsive sight!

Policeman—That is so, indeed.

Magistrate—I suppose there is a good deal of disorder in this place?

Policeman—There is.

Magistrate—Common assault?

Policeman—It's common enough.

Magistrate—Agrarian crime, no doubt?

Policeman—That is so.

Magistrate—Boycotting? Maiming of cattle? Firing into houses?

Policeman—There was one time, and there might be again.

Magistrate—That is bad. Does it go any farther than that?

Policeman—Far enough, indeed.

Magistrate—Homicide, then! This district has been shamefully neglected! I will change all that. When I was in the Andaman Islands, my system never failed. Yes, yes, I will change all that. What has that woman on her stall?

Policeman—Apples mostly—and sweets.

Magistrate—Just see if there are any unlicensed goods underneath—spirits or the like. We had evasions of the salt tax in the Andaman Islands.

Policeman (*sniffing cautiously and upsetting a heap of apples*)—I see no spirits here—or salt.

Magistrate (*to* Mrs. Tarpey)—Do you know this town well, my good woman?

Mrs. Tarpey (*holding out some apples*)—A penny the half-dozen, your honor.

Policeman (*shouting*)—The gentleman is asking do you know the town! He's the new magistrate!

Mrs. Tarpey (*rising and ducking*)—Do I know the town? I do, to be sure.

Magistrate (*shouting*)—What is its chief business?

Mrs. Tarpey—Business, is it? What business would the people here have but to be minding one another's business?

Magistrate—I mean what trade have they?

Mrs. Tarpey—Not a trade. No trade at all but to be talking.

Magistrate—I shall learn nothing here. [James Ryan *comes in, pipe in mouth. Seeing* Magistrate *he retreats quickly, taking pipe from mouth.*]

Magistrate—The smoke from that man's pipe had a greenish look; he may be growing unlicensed tobacco at home. I wish I had brought my telescope to this district. Come to the post-office, I will telegraph for it. I found it very useful in the Andaman Islands. [Magistrate *and* Policeman *go out left.*]

Mrs. Tarpey—Bad luck to Jo Muldoon, knocking my apples this way and that way. (*Begins arranging them*) Showing off he was to the new magistrate. [*Enter* Bartley Fallon *and* Mrs. Fallon.]

BARTLEY—Indeed it's a poor country and a scarce country to be living in. But I'm thinking if I went to America it's long ago the day I'd be dead!

MRS. FALLON—So you might, indeed. [*She puts her basket on a barrel and begins putting parcels in it, taking them from under her cloak.*]

BARTLEY—And it's a great expense for a poor man to be buried in America.

MRS. FALLON—Never fear, Bartley Fallon, but I'll give you a good burying the day you'll die.

BARTLEY—Maybe it's yourself will be buried in the graveyard of Cloonmara before me, Mary Fallon, and I myself that will be dying unbeknownst some night, and no one a-near me. And the cat itself may be gone straying through the country, and the mice squealing over the quilt.

MRS. FALLON—Leave off talking of dying. It might be twenty years you'll be living yet.

BARTLEY (*with a deep sigh*)—I'm thinking if I'll be living at the end of twenty years, it's a very old man I'll be then!

MRS. TARPEY (*turns and sees them*)—Good morrow, Bartley Fallon; good morrow, Mrs. Fallon. Well, Bartley, you'll find no cause for complaining to-day; they are all saying it was a good fair.

BARTLEY (*raising his voice*)—It was not a good fair, Mrs. Tarpey. It was a scattered sort of a fair. If we didn't expect more, we got less. That's the way with me always; whatever I have to sell goes down and whatever I have to buy goes up. If there's ever any misfortune coming to this world, it's on myself it pitches, like a flock of crows on seed potatoes.

MRS. FALLON—Leave off talking of misfortunes, and listen to Jack Smith that is coming the way, and he singing. [*Voice of* JACK SMITH *heard singing:*]

I thought, my first love,
There'd be but one house between you and me,
And I thought I would find
Yourself coaxing my child on your knee.
Over the tide
I would leap with the leap of a swan,
Till I came to the side
Of the wife of the Red-haired man!

[JACK SMITH *comes in; he's a red-haired man, and is carrying a hayfork.*]

MRS. TARPEY—That should be a good song if I had my hearing.

MRS. FALLON (*shouting*)—It's "The Red-haired Man's Wife."

MRS. TARPEY—I know it well. That's the song that has a skin on it! [*She turns her back to them and goes on arranging her apples.*]

MRS. FALLON—Where's herself, Jack Smith?

JACK SMITH—She was delayed with her washing; bleaching the clothes on the hedge she is, and she daren't leave them, with all the tinkers that do be passing to the fair. It isn't to the fair I came myself, but up to the Five Acre Meadow I'm going, where I have a contract for the hay. We'll get a share of it into tramps to-day. [*He lays down hayfork and lights his pipe.*]

BARTLEY—You will not get it into tramps to-day. The rain will be down on it by evening, and on myself too. It's seldom I ever started on a journey but the rain would come down on me before I'd find any place of shelter.

JACK SMITH—If it didn't itself, Bartley, it is my belief you would carry a leaky pail on your head in place of a hat, the way you'd not be without some cause of complaining. [*A voice heard, "Go on, now, go on out o' that. Go on, I say."*]

JACK SMITH—Look at that young mare of Pat Ryan's that is backing into Shaughnessy's bullocks with the dint of the crowd! Don't be daunted, Pat, I'll give you a hand with her. [*He goes out, leaving his hayfork.*]

MRS. FALLON—It's time for ourselves to be going home. I have all I bought put in the basket. Look at there, Jack Smith's hayfork he left after him! He'll be wanting it. (*Calls.*) Jack Smith! Jack Smith!—He's gone through the crowd—hurry after him, Bartley, he'll be wanting it.

BARTLEY—I'll do that. This is no safe place to be leaving it. (*He takes up fork awkwardly and upsets the basket.*) Look at that now! If there is any basket in the fair upset, it must be our own basket! [*He goes out to right.*]

MRS. FALLON—Get out of that! It is your own fault, it is. Talk of misfortunes and misfortunes will come. Glory be! Look at my new egg-cups rolling in every part—and my two pound of sugar with the paper broke——

MRS. TARPEY (*turning from stall*)—God help us, Mrs. Fallon, what happened your basket?

MRS. FALLON—It's himself that knocked it down, bad manners to him. (*Putting things up.*) My grand sugar that's destroyed and he'll not drink his tea without it. I had best go back to the shop for more, much good may it do him! [*Enter* TIM CASEY.]

TIM CASEY—Where is Bartley Fallon, Mrs. Fallon? I want a word with him before he'll leave the fair. I was afraid he might have gone home by this, for he's a temperate man.

MRS. FALLON—I wish he did go home! It'd be best for me if he went home straight from the fair green, or if he never came with me at all! Where is he, is it? He's gone up the road (*jerks elbow*) following Jack Smith with a hayfork. [*She goes out to left.*]

TIM CASEY—Following Jack Smith with a hayfork! Did ever any one hear the like of that. (*Shouts.*) Did you hear that news, Mrs. Tarpey?

MRS. TARPEY—I heard no news at all.

TIM CASEY—Some dispute I suppose it was that rose between Jack Smith and Bartley Fallon, and it seems Jack made off, and Bartley is following him with a hayfork!

MRS. TARPEY—Is he now? Well, that was quick work! It's not ten minutes since the two of them were here, Bartley going home and Jack going to the Five Acre Meadow; and I had my apples to settle up, that Jo Muldoon of the police had scattered, and when I looked round again Jack Smith was gone, and Bartley Fallon was gone, and Mrs. Fallon's basket upset, and all in it strewed upon the ground—the tea here—the two pound of sugar there—the egg-cups there—Look, now, what a great hardship the deafness puts upon me, that I didn't hear the commincement of the fight! Wait till I tell James Ryan what I see below; he is a neighbor of Bartley's, it would be a pity if he wouldn't hear the news! [*She goes out. Enter* SHAWN EARLY *and* MRS. TULLY.]

TIM CASEY—Listen, Shawn Early! Listen, Mrs. Tully, to the news! Jack Smith and Bartley Fallon had a falling out, and Jack knocked Mrs. Fallon's basket into the road, and Bartley made an attack on him with a hayfork, and away with Jack, and Bartley after him. Look at the sugar here yet on the road!

SHAWN EARLY—Do you tell me so? Well, that's a queer thing, and Bartley Fallon so quiet a man!

MRS. TULLY—I wouldn't wonder at all. I wouldn't never think well of a man that would have that sort of a moldering look. It's like he has overtaken Jack by this. [*Enter* JAMES RYAN *and* MRS. TARPEY.]

JAMES RYAN—That is great news Mrs. Tarpey was telling me! I suppose that's what brought the police and the magistrate up this way. I was wondering to see them in it a while ago.

SHAWN EARLY—The police after them? Bartley Fallon must have injured Jack so. They wouldn't meddle in a fight that was only for show!

MRS. TULLY—Why wouldn't he injure him? There was many a man killed with no more of a weapon than a hayfork.

JAMES RYAN—Wait till I run north as far as Kelly's bar to spread the news! [*He goes out.*]

TIM CASEY—I'll go tell Jack Smith's first cousin that is standing there south of the church after selling his lambs. [*Goes out.*]

MRS. TULLY—I'll go telling a few of the neighbors I see beyond to the west. [*Goes out.*]

SHAWN EARLY—I'll give word of it beyond at the east of the green. [*Is going out when* MRS. TARPEY *seizes hold of him.*]

MRS. TARPEY—Stop a minute, Shawn Early, and tell me did you see red Jack Smith's wife, Kitty Keary, in any place?

SHAWN EARLY—I did. At her own house she was, drying clothes on the hedge as I passed.

MRS. TARPEY—What did you say she was doing?

SHAWN EARLY (*breaking away*)—Laying out a sheet on the hedge. [*He goes.*]

MRS. TARPEY—Laying out a sheet for the dead! The Lord have mercy on us! Jack Smith dead, and his wife laying out a sheet for his burying! (*Calls out.*) Why didn't you tell me that before, Shawn Early? Isn't the deafness the great hardship? Half the world might be dead without me knowing of it or getting word of it at all! (*She sits down and rocks herself.*) O my poor Jack Smith! To be going to his work so nice and so hearty, and to be left stretched on the ground in the full light of the day! [*Enter* TIM CASEY.]

TIM CASEY—What is it, Mrs. Tarpey? What happened since?

MRS. TARPEY—O my poor Jack Smith!

TIM CASEY—Did Bartley overtake him?

MRS. TARPEY—O the poor man!

TIM CASEY—Is it killed he is?

MRS. TARPEY—Stretched in the Five Acre Meadow!

TIM CASEY—The Lord have mercy on us! Is that a fact?

MRS. TARPEY—Without the rites of the Church or a ha'porth!

TIM CASEY—Who was telling you?

MRS. TARPEY—And the wife laying out a sheet for his corpse. (*Sits up and wipes her eyes.*) I suppose they'll "wake" him the same as another? [*Enter* MRS. TULLY, SHAWN EARLY, *and* JAMES RYAN.]

MRS. TULLY—There is great talk about this work in every quarter of the fair.

MRS. TARPEY—Ochone! cold and dead. And myself maybe the last he was speaking to!

JAMES RYAN—The Lord save us! Is it dead he is?

TIM CASEY—Dead surely, and the wife getting provision for the wake.

SHAWN EARLY—Well, now, hadn't Bartley Fallon great venom in him?

MRS. TULLY—You may be sure he had some cause. Why would he have made an end of him if he had not? (*To Mrs. Tarpey, raising her voice*) What was it rose the dispute at all, Mrs. Tarpey?

MRS. TARPEY—Not a one of me knows. The last I saw of them, Jack Smith was standing there, and Bartley Fallon was standing there, quiet and easy, and he listening to "The Red-haired Man's Wife."

MRS. TULLY—Do you hear that, Tim Casey? Do you hear that, Shawn Early and James Ryan? Bartley Fallon was here this morning listening to red Jack Smith's wife, Kitty Keary that was! Listening to her and whispering with her! It was she started the fight so!

SHAWN EARLY—She must have followed him from her own house. It is likely some person roused him.

TIM CASEY—I never knew, before, Bartley Fallon was great with Jack Smith's wife.

MRS. TULLY—How would you know it? Sure it's not in the streets they would be calling it. If Mrs. Fallon didn't know of it, and if I that have the next house to them didn't know of it, and if Jack Smith himself didn't know of it, it is not likely you would know of it, Tim Casey.

SHAWN EARLY—Let Bartley Fallon take charge of her from this out so, and let him provide for her. It is little pity she will get from any person in this parish.

TIM CASEY—How can he take charge of her? Sure he has a wife of his own. Sure you don't think he'd turn souper and marry her in a Protestant Church?

JAMES RYAN—It would be easy for him to marry her if he brought her to America.

SHAWN EARLY—With or without Kitty Keary, believe me it is for America he's making at this minute. I saw the new magistrate and Jo Muldoon of the police going into the post-office as I came up—there was hurry on them—you may be sure it was to telegraph they went, the way he'll be stopped in the docks at Queenstown!

MRS. TULLY—It's likely Kitty Keary is gone with him, and not minding a sheet or a wake at all. The poor man, to be deserted by his own wife, and the breath hardly gone out yet from his body that is lying bloody in the field! [*Enter* MRS. FALLON.]

MRS. FALLON—What is it the whole of the town is talking about? And what is it you yourselves are talking about? Is it about my man Bartley Fallon you are talking? Is it lies about him you are telling, saying that he went killing Jack Smith? My grief that ever he came into this place at all!

JAMES RYAN—Be easy now, Mrs. Fallon. Sure there is no one at all in the whole fair but is sorry for you!

MRS. FALLON—Sorry for me, is it? Why would any one be sorry for me? Let you be sorry for yourselves, and that there may be shame on you for ever and at the day of judgment, for the words you are saying and the lies you are telling to take away the character of my poor man, and to take the good name off of him, and to drive him to destruction! That is what you are doing!

SHAWN EARLY—Take comfort now, Mrs. Fallon. The police are not so smart as they think. Sure he might give them the slip yet, the same as Lynchehaun.

MRS. TULLY—If they do get him, and if they do put a rope around his neck, there is no one can say he does not deserve it!

MRS. FALLON—Is that what you are saying, Bridget Tully, and is that what you think? I tell you it's too much talk you have, making yourself out to be such a great one, and to be running down every respectable person! A rope, is it? It isn't much of a rope was needed to tie up your own furniture the day you came into Martin Tully's house, and you never bringing as much as a blanket, or a penny, or a suit of clothes with you and I myself bringing seventy pounds and two feather beds. And now you are stiffer than a woman would have a hundred pounds! It is too much talk the whole of you have. A rope is it? I tell you the whole of this town is full of liars and schemers that would hang you up for half a glass of whiskey. (*Turning to go.*) People they are you wouldn't believe as much as daylight from without you'd get up to have a look at it yourself. Killing Jack Smith indeed! Where are you at all, Bartley, till I bring you out of this? My nice quiet little man! My decent comrade! He that is as kind and as harmless as an innocent beast of the field!

He'll be doing no harm at all if he'll shed the blood of some of you after this day's work! That much would be no harm at all. (*Calls out.*) Bartley! Bartley Fallon! Where are you? (*Going out.*) Did any one see Bartley Fallon? [*All turn to look after her.*]

James Ryan—It is hard for her to believe any such a thing, God help her! [*Enter* Bartley Fallon from right, carrying hayfork.]

Bartley—It is what I often said to myself, if there is ever any misfortune coming to this world it is on myself it is sure to come! [*All turn round and face him.*]

Bartley—To be going about with this fork and to find no one to take it, and no place to leave it down, and I wanting to be gone out of this—Is that you, Shawn Early? (*Holds out fork.*) It's well I met you. You have no call to be leaving the fair for a while the way I have, and how can I go till I'm rid of this fork? Will you take it and keep it until such time as Jack Smith——

Shawn Early (*backing*)—I will not take it, Bartley Fallon, I'm very thankful to you!

Bartley (*turning to apple stall*)—Look at it now, Mrs. Tarpey, it was here I got it; let me thrust it under the stall. It will lie there safe enough, and no one will take notice of it until such time as Jack Smith—

Mrs. Tarpey—Take your fork out of that! Is it to put trouble on me and to destroy me you want? putting it there for the police to be rooting it out maybe. [*Thrusts him back.*]

Bartley—That is a very unneighborly thing for you to do, Mrs. Tarpey. Hadn't I enough care on me with that fork before this, running up and down with it like the swinging of a clock, and afeard to lay it down in any place! I wish I never touched it or meddled with it at all!

James Ryan—It is a pity, indeed, you ever did.

Bartley—Will you yourself take it, James Ryan? You were always a neighborly man.

James Ryan (*backing*)—There is many a thing I would do for you, Bartley Fallon, but I won't do that!

Shawn Early—I tell you there is no man will give you any help or any encouragement for this day's work. If it was something agrarian now——

Bartley—If no one at all will take it, maybe it's best to give it up to the police.

Tim Casey—There'd be a welcome for it with them surely! [*Laughter.*]

Mrs. Tully—And it is to the police Kitty Keary herself will be brought.

Mrs. Tarpey (*rocking to and fro*)—I wonder now who will take the expense of the wake for poor Jack Smith?

Bartley—The wake for Jack Smith!

Tim Casey—Why wouldn't he get a wake as well as another? Would you begrudge him that much?

Bartley—Red Jack Smith dead! Who was telling you?

Shawn Early—The whole town knows of it by this.

Bartley—Do they say what way did he die?

James Ryan—You don't know that yourself, I suppose, Bartley Fallon? You don't know he was followed and that he was laid dead with the stab of a hayfork?

Bartley—The stab of a hayfork!

Shawn Early—You don't know, I suppose, that the body was found in the Five Acre Meadow?

Bartley—The Five Acre Meadow!

Tim Casey—It is likely you don't know the police are after the man that did it?

Bartley—The man that did it!

Mrs. Tully—You don't know, maybe, that he was made away with for the sake of Kitty Keary, his wife?

Bartley—Kitty Keary, his wife! [*Sits down bewildered.*]

Mrs. Tully—And what have you to say now, Bartley Fallon?

Bartley (*crossing himself*)—I to bring that fork here, and to find that news before me! It is much if I can ever stir from this place at all, or reach as far as the road!

Tim Casey—Look, boys, at the new magistrate, and Jo Muldoon along with him! It's best for us to quit this.

Shawn Early—That is so. It is best not to be mixed in this business at all.

James Ryan—Bad as he is, I wouldn't like to be an informer against any man. [*All hurry away except Mrs. Tarpey, who remains behind her stall. Enter* Magistrate *and* Policeman.]

Magistrate—I knew the district was in a bad state, but I did not expect to be confronted with a murder at the first fair I came to.

Policeman—I am sure you did not, indeed.

Magistrate—It was well I had not gone home. I caught a few words here and there that aroused my suspicions.

Policeman—So they would, too.

Magistrate—You heard the same story from everyone you asked?

Policeman—The same story—or if it was not altogether the same, anyway it was no less than the first story.

Magistrate—What is that man doing? He is sitting alone with a hayfork. He has a guilty look. The murder was done with a hayfork!

Policeman (*in a whisper*)—That's the very man they said did the act; Bartley Fallon himself!

Magistrate—He must have found escape difficult—he is trying to brazen it out. A convict in the Andaman Islands tried the same game, but he could not escape my system! Stand aside—Don't go far—have the handcuffs ready. (*He walks up to* Bartley, *folds his arms, and stands before him.*) Here, my man, do you know anything of John Smith?

Bartley—Of John Smith! Who is he, now?

Policeman—Jack Smith, sir—Red Jack Smith!

Magistrate (*coming a step nearer and tapping him on the shoulder*)—Where is Jack Smith?

Bartley (*with a deep sigh, and shaking his head slowly*)—Where is he, indeed?

Magistrate—What have you to tell?

Bartley—It is where he was this morning, standing in this spot, singing his share of songs—no, but lighting his pipe—scraping a match on the sole of his shoe——

Magistrate—I ask you, for the third time, where is he?

Bartley—I wouldn't like to say that. It is a great mystery, and it is hard to say of any man, did he earn hatred or love.

Magistrate—Tell me all you know.

Bartley—All that I know— Well, there are the three estates; there is Limbo, and there is Purgatory, and there is——

Magistrate—Nonsense! This is trifling! Get to the point.

Bartley—Maybe you don't hold with the clergy so? That is the teaching of the clergy. Maybe you hold with the old people. It is what they do be saying, that the shadow goes wandering, and the soul is tired, and the body is taking a rest—The shadow! (*Starts up*) I was nearly sure I saw Jack Smith not ten minutes ago at the corner of the forge, and I lost him again— Was it his ghost I saw, do you think?

Magistrate (*to policeman*)—Conscience-struck! He will confess all now!

Bartley—His ghost to come before me! It is likely it was on account of the fork! I to have it and he to have no way to defend himself the time he met with his death!

Magistrate (*to policeman*)—I must note down his words. (*Takes out notebook.*) (*To* Bartley:) I warn you that your words are being noted.

Bartley—If I had ha' run faster in the beginning, this terror would not be on me at the latter end! Maybe he will cast it up against me at the day of judgment—I wouldn't wonder at all at that.

Magistrate (*writing*)—At the day of judgment——

Bartley—It was soon for his ghost to appear to me—is it coming after me always by day it will be, and stripping the clothes off in the night time?— I wouldn't wonder at all at that, being as I am an unfortunate man!

Magistrate (*sternly*)—Tell me this truly. What was the motive of this crime?

Bartley—The motive, is it?

Magistrate—Yes; the motive; the cause.

Bartley—I'd sooner not say that.

Magistrate—You had better tell me truly. Was it money?

Bartley—Not at all! What did poor Jack Smith ever have in his pockets unless it might be his hands that would be in them?

Magistrate—Any dispute about land?

Bartley (*indignantly*)—Not at all! He never was a grabber or grabbed from any one!

Magistrate—You will find it better for you if you tell me at once.

Bartley—I tell you I wouldn't for the whole world wish to say what it was—it is a thing I would not like to be talking about.

Magistrate—There is no use in hiding it. It will be discovered in the end.

Bartley—Well, I suppose it will, seeing that mostly everybody knows it before. Whisper here now. I will tell no lie; where would be the use? (*Puts his hand to his mouth, and* Magistrate *stoops.*) Don't be putting the blame on the parish, for such a thing was never done in the parish before—it was done for the sake of Kitty Keary, Jack Smith's wife.

Magistrate (*to policeman*)—Put on the handcuffs. We have been saved some trouble. I knew he would confess if taken in the right way. [Policeman *puts on handcuffs.*]

Bartley—Handcuffs now! Glory be! I always said, if there was ever any misfortune coming to this place it was on myself it would fall. I to be in handcuffs! There's no wonder at all in that. [*Enter* MRS. FALLON, *followed by the rest. She is looking back at them as she speaks.*]

MRS. FALLON—Telling lies the whole of the people of this town are; telling lies, telling lies as fast as a dog will trot! Speaking against my poor respectable man! Saying he made an end of Jack Smith! My decent comrade! There is no better man and no kinder man in the whole of the five parishes! It's little annoyance he ever gave to any one! (*Turns and sees him*) What in the earthly world do I see before me? Bartley Fallon in charge of the police! Handcuffs on him! O Bartley, what did you do at all, at all?

BARTLEY—O Mary, there has a great misfortune come upon me! It is what I always said, that if there is ever any misfortune——

MRS. FALLON—What did he do at all, or is it bewitched I am?

MAGISTRATE—This man has been arrested on a charge of murder.

MRS. FALLON—Whose charge is that? Don't believe them! They are all liars in this place! Give me back my man!

MAGISTRATE—It is natural you should take his part, but you have no cause of complaint against your neighbors. He has been arrested for the murder of John Smith, on his own confession.

MRS. FALLON—The saints of heaven protect us! And what did he want killing Jack Smith?

MAGISTRATE—It is best you should know all. He did it on account of a love affair with the murdered man's wife.

MRS. FALLON (*sitting down*)—With Jack Smith's wife! With Kitty Keary!—Ochone, the traitor!

THE CROWD—A great shame, indeed. He is a traitor, indeed.

MRS. TULLY—To America he was bringing her, Mrs. Fallon.

BARTLEY—What are you saying, Mary? I tell you——

MRS. FALLON—Don't say a word! I won't listen to any word you'll say! (*Stops her ears.*) O, isn't he the treacherous villain? Ohone go deo!

BARTLEY—Be quiet till I speak! Listen to what I say!

MRS. FALLON—Sitting beside me on the ass car coming to the town, so quiet and so respectable, and treachery like that in his heart!

BARTLEY—Is it your wits you have lost or is it I myself that have lost my wits?

MRS. FALLON—And it's hard I earned you, slaving, slaving—and you grumbling, and sighing, and coughing, and discontented, and the priest wore out anointing you, with all the times you threatened to die!

BARTLEY—Let you be quiet till I tell you!

MRS. FALLON—You to bring such a disgrace into the parish. A thing that was never heard of before!

BARTLEY—Will you shut your mouth and hear me speaking?

MRS. FALLON—And if it was for any sort of a fine handsome woman, but for a little fistful of a woman like Kitty Keary, that's not four feet high hardly, and not three teeth in her head unless she got new ones! May God reward you, Bartley Fallon, for the black treachery in your heart and the wickedness in your mind, and the red blood of poor Jack Smith that is wet upon your hand! [*Voice of Jack Smith heard singing.*]

The sea shall be dry,
  The earth under mourning and ban!
The loud shall he cry
  For the wife of the red-haired man!

BARTLEY—It's Jack Smith's voice—I never knew a ghost to sing before—. It is after myself and the fork he is coming! (*Goes back. Enter* JACK SMITH.) Let one of you give him the fork and I will be clear of him now and for eternity!

MRS. TARPEY—The Lord have mercy on us! Red Jack Smith! The man that was going to be waked!

JAMES RYAN—Is it back from the grave you are come?

SHAWN EARLY—Is it alive you are, or is it dead you are?

TIM CASEY—Is it yourself at all that's in it?

MRS. TULLY—Is it letting on you were to be dead?

MRS. FALLON—Dead or alive, let you stop Kitty Keary, your wife, from bringing my man away with her to America!

JACK SMITH—It is what I think, the wits are gone astray on the whole of you. What would my wife want bringing Bartley Fallon to America?

MRS. FALLON—To leave yourself, and to get quit of you she wants, Jack Smith, and to bring him away from myself. That's what the two of them had settled together.

JACK SMITH—I'll break the head of any man that says that! Who is it says it? (*To* TIM CASEY) Was it you said it? (*To* SHAWN EARLY) Was it you?

All together (*backing and shaking their heads*)—It wasn't I said it!

Jack Smith—Tell me the name of any man that said it!

All together (*pointing to* Bartley)—It was *him* that said it!

Jack Smith—Let me at him till I break his head! [Bartley *backs in terror. Neighbors hold* Jack Smith *back.*]

Jack Smith (*trying to free himself*)—Let me at him! Isn't he the pleasant sort of a scarecrow for any woman to be crossing the ocean with! It's back from the docks of New York he'd be turned (*trying to rush at him again*), with a lie in his mouth and treachery in his heart, and another man's wife by his side, and he passing her off as his own! Let me at him, can't you. [*Makes another rush, but is held back.*]

Magistrate (*pointing to* Jack Smith)—Policeman, put the handcuffs on this man. I see it all now. A case of false impersonation, a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice. There was a case in the Andaman Islands, a murderer of the Mopsa Tribe, a religious enthusiast——

Policeman—So he might be, too.

Magistrate—We must take both these men to the scene of the murder. We must confront them with the body of the real Jack Smith.

Jack Smith—I'll break the head of any man that will find my dead body!

Magistrate—I'll call more help from the barracks. [*Blows Policeman's whistle.*]

Bartley—It is what I am thinking, if myself and Jack Smith are put together in the one cell for the night, the handcuffs will be taken off him, and his hands will be free, and murder will be done that time surely.

Magistrate—Come on! [*They turn to the right.*]

Moonshiner's Serenade

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE night's blind-black, an' I 'low the stars's
All skeered at that-air dog's bow-bows!
I sensed the woods-road, clumb the bars,
An' arrove here, tromplin' over cows.
The mist hangs thick enough to cut,
But there's her light a-glimmerin' through
The mornin'-glories, twisted shut—
An' shorely there's her shadder too!

Ho! hit's good-night,
My Beauty-Bright!
The moon cain't match your can'le-light—
Your can'le-light with you cain't shine,
Lau-ree! Ladylove! tiptoe-fine!

Oomh! how them roses soaks the air!—
Thess drenched with mist an' renched with dew!
They's a smell o' plums, too, 'round somewhere—
An' I kin smell ripe apples, too.
Mix all them sweet things into one,—
Yer roses, fruit, an' flower an' vine,
Yit I'll say, "No, I don't choose none,
Ef I kin git that girl of mine!"

Ho! hit's good-night,
My Beauty-Bright!
Primp a while, an' blow out the light—
Putt me in your prayers, an' then
I'll be twic't as good-again!

A Clean White Shirt

By VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

Verner von Heidenstam.

PRIVATE BENGT GETING had got a Cossack's pike through his breast, and his comrades laid him on a heap of twigs in a copse, where Pastor Rabenius gave him the Holy Communion. This was on the icy ground before the walls of Veperik, and a whistling norther tore the dry leafage from the bushes.

"The Lord be with thee!" whispered Rabenius softly and paternally. "Are you prepared now to depart hence after a good day's work?"

Bengt Geting lay with his hands knotted, bleeding to death. The hard eyes stood wide open, and the obstinate and scraggy face was so tanned by sun and frost that the bluish pallor of death shone out only over his lips.

"No," he said.

"That is the first time I have heard a word from your mouth, Bengt Geting."

The dying man knotted his hands all the harder, and chewed with his lips, which opened themselves for the words against his will.

"For once," he said slowly, "even the meanest and raggedest of soldiers may speak out."

He raised himself painfully on his elbow, and ejaculated such a piercing cry of anguish that Rabenius did not know whether it came from torment of soul or of body.

He set down the chalice on the ground, and spread a handkerchief over it, so that the leaves which were tumbling about should not fall into the brandy.

"And this," he stammered, pressing his hands to his forehead, "this I, who am a servant of Christ, shall be constrained to witness, morning after morning, evening after evening."

Soldiers crowded forward from all sides between the bushes to see and hear the fallen man, but their captain came in a wrathful mood with sword drawn.

"Tie a cloth over the fellow's mouth!" he shouted. "He has always been the most obstinate man in the battalion. I am no more inhuman than another, but I must do my duty, and I have a mass of new and untrained folk that have come with Lewenhaupt. These have got scared by his wailing, and refuse to go forward. Why don't you obey? I command here."

Rabenius took a step forward. On his curled white peruke he had a whole garland of yellow leaves.

"Captain," he said, "beside the dying the servant of God alone commands, but in glad humility he delivers his authority to the dying man himself. For three years I have seen Bengt Geting march in the line, but never yet have I seen him speak with any one. Now on the threshold of God's judgment-seat may no one further impose silence upon him."

"With whom should I have spoken?" asked the bleeding trooper bitterly. "My tongue is as if tied and lame. Weeks would go by without my saying a word. No one has ever asked me about anything. It was only the ear that had to be on guard so that I did not fail to obey. 'Go,' they have said, 'go through marsh and snow.' To that there was nothing to answer."

Rabenius knelt and softly took his hands in his.

"But now you shall speak, Bengt Geting. Speak, speak, now that all are gathered to hear you. You are now the only one of us all who has the right to speak. Is there a wife or perhaps an aged mother at home to whom you want me to send a message?"

"My mother starved me and sent me to the troops, and never since then has a woman had anything else to say to me than the same, 'Get away, Bengt Geting, go, go! What do you want with us?'"

"Have you then anything to repent?"

"I repent that as a child I did not jump into the mill-race, and that, when you stood before the regiment on Sunday and admonished us to go patiently on and on, I didn't step forward and strike you down with my musket. But do you want to know what causes me dread? Have you never heard the wagon-drivers and outposts tell how in the moonlight they have seen their comrades that were shot limp in crowds after the army and hop about on their mangled legs and cry, 'Greetings to mother!' They call them the Black Battalion. It's into the Black Battalion that I'm to go now. But the worst is that I shall be buried in my ragged coat and my bloody shirt. That's the thing I can't get out of my mind. A plain trooper doesn't want to be taken home like the dead General Liewen, but I'm thinking of the fallen comrades at Dorfsniki, where the king had a coffin of a couple of boards and a clean white shirt given to each man. Why should they be treated so much better than I? Now in this year of misfortune a man is laid out as he falls. I'm so deeply sunk in misery that the only thing in the world that I can be envious of is their clean white shirts."

"My poor friend," answered Rabenius quietly, "in the Black Battalion—if you believe in it now—you will have great company. Gyldenstolpe and Sperling and Lieutenant-Colonel Mörner already lie shot on the field. And do you recall the thousand others? Do you remember the friendly Lieutenant-Colonel Wattrang, who came riding to our regiment and gave an apple to every soldier, and who now lies among the Royal Dragoons, and all our comrades under the meadow at Holofzin? And do you remember my predecessor, Nicholas Uppendich, a mighty proclaimer of the Word, who fell at Kalisch in his priestly array? Grass has grown and snow fallen over his mould, and no one can point out with his foot the sod where he sleeps."

Rabenius bowed yet deeper, and felt the man's forehead and hands.

"In ten or at most fifteen minutes you will have ceased to live. Perhaps these minutes might replace the past three years, if you sanctify them rightly. You are no longer one of us. Don't you see that your spiritual guide is lying on his knees by you with head uncovered? Speak now and tell me your last wish; no, your last command. Consider but one thing. The regiment is disorganized on your account, and meanwhile the others go forward with glory or stand already on the storming-ladders. You have frightened the younger fellows with your death-wound and your wailing, and you alone can make it good again. Now they listen only to you, and you alone have it in your power to make them go against the enemy. Consider that your last words will be last forgotten, and perhaps sometime will be repeated for those at home who sit and roast their potatoes behind the oven."

Bengt Geting lay motionless, and a shadow of perplexity passed over his glance. Then he gently raised his arms as if for an invocation and whispered, "Lord, help me to do even so!"

He gave a sign that now he was able only to whisper, and Rabenius laid his face to his so as to be able to hear his words. Then Rabenius motioned to the soldiers, but his voice trembled so that he could hardly make himself heard.

"Now Bengt Geting has spoken," he said. "This is his last wish, that you should take him between you on your muskets and carry him with you in his old place in the line, where he has stubbornly marched day after day and year after year."

The drums now struck up, the music began, and with his cheek on the shoulder of one of the soldiers, Bengt Geting was carried forward step by step over the field toward the foe. Around him followed the whole regiment, and ever with bared head Rabenius went behind him, and did not notice that he was already dead.

"I shall see to it," he whispered, "that you get a clean white shirt. You know that the king does not regard himself as more than the humblest soldier, and it is so that he himself wishes sometime to lie."

The Culprit—By EMILY DICKINSON

SURGEONS must be very careful
When they take the knife!
Underneath their fine incisions
Stirs the culprit—Life!

What Was It?

By FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN

Yours truly
F. J. O'Brien

IT IS, I confess, with considerable diffidence that I approach the strange narrative which I am about to relate. The events which I purpose detailing are of so extraordinary a character that I am quite prepared to meet with an unusual amount of incredulity and scorn. I accept all such beforehand. I have, I trust, the literary courage to face unbelief. I have, after mature consideration, resolved to narrate, in as simple and straightforward a manner as I can compass, some facts that passed under my observation, in the month of July last, and which, in the annals of the mysteries of physical science, are wholly unparalleled.

I live at No. — Twenty-sixth Street, in New York. The house is in some respects a curious one. It has enjoyed for the last two years the reputation of being haunted. It is a large and stately residence, surrounded by what was once a garden, but which is now only a green enclosure used for bleaching clothes. The dry basin of what has been a fountain, and a few fruit-trees, ragged and unpruned, indicate that this spot in past years was a pleasant, shady retreat, filled with fruits and flowers and the sweet murmur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A hall of noble size leads to a large spiral staircase winding through its center, while the various apartments are of imposing dimensions. It was built some fifteen or twenty years since by Mr. A.—, the well-known New York merchant, who five years ago threw the commercial world into convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. Mr. A.—, as every one knows, escaped to Europe, and died not long after, of a broken heart. Almost immediately, after the news of his decease reached this country and was verified, the report spread in Twenty-sixth Street that No. — was haunted. Legal measures had dispossessed the widow of its former owner, and it was inhabited merely by a caretaker and his wife, placed there by the house agent into whose hands it had passed for the purpose of renting or sale. These people declared that they were troubled with unnatural noises. Doors were opened without any visible agency. The remnants of furniture scattered through the various rooms were, during the night, piled one upon the other by unknown hands. Invisible feet passed up and down the stairs in broad daylight, accompanied by the rustle of unseen silk dresses, and the gliding of viewless hands along the massive balusters. The caretaker and his wife declared they would live there no longer. The house agent laughed, dismissed them, and put others in their place. The noises and supernatural manifestations continued. The neighborhood caught up the story, and the house remained untenanted for three years. Several persons negotiated for it; but, somehow, always before the bargain was closed they heard the unpleasant rumors, and declined to treat any further.

It was in this state of things that my landlady, who at that time kept a boarding-house in Bleecker Street, and who wished to move farther uptown, conceived the bold idea of renting No. — Twenty-sixth Street. Happening to have in her house rather a plucky and philosophical set of boarders, she laid her scheme before us, stating candidly everything she had heard respecting the ghostly qualities of the establishment to which she wished to remove us. With the exception of two timid persons,—a sea-captain and a returned Californian, who immediately gave notice that they would leave,—all of Mrs. Moffat's guests declared that they would accompany her in her chivalric incursion into the abode of spirits.

Our removal was effected in the month of May, and we were charmed with our new residence. The portion of Twenty-sixth Street where our house is situated, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, is one of the pleasantest localities in New York. The gardens back of the houses, running down nearly to the Hudson, form, in the summertime, a perfect avenue of verdure. The air is pure and invigorating, sweeping, as it does, straight across the river from the Weehawken heights, and even the ragged garden which surrounded the house, although displaying on washing days rather too much clothesline, still gave us a piece of greensward to look at, and a cool retreat in the summer evenings, where we smoked our cigars in the dusk, and watched the fireflies flashing their dark-lanterns in the long grass.

Of course we had no sooner established ourselves at No. — than we began to expect ghosts. We absolutely awaited their advent with eagerness. Our dinner conversation was supernatural. One of the boarders, who had purchased Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" for his own private delectation, was regarded as a public enemy by the entire household for not having bought twenty copies. The man led a life of supreme wretchedness while he was reading this volume. A system of espionage was established, of which he was the victim. If he incautiously laid the book down for an instant and left the room, it was immediately seized and read aloud in secret places to a select few. I found myself a person of immense importance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably well versed in the history of supernaturalism, and had once written a story, the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or a wainscoat panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence, and every one was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

After a month of psychological excitement, it was with the utmost dissatisfaction that we were forced to acknowledge that nothing in the remotest degree approaching the supernatural had manifested itself. Once the black butler asseverated that his candle had been blown out by some invisible agency while he was undressing himself for the night; but as I had more than once discovered this colored gentleman in a condition when one candle must have appeared to him like two, I thought it possible that by going a step further in his potations, he might have reversed this phenomenon, and seen no candle at all where he ought to have beheld one.

Things were in this state when an accident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the tenth of July. After dinner was over I repaired, with my friend Dr. Hammond, to the garden to smoke my evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies which existed between the Doctor and myself, we were linked together by a vice. We both smoked opium. We knew each other's secret, and respected it. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought, that marvelous intensifying of the perceptive faculties, that boundless feeling of existence when we seem to have points of contact with the whole universe,—in short, that unimaginable spiritual bliss, which I would not surrender for a throne, and which I hope you, reader, will never—never taste.

Those hours of opium happiness which the Doctor and I spent together in secret were regulated with a scientific accuracy. We did not blindly smoke the drug of paradise, and leave our dreams to chance. While smoking, we carefully steered our conversation through the brightest and calmest channels of thought. We talked of the East, and endeavored to recall the magical panorama of its glowing scenery. We criticized the most sensuous poets,—those who painted life ruddy with health, brimming with passion, happy in the possession of youth and strength and beauty. If we talked of Shakespeare's "Tempest," we lingered over Ariel, and avoided Caliban. Like the Guebers, we turned our faces to the East, and saw only the sunny side of the world.

This skilful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian fairyland dyed our dreams. We paced the narrow strip of grass with the tread and port of kings. The song of the *rana arborea*, while he clung to the bark of the ragged plum-tree, sounded like the strains of divine musicians. Houses, walls and streets melted like rain clouds, and vistas of unimaginable glory stretched away before us. It was a rapturous companionship. We enjoyed the vast delight more perfectly because, even in our most ecstatic moments, we were conscious of each other's presence. Our pleasures, while individual, were still twin, vibrating and moving in musical accord.

On the evening in question, the tenth of July, the doctor and myself drifted into an unusually metaphysical mood. We lit our large meerschaums, filled with fine Turkish tobacco, in the core of which burned a little black nut of opium, that, like the nut in the fairy-tale, held within its narrow limits wonders beyond the reach of kings; we paced to and fro, conversing. A strange perversity dominated the currents of our thought. They would *not* flow through the sunlit channels into which we strove to divert them. For some unaccountable reason, they constantly diverged into dark and lonesome beds, where a continual gloom brooded. It was in vain that, after our old fashion, we flung ourselves on the shores of the East, and talked of its gay bazaars, of the splendors of the time of Haroun, of harems and golden palaces. Black afreets continually arose from the depths of our talk, and expanded, like the one the fisherman released from the copper vessel, until they blotted everything bright from our vision. Insensibly, we yielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism, and the almost universal love of the terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to me, "What do you consider to be the greatest element of terror?"

The question puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly lifted arms, and awful, upturned face, uttering, as she drifted, shrieks that rent one's heart while we, spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching her last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean, is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror, the proportions of which are veiled. But it now struck me, for the first time, that there must be one great and ruling embodiment of fear,—a King of Terrors, to which all others must succumb. What might it be? To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I cannot attempt, however, even the most vague definition."

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than anything yet conceived by the human mind;—something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation hitherto supposed incompatible elements. The calling of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of 'Wieland' is awful; so is the picture of the Dweller of the Threshold, in Bulwer's 'Zanoni'; but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible still than those."

"Look here, Hammond," I rejoined, "let us drop this kind of talk, for Heaven's sake! We shall suffer for it, depend on it."

"I don't know what's the matter with me tonight," he replied, "but my brain is running upon all sorts of weird and awful thoughts. I feel as if I could write a story like Hoffmann, tonight, if I were only master of a literary style."

"Well, if we are going to be Hoffmannesque in our talk, I'm off to bed. Opium and nightmares should never be brought together. How sultry it is! Good-night, Hammond."

"Good-night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to you."

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls and enchanters."

We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the room. It was Goudon's "History of Monsters,"—a curious French work, which I had lately imported from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I had then reached, was anything but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; so, turning down my gas until nothing but a little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained alight did not illuminate a distance of three inches round the burner. I desperately drew my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The confounded themes touched on by Hammond in the garden kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that by a perfect physical inaction I should hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed, from the ceiling, plum upon my chest, and the next instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack, instead of stunning me, strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted from instinct, before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I wound two muscular arms around the creature, and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair against my chest. In a few seconds the bony hands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, totally ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which I was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment, by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck, and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands, which my utmost efforts could not confine,—these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength, skill, and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, with my knee on what I made out to be its chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was; that was one comfort. At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large yellow silk pocket handkerchief. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had, after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and, having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before; I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never losing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to make to reach the gasburner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip like a vise. At last I got within arm's length of the tiny speck of blue light which told me where the gasburner lay. Quick as lightning I released my grasp with one hand and let on the full flood of light. Then I turned to look at my captive.

I cannot even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shrieked with terror, for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment. *I saw nothing!* Yes; I had one arm firmly clasped round a breathing, panting, corporeal shape, my other hand gripped with all its strength a throat as warm, as apparently fleshy, as my own; and yet, with this living substance in my grasp, with its body pressed against my own, and all in the bright glare of a large jet of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing! Not even an outline,—a vapor!

I do not, even at this hour, realize the situation in which I found myself. I cannot recall the astounding incident thoroughly. Imagination in vain tries to compass the awful paradox.

It breathed. I felt its warm breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands. They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, like my own. There it lay, pressed close up against me, solid as stone,—and yet utterly invisible!

I wonder that I did not faint or go mad on the instant. Some wonderful instinct must have sustained me; for, absolutely, in place of loosening my hold on the terrible Enigma, I seemed to gain an additional strength in my moment of horror, and tightened my grasp with such wonderful force that I felt the creature shivering with agony.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face—which, I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at—he hastened forward, crying, "Great heaven, Harry! what has happened?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh, this is awful! I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it,—I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the

unfeigned horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious. To laugh at a human being in my position! It was the worst species of cruelty. *Now*, I can understand why the appearance of a man struggling violently, as it would seem, with an airy nothing, and calling for assistance against a vision, should have appeared ludicrous. *Then*, so great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly, "for God's sake, come to me. I can hold the—the thing but a short while longer. It is overpowering me. Help me! Help me!"

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."

"I swear to you, Hammond, that this is no vision," I answered, in the same low tone. "Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me, convince yourself. Feel it,—touch it."

Hammond advanced and laid his hand in the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in my arms.

"Harry," he said, in a hoarse, agitated voice, for, though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply moved, "Harry, it's all safe now. You may let go, old fellow, if you're tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold.

Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted round his hand, while before him, self-supporting as it were, he beheld a rope laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space. I never saw a man look so thoroughly stricken with awe. Nevertheless his face expressed all the courage and determination which I knew him to possess. His lips, although white, were set firmly, and one could perceive at a glance that, although stricken with fear, he was not daunted.

The confusion that ensued among the guests of the house who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself,—who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something,—who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over,—the confusion and terror that took possession of the bystanders, when they saw all this, was beyond description. The weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained clustered near the door and could not be induced to approach Hammond and his Charge. Still incredulity broke out through their terror. They had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and yet they doubted. It was in vain that I begged of some of the men to come near and convince themselves by touch of the existence in that room of a living being which was invisible. They were incredulous, but did not dare to undeceive themselves. How could a solid, living, breathing body be invisible, they asked. My reply was this. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us—conquering our fearful repugnance to touch the invisible creature—lifted it from the ground, manacled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen.

"Now, my friends," I said, as Hammond and myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body, which, nevertheless, you cannot see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

I was astonished at my own courage in treating this strange event so calmly; but I had recovered from my first terror, and felt a sort of scientific pride in the affair, which dominated every other feeling.

The eyes of the bystanders were immediately fixed on my bed. At a given signal Hammond and I let the creature fall. There was a dull sound of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The timbers of the bed creaked. A deep impression marked itself distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a low cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were left alone with our Mystery.

We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature on the bed, and watching the rustle of the bedclothes as it impotently struggled to free itself from confinement. Then Hammond spoke.

"Harry, this is awful."

"Ay, awful."

"But not unaccountable."

"Not unaccountable! What do you

mean? Such a thing has never occurred since the birth of the world. I know not what to think, Hammond. God grant that I am not mad, and that this is not an insane fantasy!"

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body which we touch, but which we cannot see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure glass. It is tangible and transparent. A certain chemical coarseness is all that prevents its being so entirely transparent as to be totally invisible. It is not *theoretically impossible*, mind you, to make a glass which shall not reflect a single ray of light,—a glass so pure and homogeneous in its atoms that the rays from the sun will pass through it as they do through the air, refracted but not reflected. We do not see the air, and yet we feel it."

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe, air does not breathe. *This* thing has a heart that palpitates,—a will that moves it,—lungs that play, and inspire and respire."

"You forget the phenomena of which we have so often heard of late," answered the doctor, gravely. "At the meetings called 'spirit circles,' invisible hands have been thrust into the hands of those persons round the table,—warm, fleshly hands that seemed to pulsate with mortal life."

"What? Do you think, then, that this thing is—"

"I don't know what it is," was the solemn reply; "but please the gods I will, with your assistance, thoroughly investigate it."

We watched together, smoking many pipes, all night long, by the bedside of the unearthly being that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except ourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bedclothes were moved in its efforts to escape. There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, those second-hand indications of the terrible writhings and agonized struggles for liberty which themselves were invisible.

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth, a round, smooth head without hair; a nose, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the being on a smooth surface and tracing its outlines with chalk, as shoemakers trace the outline of the foot. This plan was given up as being of no value. Such an outline would give not the slightest idea of its conformation.

A happy thought struck me. We would take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering, and distort the mold. Another thought. Why not give it chloroform? It had respiratory organs,—that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insensibility, we could do with it what we would. Doctor X—— was sent for; and after the worthy physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement, he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a modeler was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more we had a mold, and before evening a rough facsimile of the Mystery. It was shaped like a man,—distorted, uncouth, and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and its limbs revealed a muscular development that was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustav Doré, or Callot, or Tony Johannot, never conceived anything so horrible. There is a face in one of the latter's illustrations to *Un voyage où il vous plaira*, which somewhat approaches the countenance of this creature, but does not equal it. It was the physiognomy of what I should fancy a ghoul might be. It looked as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound every one in the house to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our Enigma? It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in our house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would have gladly voted for the creature's destruction. But who would shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being? Day after day this question was deliberated gravely. The boarders all left the house. Mrs. Moffat was in despair, and threatened Hammond and myself with all sorts of legal penalties if we did not remove the Horror. Our answer was, "We will go if you like, but we decline taking this creature with us. Remove it yourself, if you please. It appeared in your house. On you the responsibility rests." To this there was, of course, no answer. Mrs. Moffat could not obtain for love or money a person who would even approach the Mystery.

The most singular part of the affair was that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature habitually fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes toss, and hear the hard breathing, and know that it was starving.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and had now nearly ceased. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life-struggle was going on, I felt miserable. I could not sleep. Horrible as the creature was, it was pitiful to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that viewless corpse into the damp hole. The cast of its form I gave to Doctor X——, who keeps it in his museum in Tenth Street.

As I am on the eve of a long journey from which I may not return, I have drawn up this narrative of an event the most singular that has ever come to my knowledge.

Lazy Man's Song

By PO CHÜ-I

Translated by Arthur Waley

I HAVE got patronage, but am too lazy to use it;
I have got land, but am too lazy to farm it.
My house leaks; I am too lazy to mend it.
My clothes are torn; I am too lazy to darn them.
I have got wine, but am too lazy to drink;
So it's just the same as if my cellar were empty.
I have got a harp, but am too lazy to play;
So it's just the same as if it had no strings.
My wife tells me there is no more bread in the house;
I want to bake, but am too lazy to grind.
My friends and relatives write me long letters,
I should like to read them, but they're such a bother to open.
I have always been told that Chi Shu-yeh
Passed his whole life in absolute idleness.
But he played the harp and sometimes transmuted metals,
So even *he* was not so lazy as I.

The Oracle of the Dog

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

"YES," said Father Brown, "I always like a dog so long as he isn't spelled backwards."

Those who are quick in talking are not always quick in listening. Sometimes even their brilliancy produces a sort of stupidity. Father Brown's friend and companion was a young man with a stream of ideas and stories, an enthusiastic young man named Fiennes, with eager blue eyes and blond hair that seemed to be brushed back not merely with a hair-brush but with the wind of the world as he rushed through it. But he stopped in the torrent of his talk in a momentary bewilderment, before he saw the priest's very simple meaning.

"You mean that people make too much of them?" he said. "Well, I don't know. They're marvelous creatures. Sometimes I think they know a lot more than we do."

Father Brown said nothing; but continued to stroke the head of the big retriever in a half abstracted but apparently soothing fashion.

"Why," said Fiennes, warming again to his monologue, "there was a dog in the case I've come to see you about; what they call the 'Invisible Murderer Case,' you know. It's a strange story. but from my point of view the dog is about the strangest thing in it. Of course, there's the mystery of the crime itself, and how old Druce can have been killed by somebody else when he was all alone in the summer-house——"

The hand stroking the dog stopped for a moment in its rhythmic movement; and Father Brown said calmly,

"Oh, it was a summer-house, was it?"

"I thought you'd read all about it in the papers," answered Fiennes. "Stop a minute; I believe I've got a cutting that will give you all the particulars." He produced a strip of newspaper from his pocket and handed it to the priest who began to read it.

"Many mystery stories, about men murdered behind locked doors and windows and murderers escaping without means of entrance and exit, have come true in the course of the extraordinary events at Cranston on the coast of Yorkshire, where Colonel Druce was found stabbed from behind by a dagger that has entirely disappeared from the scene, and apparently even from the neighborhood. The summer-house in which he died was indeed accessible at one entrance—the ordinary doorway which looked down the central walk of the garden toward the house. But by a combination of events almost to be called a coincidence, it appears that both the path and the entrance were watched during the crucial time, and there is a chain of witnesses who confirm each other. The summer-house stands at the extreme end of the garden where there is no exit or entrance of any kind.

"The central garden path is a lane between two ranks of tall delphiniums, planted so close that a stray step off the path would leave its traces; and both path and plants run right up to the very mouth of the summer-house, so that no straying from that straight path could fail to be observed, and no other mode of entrance can be imagined.

"Oscar Floyd, secretary to the murdered man, testified that he had been in a position to overlook the whole garden from the time when Colonel Druce last appeared alive in the doorway to the time when he was found dead; as he, Floyd, had been on the top of a stepladder clipping the garden hedge. Janet Druce, the dead man's daughter, confirmed this, saying that she had sat on the terrace of the house throughout that time and had seen Floyd at his work. Touching some part of the time, this is again supported by Donald Druce, her brother, who overlooked the garden standing at his bedroom window in his dressing-gown, for he had risen late.

"Lastly the account is consistent with that given by Dr. Valentine, a neighbor, who called for a time to talk with Miss Druce on the terrace, and by the Colonel's solicitor, Mr. Aubrey Traill, who was apparently the last to see the murdered man alive—presumably with the exception of the murderer. All are agreed that the course of events is as follows: about half-past three in the afternoon Miss Druce went down the path to ask her father when he would like tea; but he said he did not want any and was waiting to see Traill, his lawyer, who was to be sent to him in the summer-house.

"The girl then came away and met Traill coming down the path; she directed him to her father and he went in as directed. About half an hour afterwards he came out again, the Colonel coming with him to the door and showing himself to all appearance in health and even in high spirits. He had been somewhat annoyed earlier in the day by his son's irregular hours, but seemed to recover his temper in a perfectly normal fashion; and had been rather markedly genial in receiving other visitors, including two of his nephews who came over for the day. But as these were out walking during the whole period of the tragedy, they had no evidence to give.

"It is said indeed that the Colonel was not on

very good terms with Dr. Valentine, but that gentleman only had a brief interview with the daughter of the house, to whom he is supposed to be paying serious attentions. Traill, the solicitor, says he left the Colonel entirely alone in the summer-house, and this is confirmed by Floyd's bird's-eye view of the garden which showed nobody else passing the only entrance.

"Ten minutes later Miss Druce again went down the garden and had not reached the end of the path when she saw her father, who was conspicuous by his white linen coat, lying in a heap on the floor. She uttered a scream which brought others to the spot; and on entering the place they found the Colonel lying dead beside his basket chair which was also upset. Dr. Valentine, who was still in the immediate neighborhood, testified that the wound was made by some sort of stiletto, entering under the shoulder blade and piercing the heart. The police have searched the neighborhood for such a weapon but no trace of it can be found."

"So Colonel Druce wore a white coat, did he?" said Father Brown as he put down the paper.

"Trick he learned in the tropics," replied Fiennes with some wonder. "He'd had some queer adventures there, by his own account; and I fancy this dislike of Valentine was connected with the doctor coming from the tropics, too. But it's all an infernal puzzle.

"The account there is pretty accurate; I didn't see the tragedy, in the sense of the discovery; I was out walking with the young nephews and the dog—the dog I wanted to tell you about. But I saw the stage set for it as described; the straight lane between the blue flowers right up to the dark entrance, and the lawyer going down it in his blacks and his silk hat, and the red head of the secretary showing high above the green hedge as he worked on it with his shears. This red-haired secretary Floyd is quite a character, a breathless bounding sort of fellow, always doing everybody's work as he was doing the gardener's."

"What about the lawyer?" asked Father Brown.

There was a silence and then Fiennes spoke quite slowly for him. "Traill struck me as a singular man. In his fine black clothes he was almost foppish, yet you can hardly call him fashionable. For he wore a pair of long luxuriant black whiskers such as haven't been seen since Victorian times. He had rather a grave face and a fine grave manner, but every now and then he seemed to remember to smile. And when he showed his white teeth he seemed to lose a little of his dignity and there was something faintly fawning about him. It may have been only embarrassment, for he would also fidget with his cravat, and his tie pin, which were at once handsome and unusual, like himself.

"If I could think of anybody—but what's the good, when the whole thing's impossible? Nobody knows who did it. Nobody knows how it could be done. At least there's only one exception I'd make, and that's why I really mentioned the whole thing. The dog knows."

Father Brown sighed and then said absently, "You were there as a friend of young Donald, weren't you? He didn't go on your walk with you?"

"No," replied Fiennes smiling. "The young scoundrel had gone to bed that morning and got up that afternoon. I went with his cousins, two young officers from India; and our conversation was trivial enough. I remember the elder, whose name I think is Herbert Druce, and who is an authority on horse breeding, talked about nothing but a mare he had bought; while his brother Harry seemed to be brooding on his bad luck at Monte Carlo. I only mention it to show you, in the light of what happened on our walk, that there was nothing psychic about us. The dog was the only mystic in our company."

"What sort of a dog was he?" asked the priest.

"Same breed as that one," answered Fiennes. "He's a big black retriever named Nox, and a suggestive name too; for I think what he did more of a mystery than the murder.

"You know Druce's house and garden are by the sea; we walked about a mile from it along the sands and then turned back, going the other way. We passed a rather curious rock called the Rock of Fortune, famous in the neighborhood because it's one of those examples of one stone barely balanced on another, so that a touch would knock it over. It is not really very high, but the hanging outline of it makes it look a little wild and sinister. Just then the question arose of whether it was time to go back to tea, and even then I think I had a premonition that time counted for a good deal in the business.

"Neither Herbert Druce nor I had a watch; so we called out to his brother, who was some paces behind, having stopped to light his pipe under the hedge. Hence it happened that he shouted out the hour, which was twenty past four, in his big voice through the growing twilight; and somehow the loudness of it made it sound like the proclamation of something tremendous. According to Dr. Valentine's testimony, poor Druce had actually died just about half-past four.

"Well, they said we needn't go home for

ten minutes and we walked a little farther along the sands doing nothing in particular; throwing stones for the dog and throwing sticks into the sea for him to swim after. And then the curious thing happened.

"Nox had just brought back Herbert's walking-stick out of the sea, and his brother had thrown his in also. The dog swam out again, but just about what must have been the stroke of the half hour, he stopped swimming. He came back again on to the shore and stood in front of us. Then he suddenly threw up his head and sent up a howl or wail of woe if ever I heard one in the world.

"'What the devil's the matter with the dog?' asked Herbert, but none of us could answer. There was a long silence after the brute's wailing and whining died away on the desolate shore; and then the silence was broken. As I live, it was broken by a faint and far off shriek, like the shriek of a woman from beyond the hedges inland. We didn't know what it was then; but we knew afterwards. It was the cry the girl gave when she first saw the body of her father."

"You went back, I suppose," said Father Brown patiently. "What happened then?"

"I'll tell you what happened then," said Fiennes, with a grim emphasis. "When we got back into that garden the first thing we saw was Traill the lawyer; I can see him now with his black hat and black whiskers relieved against the perspective of the blue flowers stretching down to the summer-house with the sunset and the strange outline of the Rock of Fortune in the distance. His face and figure were in shadow against the sunset; but I swear the white teeth were showing in his head and he was smiling.

"The moment Nox saw the man, the dog dashed forward and stood in the middle of the path barking at him madly, murderously volleying out curses that were almost verbal in their dreadful distinctness of hatred. And the man doubled up and fled along the path between the flowers."

Father Brown sprang to his feet with a startling impatience.

"So the dog denounced him, did he?" he cried. "The oracle of the dog condemned him. Did you see what birds were flying, and are you sure whether they were on the right hand or the left? Did you consult the augurs about the sacrifices? Surely you didn't omit to cut open the dog, and examine his entrails. That is the sort of scientific test you heathen humanitarians seem to trust, when you are thinking of taking away the life and honor of a man."

Fiennes sat gaping for an instant before he found breath to say, "Why, what's the matter with you? What have I done now?"

A sort of anxiety came back into the priest's eyes.

"I'm most awfully sorry," he said, with sincere distress, "I beg your pardon for being so rude, pray forgive me."

Fiennes looked at him curiously. "I sometimes think you are more of a mystery than any of the mysteries," he said. "But as for the lawyer, I don't go only by the dog; there are other curious details too. He struck me as a smooth, smiling, equivocal sort of person and one of his tricks seemed like a sort of hint. You know the doctor and the police were on the spot very quickly, Valentine was brought back when walking away from the house, and he telephoned instantly. That, with the secluded house, small numbers and enclosed space made it pretty possible to search everybody who could have been near; and everybody was thoroughly searched—for a weapon. The whole house, garden and shore were combed for a weapon. The disappearance of the dagger is almost as crazy as the disappearance of the man."

"The disappearance of the dagger," said Father Brown nodding. He seemed to have become suddenly attentive.

"Well," continued Fiennes, "I told you that man Traill had a trick of fidgeting with his tie and tie pin—especially his tie pin. His pin, like himself, was at once showy and old-fashioned. It had been one of those stones with concentric colored rings that look like an eye; and his own concentration on it got on my nerves, as if he had been a cyclops with one eye in the middle of his body. But the pin was not only large but long; and it occurred to me that his anxiety about its adjustment was because it was even longer than it looked, as long as a stiletto in fact."

Father Brown nodded thoughtfully. "Was any other instrument ever suggested?" he asked.

"There was another suggestion," answered Fiennes, "from one of the young Druces; the cousins I mean. Neither Herbert nor Harry Druce would have struck one at first as likely to be of assistance in scientific detection; but Harry had been in the Indian Police and knew something about such things. Indeed in his own way he was quite clever; and I rather fancy he had been too clever; I mean he had left the police through breaking some red-tape regulations and taking some sort of risk and responsibility of his own.

"Anyhow he was in some sense a detective out of work, and threw himself into this business with more than the ardor of an amateur and it was with him that I had an argument about the weapon, an argument that led to something new. It began by his countering my description of the dog barking at Traill; and he said that a dog at his worst didn't bark but growled."

"He was quite right there," observed the priest.

"This young fellow went on to say, that, if it came to that, he'd heard Nox growling at other people before then; and among others at Floyd the secretary. I retorted that his own argument answered itself; for the crime couldn't be brought home to two or three people, and least of all to Floyd who was as innocent as a harum scarum schoolboy, and had been seen by everybody all the time perched above the garden hedge.

"'I know there's difficulties anyhow,' said my colleague, 'but I wish you'd come with me down the garden a minute. I want to show you something I don't think any one else has seen.' This was on the very day of the discovery, and the garden was just as it had been; the stepladder was still standing by the hedge; and just under the hedge my guide stooped and disentangled something from the deep grass. It was the shears used for clipping the hedge; and on the point of one of them was a smear of blood."

There was a short silence and then Father Brown said suddenly:

"What was the lawyer there for?"

"He told us the Colonel sent for him to alter his will," answered Fiennes. "The Colonel was a very wealthy man and his will was important. Traill wouldn't tell us the alterations at that stage; but I have since heard, only this morning in fact, that most of the money was transferred from the son to the daughter. I told you that Druce was wild with my friend Donald over his dissipated hours."

"The question of motive has been rather shadowed by the question of method," observed Father Brown thoughtfully. "At that moment, apparently, Miss Druce was the immediate gainer by the death."

"Good God! What a cold-blooded way of talking," cried Fiennes, staring at him. "You don't really mean to hint that she——"

"Is going to marry that Dr. Valentine?" asked the other. "What sort of a man is he?"

"He—Valentine—man with a beard; very pale, very handsome; rather foreign looking. The name doesn't seem quite English somehow. But he is liked and respected in the place and is a skilled and devoted surgeon."

"So devoted a surgeon," said Father Brown, "that he had surgical instruments with him when he went to call on the young lady at tea time. For he must have used a lancet or something, and he never seems to have gone home."

Fiennes sprang to his feet and looked at him in a heat of inquiry. "You suggest he might have used the very same lancet——"

Father Brown shook his head. "All these suggestions are fancies just now," he said. "The problem is not who did it or what did it, but how it was done. We might find many men and even many tools; pins and shears and lancets. But how did a man get into the room? *How did even a pin get into it?*"

He was staring reflectively at the ceiling as he spoke.

"Well, what would you do about it?" asked the young man. "You have a lot of experience, what would you advise now?"

"I'm afraid I'm not much use," said Father Brown with a sigh. "I can't suggest very much without having ever been near the place or the people. For the moment you can only go on with local inquiries. I gather that your friend from the Indian Police is more or less in charge of your inquiry down there. I should run down and see how he is getting on. There may be news already."

As his guests, the biped and the quadruped, disappeared, Father Brown took up his pen and went back to his interrupted occupation of planning a course of lectures on the Encyclical De Rerum Novarum. The subject was a large one and he had to recast it more than once, so that he was somewhat similarly employed some two days later when the big black dog again came bounding into the room and sprawling all over him with enthusiasm and excitement. The master who followed the dog shared the excitement if not the enthusiasm. His blue eyes seemed to start from his head and his eager face was even a little pale.

"You told me," he said abruptly and without preface, "to find out what Harry Druce was doing. Do you know what he's done? He's killed himself."

Father Brown's lips moved only faintly and there was nothing practical about what he was saying; nothing that has anything to do with this story or this world.

"You give me the creeps sometimes," said Fiennes. "Did you—did you expect this?"

"I thought it possible," said Father Brown, "that was why I asked you to go and see what he was doing. I hoped you might not be too late."

"It was I who found him," said Fiennes rather huskily. "It was the ugliest and most uncanny thing I ever knew. I went down that old garden again and I knew there was something new and unnatural about it besides the murder. The flowers still tossed about in blue masses on each side of the black entrance into the old gray summer-house; but to me the blue flowers looked like blue devils dancing before some dark cavern of the underworld. The queer notion grew on me that there was something wrong with the very shape of the sky.

"And then I saw what it was. The Rock of Fortune always rose in the background beyond the garden hedge and against the sea. And the Rock of Fortune was gone."

Father Brown had lifted his head and was listening intently.

"It was as if a mountain had walked away out of a landscape or a moon fallen from the sky; though I knew, of course, that a touch at any time would have tipped the thing over. Something possessed me and I rushed down that garden path like the wind and went crashing through the hedge as if it were a spider's web. On the shore I found the loose rock fallen from its pedestal and poor Harry Druce lay like a wreck underneath it. One arm was thrown round it in a sort of embrace as if he had pulled it down on himself; and in the other hand was clenched a scrap of paper on which he had scrawled the words, 'The Rock of Fortune falls on the fool.'"

"It was the Colonel's will that did that," observed Father Brown. "The young man had staked everything on profiting himself by Donald's disgrace, especially when his uncle sent for him on the same day as the lawyer, and welcomed him with so much warmth. Otherwise he was dumb; he'd lost his police job; he was beggared at Monte Carlo. And he killed himself when he found he'd killed his kinsman for nothing. That's the whole story."

Fiennes stared. "But look here," he cried, "how do you come to know the whole story, or to be sure it's the true story? You've been sitting here a hundred miles away writing a sermon; do you mean to tell me you really know what happened already? If you've really come to the end, where in the world do you begin? What started you off with your own story?"

Father Brown jumped up.

"The dog!" he cried, "the dog, of course! You had the whole story in your hands in the business of the dog on the beach, if you'd only noticed the dog properly."

Fiennes stared still more. "But you told me just now that my feelings about the dog were all nonsense, and the dog had nothing to do with it!"

"The dog had everything to do with it," said Father Brown, "as you'd have found out if you'd only treated the dog as a dog, not as God Almighty, judging the souls of men."

He paused in an embarrassed way for a moment, and then said, with a rather pathetic air of apology:

"The truth is that I happen to be awfully fond of dogs. And it seemed to me that in all this lurid halo of dog superstitions nobody was really thinking about the poor dog at all. To begin with a small point, about his barking at the lawyer or growling at the secretary. You asked how I could guess things a hundred miles away; but honestly it's mostly to your credit, for you described people so well that I know the types.

"A man like Traill who frowns usually and smiles suddenly, a man who fiddles with things, especially at his throat, is a nervous, easily embarrassed man. I shouldn't wonder if Floyd the efficient secretary is nervy and jumpy too; otherwise he wouldn't have cut his fingers on the shears and dropped them when he heard Janet Druce scream.

"Now dogs hate nervous people. I don't know whether they make the dog nervous too; or whether, being after all a brute, he is a bit of a bully. But anyhow there was nothing in poor Nox protesting against those people, except that he disliked them for being afraid of him.

"But when we come to that business by the seashore, things are much more interesting. I didn't understand that tale of the dog going in and out of the water; it didn't seem to me a doggy thing to do. If Nox had been very much upset about something else, he might possibly have refused to go after the stick at all. But when once a dog is actually chasing a thing, a stone or a stick or a rabbit, my experience is that he won't stop for anything but the most peremptory command, and not always for that. That he should turn round because his mood changed seems to me unthinkable."

"But he did turn around," insisted Fiennes, "and came back without the stick."

"He came back without the stick for the best reason in the world," replied the priest. "He came back because he couldn't find it. He whined because he couldn't find it. That's the sort of thing a dog really does whine about. He came back to complain seriously of the conduct of the stick. Never had such a thing happened before. Never had an eminent and distinguished dog been so treated by a rotten old walking stick."

"Why, what had the walking stick done?" inquired the young man.

"It had sunk," said Father Brown.

Fiennes said nothing but continued to stare, and it was the priest who continued, "It had sunk because it was not really a stock but a rod of steel with a very thin shell of cane and a sharp point. In other words, it was a sword stick. I suppose a murderer never got rid of a bloody weapon so oddly and yet so naturally as by throwing it into the sea for a retriever."

"I begin to see what you mean," admitted Fiennes, "but even if a sword stick was used I have no guess of how it was used."

"I had a sort of guess," said Father Brown, "right at the beginning when you said the word summer-house. And another when you said that Druce wore a white coat."

He was leaning back, looking at the ceiling, and began like one going back to his own first thoughts and fundamentals.

"All that discussion about detective stories like the Yellow Room, about a man found dead in sealed chambers which no one could enter, does not apply to the present case; because it is a summer-house. When we talk of a Yellow Room, or any room, we imply walls that are really homogeneous and impenetrable. But a summer-house is not made like that; it is often made, as it was in this case, of closely interlaced but still separate boughs and strips of wood, in which there are chinks here and there. There was one of them just behind Druce's back as he sat in his chair up against the wall. But just as the room was a summer-house, so the chair was a basket chair. That also was a lattice of loop-holes.

"Lastly, the summer-house was close up under the hedge; and you have just told me that it was really a thin hedge. A man standing outside it could easily see, amid a network of twigs and branches and canes, one white spot of the Colonel's coat as plain as the white of a target.

"Now you left the geography a little vague; but it was possible to put two and two together. You said the Rock of Fortune was not really high; but you also said it could be seen dominating the garden like a mountain peak. In other words, it was very near the end of the garden, though your walk had taken you a long way round to it. Also, it isn't likely the young lady really howled so as to be heard half a mile. She gave an ordinary involuntary cry, and yet you heard it on the shore. And among other interesting things that you told me, may I remind you that you said Harry Druce had fallen behind to light his pipe under a hedge?"

Fiennes shuddered slightly. "You mean he drew his blade there and sent it through the hedge at the white spot? But surely it was a very odd chance and a very sudden choice. Besides, he couldn't be certain the old man's money had passed to him, and as a fact it hadn't."

Father Brown's face became animated.

"You misunderstand the man's character," he said, as if he himself had known the man all his life. "A curious but not unknown type of character. If he had really *known* the money would come to him, I seriously believe he wouldn't have done it."

"Isn't that rather paradoxical?" asked the other.

"This man was a gambler," said the priest, "and a man in disgrace for having taken risks and anticipated orders. Now the temptation of that type of man is to do a mad thing precisely because the risk will be wonderful in retrospect. He wants to say, 'Nobody but I could have seized that chance or seen that it was then or never. Anybody would say I was mad to risk it; but that is how fortunes are made, by the man mad enough to have a little foresight.'

"In short, it is the vanity of guessing. It is the megalomania of the gambler. The more incongruous the coincidence, the more instantaneous the decision, the more likely he is to snatch the chance. The accident, the very triviality of the white speck and the hole in the hedge intoxicated him like a vision of the world's desire. Nobody clever enough to see such a combination of accidents could be cowardly enough not to use them! That is how the devil talks to the gambler."

Fiennes was musing.

"It's queer," he said, "that the dog really was in the story after all."

"The dog could almost have told you the story, if he could talk," said the priest. "All I complain of is that because he couldn't talk you made up his story for him and made him talk with the tongues of men and angels. It's part of something I've noticed more and more in the modern world, appearing in all sorts of newspaper rumors and conversational catchwords. People readily swallow the untested claims of this, that, or the other. It's drowning all your old rationalism and skepticism, it's coming in like a sea; and the name of it is superstition."

He stood up abruptly, his face heavy with a sort of frown, and went on talking almost as if he were alone. "It's the first effect of not believing in God that you lose your common sense, and can't see things as they are. A dog is an omen and a cat is a mystery and a pig is a mascot and a beetle is a scarab, calling up all the menagerie of polytheism from Egypt and old India; Dog Anubis and great green-eyed Pasht and all the holy howling Bulls of Bashan reeling back to the bestial gods of the beginning, escaping into elephants and snakes and crocodiles; and all because you are frightened of three words: Homo Factus Est."

The young man got up with a little embarrassment, almost as if he had overheard a soliloquy. He called to the dog and left the room with vague but breezy farewells.

But he had to call the dog twice; for the dog had remained behind quite motionless for a moment, looking up steadily at Father Brown as the wolf looked at St. Francis.

The Irresistible Beard

HE CAME in, open-mouthed. "Ah, Captain Greaves, it is a bad business. I'm a'most sorry to see you here. Gone, Sir, gone, and we shall never see her again, I'm afraid."

"Gone! What! run away—with that scoundrel!"

"Well, Sir, it did look like running away, being so sudden. But it was a magnificent wedding, for that matter, and they left in a special steamer, with a gilt stern, and the flags of all nations a-flying."

"Married?"

"You may well be surprised, Sir. But, for as sudden as it was, I seen it a-coming. You see, Sir, he was always at her, morning, noon, and night. He'd have tired out a saint, leastways a female one. Carriage and four to take her to some blessed old ruin or other. *She* didn't care for the ruin, but she couldn't withstand the four horses, which they are seldom seen in Tenby. Flowers every day; Hindia shawls; diamond necklace; a wheedling tongue; and a beard like a Christmas fir. I blame that there beard for it.

"Ye see, Captain, these young ladies never speaks their real minds about them beards. Lying comes natural to them; and so, to flatter a clean, respectable body like you or me, they makes pretend, and calls beards ojious. And so they are. That there Laxton, his beard supped my soup for a wager agin his belly; and with him chattering so he'd forget to wipe it for ever so long. Sarved him right if I'd brought him a basin and a towel before all the company. But these young ladies they don't valley that. What they looks for in a man is to be the hopposite of a woman. They hates and despises their own sext. So what they loves in a man is hunblushing himpudence and a long beard. The more they complains of a man's brass, the more they likes it; and as for a beard, they'd have him look like a beast, so as he looked very onlike a woman, which a beard it is. But if they once fingers one of them beards, it is all up with 'em.

"And that is how I knew what was coming; for one day I was at my pantry window, a-cleaning my silver, when miss and him was in the little garden; seated on one bench they was, and not fur off one another neither. He was a-reading poetry to her, and his head so near her that I'm blest if his tarnation beard wasn't almost in her lap. Her eyes was turned up to heaven in a kind of trance, a-tasting of the poetry; but while she was a-looking up to heaven for the meaning of that there sing-song, blest if her little white fingers wasn't twisting the ends of that there beard into little ringlets, without seeming to know what they was doing.

"Soon as I saw that, I said, 'Here's a go. It's all up with Captain Greaves. He have limed her, this here cockney sailor.'

"For if ever a woman plays with a man's curls, or his whiskers, or his beard, she is netted like a partridge. It is a sure sign. So should we be if the women's hair was loose; but they has so much mercy as to tie it up, and make it as hugly as they can, and full o' pins, and that saves many a man from being netted and caged and all. So, soon arter that she named the day." CHARLES READE.

Toine—By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

Guy de Maupassant

I

OLD Toine was known for twenty miles around, fat Toine, Toine-ma-Fine, Antoine Mâcheblé, alias Brûlot, the innkeeper at Tournevent.

He had made famous this hamlet, buried in the depths of the valley which ran down to the sea, a poor peasant hamlet, composed of a dozen Norman houses surrounded by ditches and trees. The houses were huddled together in this ravine, covered with grass and furze, behind the curve of the hill, which had given the village the name of Tournevent. As birds conceal themselves in the furrows during a storm, they seemed to have sought a shelter in this hollow, a shelter against the fierce salt winds of the sea, which gnawed and burned like fire, and withered and destroyed like the frosts of winter.

The whole hamlet seemed to be the property of Antoine Mâcheblé, alias Brûlot, who was, besides, often called Toine, and Toine-ma-Fine, because of a phrase which he constantly used. "My *fine* is the best in France," he would say. His *fine* was his cognac, be it understood. For twenty years he had soaked the countryside in his cognac, for, whenever his customers said: "Well, what is it going to be, my boy?" he invariably replied: "Try a brandy, old son. It warms the stomach and clears the head; there is nothing better for your health." He called everybody "old son," although he had never had a son of his own.

Ah, yes, everyone knew old Toine, the biggest man in the district, or even in the country. His little house seemed too ridiculously small to contain him, and when he was seen standing in his doorway, where he spent the greater part of every day, one wondered how he could enter his home. But he did enter each time a customer presented himself, for Toine-ma-Fine was invited by right to levy a glass on all who drank in his house.

His café bore on its sign the legend "The Rendezvous of Friends," and old Toine was truly the friend of all the country round. People came from Fécamp and Montivilliers to see him and laugh at his stories—for this great, good-natured man could bring a smile to the most solemn face. He had a way of joking without giving offense, of winking his eye to express what he dare not utter, and of slapping his thigh in his bursts of mirth which made one laugh in spite of oneself. And then it was a curiosity just to see him drink. He drank all that was offered him by everybody, with a joy in his wicked eye, a joy which came from a double pleasure: first, the pleasure of regaling himself, and then the pleasure of heaping up money at the expense of his friends.

The local wits would ask:

"Tell us now, Toine. Why don't you drink up the sea?"

And he would reply:

"There are two objections. First, it is salty, and second, it would have to be bottled; my paunch prevents me from stooping down to that cup."

The quarrels of Toine and his wife were Homeric! It was such a good show that one would have paid to see it. They had squabbled every day through the whole thirty years of their married life. Only Toine was good-natured over it, while his wife was furious. She was a tall peasant woman who walked with long stilt-like strides, her thin, flat body surmounted by the head of an ugly screech-owl. She spent her whole time in rearing poultry in the little yard behind the inn, and was renowned for the success with which she fattened her fowls.

When any of the great ladies of Fécamp gave a feast to the people of quality, it was necessary to the success of the repast that it should be garnished with the celebrated fowls from mother Toine's poultry yard.

But she was born with a vile temper and had continued to be dissatisfied with everything. Angry with everybody, she was particularly so with her husband. She jeered at his gaiety, his popularity, his good health, and his fatness; she treated him with the utmost contempt because he got his money without working for it, and because, as she said, he ate and drank as much as ten ordinary men. Not a day passed without her declaring, in exasperated tones: "Wouldn't a hog like that be better in the sty with the pigs! He's that fat, it makes me sick in the stomach." "Wait a little, wait a little," she would shriek in his face, "we shall soon see what is going to happen! This great wind-bag will burst like a sack of grain!"

Toine laughed, tapping his enormous belly, and replied: "Ah, old skinny, let us see you try to make your chickens as fat as this."

And rolling up his sleeve he showed his brawny arm. "There's a wing for you!" he would cry. And the customers would strike their fists on the table and fairly writhe with joy, and stamp their feet and spit upon the floor in a delirium of delight.

The old woman grew more furious than ever, and shouted at the top of her lungs: "Just wait a bit, we shall see what will happen. You will burst like a sack of grain."

And she rushed out, maddened with rage at the laughter of the crowd of drinkers.

Toine, in fact, was a wonder to see, so fat and red and short of breath had he grown. He was one of those enormous creatures with whom Death seems to play, with tricks, and jokes, and treacherous buffooneries, making irresistibly comic the slow work of destruction. Instead of behaving as he did towards others, showing the white hairs, shrunken limbs, wrinkles, and general feebleness which makes one say with a shiver: "Heavens, how he has changed!" Death took pleasure in fattening Toine; in making a droll monster of him, in reddening his face and giving him the appearance of superhuman health; and the deformities which he inflicted on others became in Toine's case laughable and diverting instead of sinister and pitiable.

"Wait a little, wait a little," muttered mother Toine, as she scattered the grain about her poultry yard, "you will see what will happen!"

II

It happened that Toine had a seizure and fell down with a paralytic stroke. They carried the giant to the little chamber partitioned off at the rear of the café in order that he might hear what was going on on the other side of the wall, and converse with his friends, for his brain remained clear while his enormous body was prone and helpless. They hoped for a time that his mighty limbs would recover some of their energy, but this hope disappeared very soon, and Toine was forced to pass his days and nights in his bed, which was made up but once a week, with the help of four friends who lifted him by his four limbs while his mattress was turned. He continued to be cheerful, but with a different kind of good humor; more timid, more humble, and with the pathetic fear of a little child in the presence of his wife, who scolded and raged all the day long. "There he lies, the boozer, the good-for-nothing, the idler!" she cried. Toine replied nothing, only winking his eye behind the old woman's back, and turned over in the bed, the only movement he was able to make. He called this change "making a move to the north, or a move to the south." His only entertainment now was to listen to the conversation in the café and to join in the talk across the wall, and when he recognized the voice of a friend he would cry: "Hello, old son; is that you, Célestin?"

And Célestin Maloisel would reply: "It is me, father Toine. How are the legs today, my boy?"

"I can't run yet, Célestin," Toine would answer, "but I am not growing thin, either. The shell is good." Soon he invited his intimates into his bedroom for company, because it pained him to see them drinking without him. He would say: "Boys, what knocks me is not to be able to have a glass. I don't care a hoot about anything else, but it's terrible not to drink."

Then the screech-owl's head of mother Toine would appear at the window, and she would cry: "Look, look at him! this great hulking idler, who must be fed and washed and scoured like a pig!"

And when she disappeared a red-plumaged rooster sometimes perched on the window-sill, and, looking about with his round and curious eye, gave forth a shrill crow. And sometimes two or three hens flew in and scratched and pecked about the floor, attracted by the crumbs which fell from father Toine's plate.

The friends of Toine-ma-Fine very soon deserted the café for his room, and every afternoon they gossiped around the bed of the big man. Bedridden as he was, this rascal Toine still amused them; he would have made the devil himself laugh, the jolly fellow! There were three friends who came every day: Célestin Maloisel, a tall, spare man with a body twisted like the trunk of an apple-tree; Prosper Horslaville, a little dried-up old man with a nose like a ferret, malicious and sly as a fox; and

Césaire Paumelle, who never uttered a word, but who enjoyed himself all the same. They brought in a board from the yard which they placed across the bed and on which they played dominoes from two o'clock in the afternoon until six. But mother Toine soon interfered: she could not endure that her husband should amuse himself by playing dominoes in his bed, and, each time she saw the game begin, she bounded into the room in a rage, overturned the board, seized the dominoes, and carried them into the café, declaring that it was enough to feed this great lump of fat, without seeing him amuse himself at the expense of hard-working people. Célestin Maloisel bent his head before the storm, but Prosper Horslaville tried to further excite the old woman, whose rages amused him. Seeing her one day more exasperated than usual, he said: "Hello, mother Toine! Do you know what I would do if I were in your place?"

She waited for an explanation, fixing her owl-like eyes upon him. He continued:

"Your husband, who never leaves his bed, is as hot as an oven. I should set him to hatching out eggs."

She remained stupefied, thinking he was jesting, watching the thin, sly face of the peasant, who continued:

"I would put five eggs under each arm the same day that I set the yellow hen; they would all hatch out at the same time; and when they were out of their shells, I would put your husband's chicks under the hen for her to bring up. That would bring you some poultry, mother Toine."

The old woman was amazed. "Is it possible?" she asked.

Prosper continued: "Why can't it be? Since they put eggs in a warm box to hatch, one might as well put them in a warm bed."

She was greatly impressed with this reasoning, and went out completely quieted down and thoughtful.

Eight days later she came into Toine's chamber with her apron full of eggs, and said: "I have just put the yellow hen to set with ten eggs under her; here are ten for you! Be careful not to break them!"

Toine was astonished. "What do you mean?" he cried.

"I mean that you shall hatch them, good-for-nothing."

Toine laughed at first, then as she insisted, he grew angry, he resisted and obstinately refused to allow her to put the eggs under his great arms, that his warmth might hatch them. But the baffled old woman grew furious and declared: "You shall have not a bite to eat so long as you refuse to take them—there, we'll see what will happen!"

Toine was uneasy, but he said nothing. When he heard the clock strike twelve he called to his wife: "Hey, Mother, is the soup ready?" The old woman shouted from the kitchen: "There is no dinner for you to-day, you lazy thing!"

He thought at first she was joking, and waited. Then he begged and prayed and swore by fits; turned himself "to the north" and "to the south," grew desperate under the pangs of hunger and the smell of the viands, and pounded on the wall with his great fists, until at last, worn out and almost famished, he allowed his wife to introduce the eggs into his bed and place them under his arms. After that he had his soup.

When his friends arrived, they believed Toine to be very ill; he seemed constrained and uneasy.

Then they began to play dominoes as formerly, but Toine appeared to take no pleasure in the game, and put forth his hand so gingerly and with such evident precaution that they suspected at once something was wrong.

"Is your arm tied?" demanded Horslaville.

Toine feebly responded: "I have a feeling of heaviness in my shoulder."

Suddenly some one entered the café, and the players paused to listen. It was the mayor and his assistant, who called for two glasses of cognac and then began to talk of the affairs of the country. As they spoke in low tones, Toine Brûlot tried to press his ear against the wall; and forgetting his eggs, he gave a sudden lunge "to the north," which resulted in his lying down on an omelet. At the oath he uttered, mother Toine came running in, and divining the disaster she uncovered him with a jerk. She stood a moment too enraged and breathless to speak, at the sight of the yellow poultice pasted on the flank of her husband. Then, trembling with fury, she flung herself on the paralytic and began to pound him with great force on the body, as though she were pounding her dirty linen on the banks of the river. She showered her blows upon him with the force and rapidity of a drummer beating his drum.

The friends of Toine were choking with laughter, coughing, sneezing, uttering exclamations, while the frightened man parried the attacks of his wife with due precaution in order not to break the five eggs he still had on the other side.

III

Toine was conquered. He was compelled to hatch eggs. He had to renounce the innocent pleasure of dominoes, to give up any effort to move, for his wife deprived him of all nourishment every time he broke an egg. He lay on his back, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, his arms extended like wings, warming against his immense body the incipient chicks in their white shells. He spoke only in low tones as if he feared a noise as much as a movement, and he asked often about the yellow hen in the poultry yard, who was engaged in the same task as himself.

"Did the yellow one eat last night?" he would say to his wife.

The old woman went from the hen to her husband, and from her husband to the hen, possessed and preoccupied with the little broods which were maturing in the bed and in the nest. The country people, who soon learned the story, came in, curious and serious, to get the news of Toine. They entered on tiptoe as one enters a sick-chamber, and inquired with concern:

"How goes it, Toine?"

"That's all right," he answered; "but it is so long, I get very hot. I feel cold shivers galloping all over my skin."

One morning his wife came in very much disturbed, and exclaimed: "The yellow hen has hatched seven chicks; there were but three bad eggs!"

Toine felt his heart beat. How many would he have?

"Will it be soon?" he asked, with the anguish of a woman who is about to become a mother.

The old woman, who was tortured by the fear of failure, answered angrily:

"It is to be hoped so!"

They waited.

The friends, seeing that Toine's time was approaching, became very uneasy themselves. They gossiped about it in the house, and kept all the neighbors informed of the progress of affairs. Towards three o'clock Toine grew drowsy. He slept now half the time. He was suddenly awakened by an unusual tickling under his arm. He put his hand carefully to the place and seized a little beast covered with yellow down, which struggled between his fingers. His emotion was so great that he cried out and let go the chick, which ran across his breast. The café was full of people. The customers rushed into the room and circled round the bed, as if they were at a circus, while mother Toine, who had arrived at the first sound, carefully caught the fledgeling as it nestled in her husband's beard. No one uttered a word. It was a warm April day; one could hear through the open window the clucking of the yellow hen calling to her new born. Toine, who perspired with emotion and agony, murmured: "I feel another one now under my left arm."

His wife plunged her great, gaunt hand under the bedclothes and drew forth a second chick with all the precautions of a midwife.

The neighbors wished to see it and passed it from hand to hand, regarding it with awe as though it were a phenomenon. For the space of twenty minutes no more were hatched, then four chicks came out of their shells at the same time. This caused great excitement among the watchers.

Toine smiled, happy at his success, and began to feel proud of this singular paternity. Such a sight had never been seen before. This was a droll man, truly! "That makes six," cried Toine. "By heavens, what a christening there will be!" and a great laugh rang out from the public. Other people now crowded into the café and filled the doorway, with outstretched necks and curious eyes.

"How many has he?" they inquired.

"There are six."

Mother Toine ran with the new fledglings to the hen, who, clucking distractedly, erected her feathers and spread wide her wings to shelter her increasing flock of little ones.

"Here comes another one!" cried Toine. He was mistaken—there were three of them. This was a triumph! The last one broke its shell at seven o'clock in the evening. All Toine's eggs were good! He was delivered, and, delirious with joy, he seized and kissed the frail little creature on the back. He could have smothered it with caresses. He wished to keep this little one in his bed until the next day, moved by the tenderness of a mother for this being to whom he had given life; but the old woman carried it away, as she had done the others, without listening to the supplications of her husband.

The spectators went home delighted, talking of the event by the way, and Horslaville, who was the last to leave, said: "You will invite me to the first fricassee, won't you, Toine?"

At the idea of a fricassee, Toine's face brightened and he answered:

"Certainly I will invite you, my son."

What is a Gentleman?

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman? John Ball (Hume).

AND SOME CALL W. M. T. A CYNIC!

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Thackeray.

"THEY BE...CHEAP IN THIS KINGDOM"

Esquires and gentlemen are confounded together by Sir Edward Coke, who observes, that every esquire is a gentleman, and a gentleman is defined to be one *qui arma gerit,* who bears coat armor, the grant of which adds gentility to a man's family: in like manner as civil nobility, among the Romans, was founded in the *jus imaginum,* or having the image of one ancestor at least, who had borne some curule office. It is indeed a matter somewhat unsettled, what constitutes the distinction, or who is a real *esquire;* for it is not an estate, however large, that confers this rank upon its owner . . . As for *gentlemen,* says Sir Thomas Smith, they be made good cheap in this kingdom: for whosoever studieth the laws of the realm, who studieth in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, and, to be short, who can live idly, and without manual labor, and will bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and shall be taken for a gentleman. Sir William Blackstone.

THE SHOPKEEPER TURNED GENTLEMAN

M. Jourdain—What! When I say, "Nicole, bring me my slippers, and give me my nightcap," is that prose?

Professor—Yes, sir.

M. Jourdain—Upon my word, I have been speaking prose these forty years without being aware of it; and I am under the greatest obligation to you for informing me of it. Well, then, I wish to write to her in a letter, *Fair Marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die of love;* but I would have this worded in a genteel manner. Molière.

A MATTER OF TASTE

"Champagne," repeated Mr. Jorrocks thoughtfully, "Champagne! well, I wouldn't mind a little champagne, only I wouldn't like it hiced; doesn't want to 'ave all my teeth set a chatterin' i' my 'ead; harn't got so far advanced in gentility as to like my wine froze." Surtees.

A GREEK STANDARD

All that becomes a gentleman I know;
To silent be when needful, or to speak
When speech is wise; to see what may be seen,
Or, when occasion calls, to close my eyes;
And to control my appetites. Euripides.

Elizabethan

Lillia-Bianca—. . . A little modesty he has brought home with him,
And might be taught, in time, some handsome duty.
Rosalura—They say he is a wencher too.
Lillia-Bianca—I like him better;
A free light touch or two becomes a gentleman,
And sets him seemly off. Beaumont and Fletcher.

He Does Gentil Dedes

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most extendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can
And take him for the greatest gentilman. Chaucer.

The "First Gentleman of Europe"

It was the "first gentleman in Europe" in whose high presence Mrs. Rawdon passed her examination, and took her degree in reputation; so it must be flat disloyalty to doubt her virtue. What a noble appreciation of character must there not have been in Vanity Fair when that august sovereign was invested with the title of *Premier Gentilhomme* of all Europe! Thackeray.

Sir John Suckling Said the Same Thing

Edgar—The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu. Shakespeare.

The Distinction of Uncle Toby

My uncle Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which usually constitute the character of a man of honor and rectitude,—possessed one in a very eminent degree, which is seldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was a most extreme and unparallel' modesty of nature; . . . and this kind of modesty so possessed him, as almost to equal, if such a thing could be, even the modesty of a woman: That female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanliness of mind and fancy, in your sex, which makes you so much the awe of ours. Laurence Sterne.

Oh, St. Patrick was a gentleman
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple. Henry Bennett.

Progress of Civilization

He is the best bred man and the truest gentleman who takes leave of the world without a stain upon his scutcheon, and with nothing of falsehood and dissimulation . . . to tarnish his reputation.
Marcus Aurelius.

He perjured himself like a gentleman.
The Modern Code.

Who is a Gentleman?

This long disputed question has been settled by a chieftain of one of the African tribes, who, on being asked to take some interest in the colonies of Liberia, could not, he said, for the reason that he was not a gentleman.

"Why not a gentleman?" he was asked.

"Because," he said, "I have only two wives."

"How many wives does it take to make a gentleman?"

"Six," was the answer. *Notes and Queries.*

An English Court Decision in "Smith vs. Cheese"

Mr. Justice Grove, in discharging the rule, said he was by no means inclined to extend the vague definition at present attaching to a gentleman when a better one could be suggested. Originally, no doubt, the term gentleman corresponded to the French *gentilhomme,* and meant a person of gentle birth, however ignorant he might be; but now the word had changed its signification, and might be said to extend to the lowest range of the middle classes. In this case the person had been a proctor's clerk, and was, therefore, presumably educated; but he had ceased to act in that capacity (indeed, had no occupation) and it would not have done to have given him that description. As to the other pursuits in which he had been engaged, none of them were sufficiently definite that they should be preferred to that of gentleman. *London Times (1875).*

The Author of "The Display of Heraldry," 1610

Gentleman, the lowest title of honor in England below a squire, but which is nowadays given indiscriminately to all those who either live on their means or by a genteel profession. F. Menestrier very justly observes that a Gentleman is he whose name and coat of arms are registered by heralds. John Gwillym (epitomized by Porney).

An American Point of View

Englishman—But, I say, don't you have any gentlemen over here?

American Girl—What do you mean by gentlemen?

Englishman—Oh, well, I mean what anybody means—a man who doesn't work for his living, and whose father didn't work for his living, and whose grandfather didn't work for his living.

American Girl—Oh, yes, we have plenty of them. But we call them tramps.

A Disqualification

Lord Gray said of one Hallford or Holford "that he is no gent. That in memory of divers he kept hogs." Sir John Northcote.

Come all ye gents vot cleans the plate,
  Come all ye ladies' maids so fair—
Vile I a story vill relate
  Of cruel Jeames of Buckley Square.
A tighter lad, it is confest,
  Ne'er valked with powder in his air,
Or vore a nosegay in his breast,
  Than 'andsum Jeames of Buckley Square.

Our master vas a City gent
  His name's in railroads everywhere,
And Lord, vot lots of letters vent
  Betwigst his brokers and Buckley Square:
My Jeames it was the letters took,
  And read them all (I think it's fair),
And took a leaf from Master's book,
  As *hothers* do in Buckley Square.
Thackeray.

The Power of a King

Selden, in his *Table Talk,* makes the observation that neither God Almighty nor the King could make a gentleman of blood; and when the nurse of James I begged him to make her son a gentleman, "My good woman," said he, "a *gentleman* I could never make him, though I could make him a lord." The Emperor Charles V, however, was of a different opinion, for, in the patent of nobility conferred by him on George Sabin, he declared him—knight, and *noble of four degrees, both on father's and mother's side!* J. **Woodward.**

THE CRITIC SPEAKS

Its primal, literal, and perpetual meaning is "a man of pure race," well-bred, in the sense that a horse or dog is well-bred. . . . The lower orders and all orders have to learn that every vicious habit and chronic disease communicates itself by descent, and that by purity of birth the entire system of the human body and soul may be gradually elevated or, by recklessness of birth, degraded, until there shall be as much difference between the well-bred and ill-bred human creature (whatever pains be taken with their education) as between a wolfhound and the vilest mongrel cur. . . .

A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation, and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, "fineness of nature" . . . And though rightness of moral conduct is ultimately the great purifier of race, the sign of nobleness is not in this rightness of moral conduct, but in sensitiveness. . . .

Hence it will follow that one of the probable signs of high breeding in men generally will be their kindness and mercifulness, these always indicating more or less fineness of make in the mind, and miserliness and cruelty the contrary; hence that of Isaiah: "The vile person shall no more be called liberal nor the churl bountiful."

But a thousand things may prevent this kindness from displaying or continuing itself; the mind of the man may be warped so as to bear mainly on his own interests, and then all his sensibilities will take the form of pride, or fastidiousness, or revengefulness, and other wicked, but not ungentlemanly, tempers; or further they may run into utter sensuality and covetousness, if he is bent on pleasure, accompanied with quite infinite cruelty when the pride is wounded or the passions thwarted, until your gentleman becomes Ezzelin, and your lady the deadly Lucrece, yet still gentleman and lady, quite incapable of making anything else of themselves, being so born. **John Ruskin.**

THE TAILOR'S SON COMES HOME

Mrs. Fiske rushed in to exclaim:

"So you were right, aunt—he has come. I met him on the stairs. Oh! how like dear Uncle Mel he looks, in the militia, with that mustache. I just remember him as a child; and, oh, *what* a gentleman he is!"

At the end of the sentence Mrs. Mel's face suddenly darkened: she said in a deep voice:

"Don't dare to talk that nonsense before him, Ann." **George Meredith.**

"THE ENGLISH MOOR"

I am a gentleman, though spoiled in the breeding. The Buzzards are all gentlemen. We came in with the Conqueror. **Richard Brome.**

WE HAVE CHANGED ALL THAT

Mr. Runt was exceedingly husky in talk, and unsteady in gait. A young lady of the present day would be alarmed to see a gentleman in such a condition; but it was a common sight in those jolly old times, when a gentleman was thought a milksop unless he was occasionally tipsy. **Thackeray.**

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

". . . To be sure, old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county." **Oliver Goldsmith.**

WHEN BOREDOM WAS A SIGN OF BREEDING

"If he is asked his opinion of a lady, he must commonly answer by a grimace, and if he is seated next to one, he must take the utmost pains to show, by his listlessness, yawning, and inattention, that he is sick of his situation: for what he holds of all things to be most gothic, is gallantry to the women. To avoid this is, indeed, the principal solicitude of his life. . . ."

"And is it possible that qualities such as these should recommend him to favor and admiration?"

"Very possible, for qualities such as these constitute the present state of the times. A man of the *ton*, who would now be conspicuous in the gay world, must invariably be insipid, negligent, and selfish."

"Admirable requisites!" cried Cecilia; "and Mr. Meadows, I acknowledge, seems to have attained them all." MADAME D'ARBLAY.

SAM WELLER'S IDEAL

"I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden." DICKENS.

NO MIXTURE

There were gentlemen, and there were seamen in the navy of Charles the Second. But the seamen were not gentlemen; and the gentlemen were not seamen.

LORD MACAULAY.

OLIVER'S REQUIREMENTS

I had rather have a plain, russet-coated Captain, that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than that which you call a Gentleman and is nothing else. I honor a Gentleman that is so indeed. OLIVER CROMWELL.

JOHN PAICE, OF BREAD-STREET-HILL

Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. . . . He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. . . . He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

CHARLES LAMB.

FINISHED

Men of Courage, Men of Sense, and Men of Letters, are frequent; but a True Gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish Mankind. . . . All the great and solid perfections of life appear in the Finished Gentleman, with a beautiful surface and varnish; everything he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder. RICHARD STEELE.

THE SOUTH CAROLINIAN'S DAUGHTER

"A gentleman must be absolutely brave," she replied, "and must kill any man who insults him—or, at least must hurt him badly. He must be absolutely honest—though he is not bound, of course, to tell all that he knows when he is selling a horse. He must be absolutely true to the woman he loves, and must never deceive her in any way. . . . He must always be courteous. . . . He must be hospitable—ready to share his last crust with anybody, and his last drink with anybody of his class. . . ."

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

That Schoolboy!

[*Speaking of "intelligence tests"—just test yourself alongside of this "schoolboy" to whom Lord Macaulay was forever referring when he wished to demonstrate the abysmal ignorance of an opponent. Try a few of these on your self-esteem!*]

Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa.
Essay on Lord Clive.

No schoolboy could venture to use the word *θνητοί* in the sense which Mr. Croker ascribes to it without imminent danger of a flogging.
Review of Croker's Edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Every boy has written on the thesis "*Odisse quem laeseris.*"
Review of Lord Mahon's "War of the Succession in Spain."

All true Etonians will hear with concern that their illustrious schoolfellow (William Pitt, Earl of Chatham) is guilty of making the first syllable of *labenti* short.
Review of Thackeray's "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham."

Mr. Croker tells us that the great Marquis of Montrose was beheaded at Edinburgh in 1650. There is not a forward schoolboy in England who does not know that the marquis was hanged. *Review of Croker's Edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson."*

What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? *The Life and Writings of Addison.*

It is a mistake to imagine that subtle speculations touching the Divine attributes, the origin of evil, the necessity of human actions, the foundation of moral obligation, imply any high degree of intellectual culture. . . . The number of boys is not small who, at fourteen, have thought enough on these questions to be fully entitled to the praise which Voltaire gives to Zadig. *Ranke's History of the Popes.*

Of those observations made by Boswell in his "Life of Johnson," we do not remember one which is above the intellectual capacity of a boy of fifteen.
Croker's Edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Indeed, the decisions of this editor on points of classical learning, though pronounced in a very authoritative tone, are generally such that, if a schoolboy under our care were to utter them, our soul assuredly would not spare for his crying.
Croker's Edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on Political Economy could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. *Essay on Milton.*

The learning of the confederacy (which framed the Reply to Bentley's pamphlet "proving that the Epistles of Phalaris were forgeries") is that of a schoolboy, and of a not extraordinary schoolboy. . . . *Courtenay's Memoirs of Sir William Temple.*

His (Addison's) knowledge of Greek . . . was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away every year from Eton and Rugby. *Life and Writings of Addison.*

Every scholar knows that the dramatic part of the Athenian tragedies was at first subordinate to the lyrical part. *Essay on Moore's Life of Lord Byron.*

A foolish schoolboy might write such a piece (a comedy in verse, attributed to Machiavelli) and, after he had written it, think it much finer than the incomparable introduction of the Decameron. *Essay on Machiavelli.*

The Romance of the First Radical

By ANDREW LANG

A Prehistoric Apologue

"Tityus—Le premier qui supprime un abus, comme on dit, est toujours victime du service qu'il rend.

"Un Homme du Peuple—C'est de sa faute! Pourquoi se mêle t'il de ce qui ne le regarde pas?"—*Le Prêtre de Nemi.*

THE Devil, according to Dr. Johnson and other authorities, was the first Whig. History tells us less about the first Radical—the first man who rebelled against the despotism of unintelligible customs, who asserted the rights of the individual against the claims of the tribal conscience, and who was eager to see society organized, off-hand, on what he thought a rational method. In the absence of history we must fall back on that branch of hypothetics which is known as prehistoric science. We must reconstruct the Romance of the First Radical from the hints supplied by geology, and by the study of contemporary savages among whom no Radical reformer has yet appeared. In the following apologue no trait of manners is invented.

The characters of our romance lived shortly after the close of the last glacial epoch in Europe, when the ice had partly withdrawn from the face of the world, and when land and sea had almost assumed their modern proportions. At this period Europe was inhabited by scattered bands of human creatures, who roamed about its surface much as the black fellows used to roam over the Australian continent. The various groups derived their names from various animals and other natural objects, such as the sun, the cabbage, serpents, sardines, crabs, leopards, bears, and hyenas. It is important for our purpose to remember that all the children took their family name from the mother's side. If she were of the Hyena clan, the children were Hyenas. If the mother were tattooed with the badge of the Serpent, the children were Serpents, and so on. No two persons of the same family name and crest might marry, on pain of death. The man of the Bear family who dwelt by the Mediterranean might not ally himself with a woman of the Bear clan whose home was on the shores of the Baltic, and who was in no way related to him by consanguinity. These details are dry, but absolutely necessary to the comprehension of the First Radical's stormy and melancholy career. We must also remember that, among the tribes, there was no fixed or monarchical government. The little democratic groups were much influenced by the medicine-men or wizards, who combined the functions of the modern clergy and of the medical profession. The old men, too, had some power; the braves, or warriors, constituted a turbulent oligarchy; the noisy outcries of the old women corresponded to the utterances of an independent press. But the real ruler was a body of strange and despotic customs, the nature of which will become apparent as we follow the fortunes of the First Radical.

The Youth of Why-Why

Why-Why, as our hero was commonly called in the tribe, was born, long before Romulus built his wall, in a cave which may still be observed in the neighborhood of Mentone. On the warm shores of the Mediterranean, protected from winds by a wall of rock, the group of which Why-Why was the offspring had attained conditions of comparative comfort. The remains of their dinners, many feet deep, still constitute the flooring of the cave, and the tourist, as he pokes the soil with the point of his umbrella, turns up bits of bone, shreds of chipped flint, and other interesting relics. In the big cave lived several little families, all named by the names of their mothers. These ladies had been knocked on the head and dragged home, according to the marriage customs of the period, from places as distant as the modern Marseilles and Genoa. Why-Why, with his little brothers and sisters, were named Serpents, and were taught to believe that the serpent was the first ancestor of their race, and that they must never injure any creeping thing. When they were still very young, the figure of the serpent was tattooed over their legs and breasts, so that every member of primitive society who met them had the advantage of knowing their crest and highly respectable family name.

The birth of Why-Why was a season of discomfort and privation. The hill tribe which lived on the summit of the hill now known as the Tête du Chien had long been aware that an addition to the population of the cave was expected. They had therefore prepared, according to the invariable etiquette of these early times, to come down on the cave people, maltreat the ladies, steal all the property they could lay hands on, and break whatever proved too heavy to carry. Good manners, of course, forbade the cave people to resist this visit, but etiquette permitted (and in New Caledonia still permits) the group to bury and hide its portable possessions. Canoes had been brought into the little creek beneath the cave, to convey the women and children into a safe retreat, and the men were just beginning to hide the spears, bone daggers, flint fish-hooks, mats, shell razors, nets, and so forth, when Why-Why gave an early proof of his precocity by entering the world some time before his arrival was expected.

Instantly all was confusion. The infant, his mother, and the other non-combatants of the tribe were bundled into canoes and paddled, through a tempestuous sea, to the site of the modern Bordighiera. The men who were not with the canoes fled into the depths of the Gorge Saint Louis, which now severs France from Italy. The hill tribe came down at the double, and in a twinkling had "made hay" (to borrow a modern agricultural expression) of all the personal property of the cave dwellers. They tore the nets (the use of which they did not understand), they broke the shell razors, they pouched the opulent store of flint arrowheads and bone daggers, and they tortured to death the pigs, which the cave people had just begun to try to domesticate. After performing these rites, which were perfectly legal—indeed, it would have been gross rudeness to neglect them—the hill people withdrew to their wind-swept home on the Tête du Chien.

Philosophers who believe in the force of early impressions will be tempted to maintain that Why-Why's invincible hatred of established institutions may be traced to these hours of discomfort in which his life began.

The very earliest years of Why-Why, unlike those of Mr. John Stuart Mill, whom in many respects he resembled, were not distinguished by proofs of extraordinary intelligence. He rather promptly, however, showed signs of a skeptical character. Like other sharp children, Why-Why was always asking metaphysical conundrums. Who made men? Who made the sun? Why has the cave-bear such a hoarse voice? Why don't lobsters grow on trees?—he would incessantly demand. In answer to these and similar questions, the mother of Why-Why would tell him stories out of the simple mythology of the tribe. There was quite a store of traditional replies to inquisitive children, replies sanctioned by antiquity and by the authority of the medicine-men, and in this lore Why-Why's mother was deeply versed.

Thus, for example, Why-Why would ask his mother who made men. She would reply that long ago Pund-jel, the first man, made two images of human beings in clay, and stuck on curly bark for hair. He then danced a corroboree round them, and sang a song. They rose up, and appeared as full-grown men. To this statement, hallowed by immemorial belief, Why-Why only answered by asking who made Pund-jel. His mother said that Pund-jel came out of a plot of reeds and rushes. Why-Why was silent, but thought in his heart that the whole theory was "bosh-bosh," to use the early reduplicative language of these remote times. Nor could he conceal his doubts about the Deluge and the frog who once drowned all the world. Here is the story of the frog: "Once, long ago, there was a big frog. He drank himself full of water. He could not get rid of the water. Once he saw a sand-eel dancing on his tail by the seashore. It made him laugh so that he burst, and all the water ran out. There was a great flood, and every one was drowned except two or three men and women, who got on an island. Past came the pelican, in a canoe; he took off the men, but, wanting to marry the woman, kept her to the last. She wrapped up a log in a 'possum rug to deceive the pelican, and swam to shore and escaped. The pelican was very angry; he began to paint himself white, to show that he was on the war trail, when past came another pelican, did not like his looks, and killed him with his beak. That is why pelicans are partly black and white, if you want to know, my little dear," said the mother of Why-Why.

Many stories like this were told in the cave, but they found no credit with Why-Why. When he was but ten years old, his inquiring spirit showed itself in the following remarkable manner. He had always been informed that a serpent was the mother of his race, and that he must treat serpents with the greatest reverence. To kill one was sacrilege. In spite of this, he stole out, unobserved, and crushed a viper which had stung his little brother. He noticed that no harm ensued, and this encouraged him to commit a still more daring act. None but the old men and the warriors were allowed to eat oysters. It was universally held that if a woman or a child touched an oyster, the earth would open and swallow the culprit. Not daunted by this prevalent belief, Why-Why one day devoured no less than four dozen oysters, opening the shells with a flint spear-head, which he had secreted in his waistband. The earth did not open and swallow him as he had swallowed the oysters, and from that moment he became suspicious of all the ideas and customs imposed by the old men and wizards.

Two or three touching incidents in domestic life, which occurred when Why-Why was about twelve years old, confirmed him in the dissidence of his dissent, for the First Radical was the First Dissenter. The etiquette of the age (which survives among the Yorubas and other tribes) made it criminal for a woman to see her husband, or even to mention his name. When, therefore, the probable father of Why-Why became weary of supporting his family, he did not need to leave the cave and tramp abroad. He merely ceased to bring in tree-frogs, grubs, roots, and the other supplies which Why-Why's mother was accustomed to find concealed under a large stone in the neighborhood of the cave.

The poor, pious woman, who had always religiously abstained from seeing her lord's face, and from knowing his name, was now reduced to destitution. There was no one to grub up pig-nuts for her, nor to extract insects of an edible sort from beneath the bark of trees. As she could not identify her invisible husband, she was unable to denounce him to the wizards, who would, for a consideration, have frightened him out of his life or into the performance of his duty. Thus, even with the aid of Why-Why, existence became too laborious for her strength, and she gradually pined away. As she lay in a half-fainting and almost dying state, Why-Why rushed out to find the most celebrated local medicine-man. In half an hour the chief medicine-man appeared, dressed in the skin of a wolf, tagged about with bones, skulls, dead lizards, and other ornaments of his official attire. You may see a picture very like him in Mr. Catlin's book about the Mandans. Armed with a drum and a rattle, he leaped into the presence of the sick woman, uttering unearthly yells. His benevolent action and "bedside manner" were in accordance with the medical science of the time. He merely meant to frighten away the evil spirit which (according to the received hypothesis) was destroying the mother of Why-Why. What he succeeded in doing was to make Why-Why's mother give a faint scream, after which her jaw fell, and her eyes grew fixed and staring.

The grief of Why-Why was profound. Reckless of consequences, he declared, with impious publicity, that the law which forbade a wife to see her own husband, and the medical science which frightened poor women to death, were cruel and ridiculous. As Why-Why (though a promising child) was still under age, little notice was taken of remarks which were attributed to the petulance of youth. But when he went further, and transgressed the law which then forbade a brother to speak to his own sister, on pain of death, the general indignation was no longer repressed. In vain did Why-Why plead that if he neglected his sister, no one else would comfort her. His life was spared, but the unfortunate little girl's bones were dug up by a German savant last year, in a condition which makes it only too certain that cannibalism was practised by the early natives of the Mediterranean coast. These incidents then, namely, the neglect of his unknown father, the death of his mother, and the execution of his sister, confirmed Why-Why in the belief that radical social reforms were desirable.

The coming of age of Why-Why was celebrated in the manner usual among primitive people. The ceremonies were not of a character to increase his pleasure in life, nor his respect for constituted authority. When he was fourteen years of age he was pinned, during his sleep, by four adult braves, who knocked out his front teeth, shaved his head with sharp chips of quartzite, cut off the first joint of his little finger, and daubed his whole body over with clay. They then turned him loose, imposing on him his name of Why-Why; and when his shaven hair began to show through the clay daubing, the women of the tribe washed him, and painted him black and white. The indignation of Why-Why may readily be conceived. Why, he kept asking, should you shave a fellow's head, knock out his teeth, cut off his little finger, daub him with clay, and paint him like a pelican, because he is fourteen years old? To these radical questions the braves (who had all lost their own front teeth) replied, that this was the custom of their fathers. They tried to console him, moreover, by pointing out that now he might eat oysters, and catch himself a bride from some hostile tribe, or give his sister in exchange for a wife. This was little comfort to Why-Why. He had eaten oysters already without supernatural punishment, and his sister, as we have seen, had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Nor could our hero persuade himself that to club and carry off a hostile girl in the dark was the best way to win a loving wife. He remained single, and became a great eater of oysters.

THE MANHOOD OF WHY-WHY

AS TIME went on, our hero developed into one of the most admired braves of his community. No one was more successful in battle, and it became almost a proverb that when Why-Why went on the war-path there was certain to be meat enough and to spare, even for the women. Why-Why, though a Radical, was so far from perfect, that he invariably complied with the usages of his time when they seemed rational and useful. If a little tattooing on the arm would have saved men from a horrible disease, he would have had all the tribe tattooed. He was no bigot. He kept his word and paid his debts, for no one was ever very "advanced" all at once. It was only when the ceremonious or superstitious ideas of his age and race appeared to him senseless and mischievous that he rebelled, or at least hinted his doubts and misgivings. This course of conduct made him feared and hated both by the medicine-men or clerical wizards and by the old women of the tribe. They naturally tried to take their revenge upon him in the usual way.

A charge of heresy, of course, could not well be made, for in the infancy of our race there were neither Courts of Arches nor General Assemblies. But it was always possible to accuse Why-Why of malevolent witchcraft. The medicine-men had not long to wait for an opportunity. An old woman died, as old women will, and every one was asking, "Who sent the evil spirit that destroyed poor old Dada?" In Why-Why's time no other explanation of natural death by disease or age was entertained. The old woman's grave was dug, and all the wizards intently watched for the first worm or insect that should crawl out of the mold. The head-wizard soon detected a beetle, making, as he alleged, in the direction where Why-Why stood observing the proceedings. The wizard at once denounced our hero as the cause of the old woman's death. To have blenched for a moment would have been ruin. But Why-Why merely lifted his hand, and in a moment a spear flew from it which pinned his denouncer ignominiously to a pine-tree. The funeral of the old woman was promptly converted into a free fight, in which there was more noise than bloodshed. After this event the medicine-men left Why-Why to his own courses, and waited for a chance of turning public opinion against the skeptic.

The conduct of Why-Why was certainly calculated to outrage all conservative feeling. When on the war-path or in the excitement of the chase he had been known to address a tribesman by his name, as "Old Crow," or "Flying Cloud," or what not, instead of adopting the orthodox nomenclature of the classificatory system, and saying, "Third cousin by the mother's side, thrice removed, will you lend me an arrow?" or whatever it might be. On "tabu-days," once a week, when the rest of the people in the cave were all silent, sedentary, and miserable (from some superstitious feeling which we can no longer understand), Why-Why would walk about whistling, or would chip his flints or set his nets. He ought to have been punished with death, but no one cared to interfere with him.

Instead of dancing at the great "corroborees," or religious ballets, of his people, he would "sit out" with a girl whose sad, romantic history became fatally interwoven with his own. In vain the medicine-men assured him that Pund-jel, the great spirit, was angry. Why-Why was indifferent to the thunder which was believed to be the voice of Pund-jel. His behavior at the funeral of a celebrated brave actually caused what we would call a reformation in burial ceremonies.

It was usual to lay the corpses of the famous dead in a cave, where certain of the tribesmen were sent to watch for forty days and nights the decaying body. This ghastly task was made more severe by the difficulty of obtaining food. Everything that the watchers were allowed to eat was cooked outside the cave with complicated ceremonies. If any part of the ritual were omitted, if a drop or a morsel were spilled, the whole rite had to be done over again from the beginning. This was not all. The chief medicine-man took a small portion of the meat in a long spoon, and entered the sepulchral cavern. In the dim light he approached one of the watchers of the dead, danced before him, uttered a mysterious formula of words, and made a shot at the hungry man's mouth with a long spoon. If the shot was straight, if the spoon did not touch the lips or nose or mouth, the watcher made ready to receive a fresh spoonful. But if the attempt failed, if the spoon did not go straight to the mark, the mourners were obliged to wait till all the cooking ceremonies were performed afresh, when the feeding began again.

Now, Why-Why was a mourner whom the chief medicine-man was anxious to "spite," as children say, and at the end of three days' watching our hero had not received a morsel of food. The spoon had invariably chanced to miss him. On the fourth night Why-Why entertained his fellow watchers with an harangue on the imbecility of the whole proceeding. He walked out of the cave, kicked the chief medicine-man into a ravine, seized the pot full of meat, brought it back with him, and made a hearty meal. The other mourners, half dead with fear, expected to see the corpse they were "waking" arise, "girn," and take some horrible revenge. Nothing of the sort occurred, and the burials of the cave dwellers gradually came to be managed in a less irksome way.

THE LOVES OF VERVA AND WHY-WHY

No MAN, however intrepid, can offend with impunity the most sacred laws of society. Why-Why proved no exception to this rule. His decline and fall date, we may almost say, from the hour when he bought a fair-haired, blue-eyed female child from a member of a tribe that had wandered from the North. The tribe were about to cook poor little Verva because her mother was dead, and she seemed a *bouche inutile*. For the price of a pair of shell fish-hooks, a bone dagger, and a bundle of grass-string, Why-Why (who had a tender heart) ransomed the child. In the cave she lived an unhappy life, as the other children maltreated and tortured her in the manner peculiar to pitiless infancy.

Such protection as a man can give to a child the unlucky little girl received from Why-Why. The cave people, like most savages, made it a rule never to punish their children. Why-Why got into many quarrels because he would occasionally box the ears of the mischievous imps who tormented poor Verva, the fair-haired and blue-eyed captive from the North. There grew up a kind of friendship between Why-Why and the child. She would follow him with dog-like fidelity and with a stealthy tread when he hunted the red deer in the forests of the Alpine Maritimes. She wove for him a belt of shells, strung on stout fibers of grass. In this belt Why-Why would attend the tribal corroborees, where, as has been said, he was inclined to "sit out" with Verva and watch, rather than join in the grotesque dance performed as worship to the Bear.

As Verva grew older and ceased to be persecuted by the children, she became beautiful in the unadorned manner of that early time. Her friendship with Why-Why began to embarrass the girl, and our hero himself felt a quite unusual shyness when he encountered the captive girl among the pines on the hillside. Both these untutored hearts were strangely stirred, and neither Why-Why nor Verva could imagine wherefore they turned pale or blushed when they met, or even when either heard the other's voice. If Why-Why had not distrusted and, indeed, detested the chief medicine-man, he would have sought that worthy's professional advice. But he kept his symptoms to himself, and Verva also pined in secret.

These artless persons were in love without knowing it.

It is not surprizing that they did not understand the nature of their complaint, for probably before Why-Why no one had ever been in love. Courtship had consisted in knocking a casual girl on the head in the dark, and the only marriage ceremony had been that of capture. Affection on the side of the bride was out of the question, for, as we have remarked, she was never allowed so much as to see her husband's face. Probably the institution of being in love has been evolved in, and has spread from, various early centers of human existence. Among the primitive Ligurian races, however, Why-Why and Verva must be held the inventors and, alas! the protomartyrs of the passion. Love, like murder, "will out," and events revealed to Why-Why and Verva the true nature of their sentiments.

It was a considerable exploit of Why-Why's that brought him and the Northern captive to understand each other. The brother of Why-Why had died after partaking too freely of a member of a hostile tribe.

The cave people, of course, expected Why-Why to avenge his kinsman. The brother, they said, must have been destroyed by a *boilya*, or vampire, and, as somebody must have sent that vampire against the lad, somebody must be speared for it. Such are primitive ideas of medicine and justice. An ordinary brave would have skulked about the dwellings of some neighboring human groups till he got a chance of knocking over a child or an old woman, after which justice and honor would have been satisfied. But Why-Why declared that, if he must spear somebody, he would spear a man of importance. The forms of a challenge were therefore notched on a piece of stick, which was solemnly carried by heralds to the most renowned brave of a community settled in the neighborhood of the modern San Remo. This hero might have been reasonably asked, "Why should I spear Why-Why because his brother overate himself?" The laws of honor, however (which even at this period had long been established), forbade a gentleman when challenged to discuss the reasonableness of the proceeding.

The champions met on a sandy plain beside a little river near the modern Ventimiglia. An amphitheater of rock surrounded them, and, far beyond, the valley was crowned by the ancient snow of an Alpine peak. The tribes of either party gathered in the rocky amphitheater, and breathlessly watched the issue of the battle. Each warrior was equipped with a shield, a sheaf of spears, and a heavy, pointed club. At thirty paces' distance they began throwing, and the spectators enjoyed a beautiful exposition of warlike skill. Both men threw with extreme force and deadly aim; while each defended himself cleverly with his shield. The spears were exhausted, and but one had pierced the thigh of Why-Why, while his opponent had two sticking in his neck and left arm.

Then, like two meeting thunder-clouds, the champions dashed at each other with their clubs. The sand was whirled up around them as they spun in the wild dance of battle, and the clubs rattled incessantly on the heads and shields. Twice Why-Why was down, but he rose with wonderful agility, and never dropped his shield. A third time he stooped beneath a tremendous whack, but, when all seemed over, grasped a handful of sand, and flung it right in his enemy's eyes. The warrior reeled, blinded and confused, when Why-Why gave point with the club in his antagonist's throat; the blood leaped out, and both fell senseless on the plain.

When the slow mist cleared from before the eyes of Why-Why he found himself (he was doubtless the first hero of the many heroes who have occupied this romantic position) stretched on a grassy bed, and watched by the blue eyes of Verva. Where were the sand, the stream, the hostile warrior, the crowds of friends and foes? It was Verva's part to explain. The champion of the other tribe had never breathed after he received the club-thrust, and the chief medicine-man had declared that Why-Why was also dead. He had suggested that both champions should be burned in the desolate spot where they lay, that their *boilyas*, or ghosts, might not harm the tribes. The lookers-on had gone to their several and distant caves to fetch fire for the ceremony; and Verva, unnoticed, had lingered beside Why-Why, and laid his bleeding head in her lap. Why-Why had uttered a groan, and the brave girl dragged him from the field into a safe retreat among the woods not far from the stream. Why-Why had been principally beaten about the head, and his injuries, therefore, were slight.

After watching the return of the tribesmen, and hearing the chief medicine-man explain that Why-Why's body had been carried away by "the bad black-fellow with a tail who lives under the earth," Why-Why enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his kinsmen and his foes leave the place to its natural silence. Then he found words, and poured forth his heart to Verva. They must never be sundered—they must be man and wife! The girl leaned her golden head on Why-Why's dark shoulder, and sniffed at him, for kissing was an institution not yet evolved. She wept. She had a dreadful thing to tell him—that she could never be his. "Look at this mark," she said, exposing the inner side of her arm. Why-Why looked, shuddered, and turned pale. On Verva's arm he recognized, almost defaced, the same tattooed badge that wound its sinuous spirals across his own broad chest and round his manly legs. *It was the mark of the Serpent!*

Both were Serpents; both, unknown to Why-Why, though not to Verva, bore the same name, the same badge, and, if Why-Why had been a religious man, both would have worshiped the same reptile. Marriage between them, then, was a thing accursed; man punished it by death. Why-Why bent his head and thought. He remembered all his youth—the murder of his sister for no crime; the killing of the serpent, and how no evil came of it; the eating of the oysters, and how the earth had not opened and swallowed him. His mind was made up. It was absolutely certain that his tribe and Verva's kin had never been within a thousand miles of each other. In a few impassioned words he explained to Verva his faith, his simple creed that a thing was not necessarily wrong because the medicine-man said so, and the tribe believed them. The girl's own character was all trustfulness, and Why-Why was the person she trusted. "Oh, Why-Why, dear," she said, blushing (for she had never before ventured to break the tribal rule which forbade calling any one by his name), "Oh, Why-Why, you are *always* right!"

> "And o'er the hills, and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> Beyond the night, across the day,
> Through all the world she followed him."

La Mort de Why-Why

Two years had passed like a dream in the pleasant valley which, in far later ages, the Romans called Vallis Aurea, and which we call Vallauris. Here, at a distance of some thirty miles from the cave and the tribe, dwelt in fancied concealment Why-Why and Verva. The clear stream was warbling at their feet, in the bright blue weather of spring; the scent of the May blossoms was poured abroad, and, lying in the hollow of Why-Why's shield, a pretty little baby with Why-Why's dark eyes and Verva's golden locks was crowing to his mother. Why-Why sat beside her, and was busily making the first European pipkin with the clay which he had found near Vallauris. All was peace.

There was a low, whizzing sound, something seemed to rush past Why-Why, and with a scream Verva fell on her face. A spear had pierced her breast. With a yell like that of a wounded lion, Why-Why threw himself on the bleeding body of his bride. For many moments he heard no sound but her long, loud, and unconscious breathing. He did not mark the yells of his tribesmen, nor feel the spears that rained down on himself, nor see the hideous face of the chief medicine-man peering at his own. Verva ceased to breathe. There was a convulsion, and her limbs were still. Then Why-Why rose. In his right hand was his famous club, "the watcher of the fords"; in his left his shield. These had never lain far from his hand since he fled with Verva.

He knew that the end had come, as he had so often dreamed of it; he knew that he was trapped and taken by his offended tribesmen. His first blow shattered the head of the chief medicine-man. Then he flung himself, all bleeding from the spears, among the press of savages who started from every lentisk bush and tuft of tall, flowering heath. They gave back when four of their chief braves had fallen, and Why-Why lacked strength and will to pursue them. He turned and drew Verva's body beneath the rocky wall, and then he faced his enemies. He threw down shield and club and raised his hands. A light seemed to shine about his face, and his first word had a strange tone that caught the ear and chilled the heart of all who heard him.

"Listen," he said, "for these are the last words of Why-Why. He came like the water, and like the wind he goes, he knew not whence, and he knows not whither. He does not curse you, for you are that which you are. But the day will come" (and here Why-Why's voice grew louder and his eyes burned)—"the day will come when you will no longer be the slave of things like that dead dog," and here he pointed to the shapeless face of the slain medicine-man. "The day will come, when a man shall speak unto his sister in loving kindness, and none shall do him wrong. The day will come when a woman shall unpunished see the face and name the name of her husband. As the summers go by you will not bow down to the hyenas and the bears, and worship the adder and the viper. You will not cut and bruise the bodies of your young men, or cruelly strike and seize away women in the darkness. Yes, and the time will be when a man may love a woman of the same family name as himself"—but here the outraged religion of the tribesmen could endure no longer to listen to these wild and blasphemous words. A shower of spears flew out, and Why-Why fell across the body of Verva. His own was "like a marsh full of reeds," said the poet of the tribe, in a song which described these events, "so thick the spears stood in it."

When he was dead, the tribe knew what they had lost in Why-Why. They bore his body, with that of Verva, to the cave; there they laid the lovers—Why-Why crowned with a crown of seashells, and with a piece of a rare magical substance (iron) at his side. Then the tribesmen withdrew from that now holy ground, and built them houses, and foreswore the follies of the medicine-men, as Why-Why had prophesied. Many thousands of years later the cave was opened when the railway to Genoa was constructed, and the bones of Why-Why, with the crown, and the fragment of iron, were found where they had been laid by his repentant kinsmen. He had bravely asserted the rights of the individual conscience against the dictates of society; he had lived, and loved, and died, not in vain. Last April I plucked a rose beside his cave, and laid it with another that had blossomed at the door of the last house which sheltered the homeless head of SHELLEY.

The prophecies of Why-Why have been partially fulfilled. Brothers, if they happen to be on speaking terms, may certainly speak to their sisters, though we are still, alas, forbidden to marry the sisters of our deceased wives. Wives *may* see their husbands, though, in society, they rarely avail themselves of the privilege. Young ladies are still forbidden to call young men at large by their Christian names; but this tribal law, and survival of the classificatory system, is rapidly losing its force. Burials in the savage manner to which Why-Why objected will soon, doubtless, be permitted to conscientious Nonconformists in the graveyards of the Church of England. The teeth of boys are still knocked out at public and private schools, but the ceremony is neither formal nor universal. Our advance in liberty is due to an army of forgotten Radical martyrs of whom we know less than we do of Mr. Bradlaugh.

Anatole France Talks

M. Bergeret showed us his old books:

I LOVE them tenderly, because they bring forgetfulness of the present and a little inoffensive madness to those who consult them. This little grain of madness affects even those who handle them without reading them. For instance, I don't know a gayer spirit than the excellent Sims, the bookseller in the Rue de Seine, who sold me most of these folios. He has two equally praiseworthy loves: the best ancient authors and the generous wines of France. When he confides in me that he has just made an extraordinary discovery, I never know if he means a dusty bottle or exceedingly rare incunabula. He often goes about strangely dressed, but that comes from reasoned principles. He holds that the order in which we put on our clothes is a pure convention. For his part, on getting up in the morning he picks up his things haphazardly from the chair. He may happen to put on his coat first, then his shirt, then his waistcoat, and finally his flannel undervest on top of everything.

"What does it matter," he says, "provided the amount of clothes is the same? Am I not just as warm?"

Although this is a specious theory, I do not attempt to refute it. . . . The other day I found him all stuffed up with a cold, sneezing, coughing, wiping his nose, puffing and snorting; his nose and eyes running like fountains.

"Well, my good Sims, where did you catch that dreadful cold?"

"I do not know. I have not been careless in any way, not in the least."

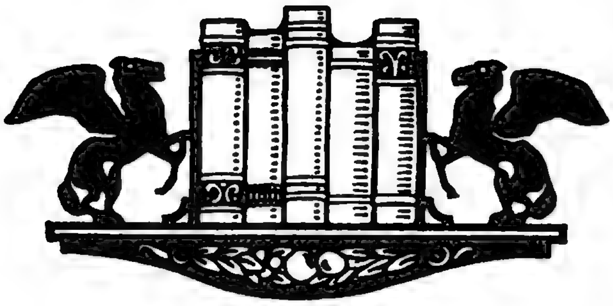
Thereupon he told me that he had bought a big lot of books the previous evening. But there was no room in his shop, so he had to take them up to his bedroom, which was already very full. He had even been obliged to pile up a great many on the very foot of his bed. The drawback of this stratagem he discovered when he was going to sleep. Fortunately, the head of his bed was against the window, and the window looked out upon the roof. He could think of nothing better than to open the window and pull up his mattress a little onto the slates. After that, with his body in the room and his head outside, the good man fell into a childlike slumber.

Alas, what should happen but, in the middle of the night, a furious storm broke out, and all the cataracts of heaven descended upon his head.

"Oh, I see," said I. "So that is how you caught cold."

"Do you really think so?" . . . he inquired.

What I like about Sims is that he accepts the most convincing arguments only with extreme caution. PAUL GSELL.



Books I Can Reach Without Rising

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

FROM where I sit at my desk in my library, there are a number of books that I can reach without leaving my chair. They are thus conveniently arranged, not because I am lazy, but because I am busy. Reference books bear the same relation to poetry as potatoes to roses; there is nothing lovely about them, but they are daily essential.

Webster's International Dictionary is for my purposes the best single volume word-guide; although I also have adjoining it the numerous fatty volumes of the *New English Dictionary*, which have cost me a king's ransom. For spelling, pronunciation, definition, Webster is all one needs; but for the history of a word, its first appearance in the language, its respectability in dignified usage, the *N. E. D.* becomes necessary.

Bellows's French Dictionary and *Bellows's German Dictionary* I also have within reach. These comparatively small volumes are the best dictionaries of foreign tongues I have ever seen. The arrangement, both Foreign-English and English-Foreign, is admirable; and the accursed gender of the strange word is displayed at a glance.

Young's Bible Concordance is something I could not live without. It contains (in one volume) every word-reference in the Authorized Version of the Bible; it is one of the most useful books in the world.

Bartlett's Dictionary of Familiar Quotations (tenth edition) is exceedingly useful; it saves much wear and tear, and fruitless hunting. I supplement it with *Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations*, as there are many disappointments in Bartlett. Remember to consult the index as well as the page in Hoyt.

Personally I find *Bartlett's Shakespeare Concordance* indispensable; but doubtless many estimable folk live happily without it.

The Latest Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* with the three supplementary volumes is close to my chair. I believe the price of this has recently been reduced. It is cheap at any price.

I also have the *Dictionary of National Biography*, with the six supplementary volumes, and the one plump tome containing the *Index and Epitome*. For the average unregenerate man this mighty work—probably the most remarkable work of reference that the world has ever known—may not be a necessity. It is for me.

Ryland's Chronological Outlines of English Literature, and *Whitcomb's Chronological Outlines of American Literature*, each in one small volume, I use constantly. New editions of these two invaluable books, with additional matter and numerous errors corrected, should now be published.

Who's Who, which is published annually in England, and which, like so many of its heroes, grows fatter every year, is of course indispensable. What a blessing it has been to newspaper offices! I do not see how any man or woman, interested in contemporary life, can manage without it.

The same of course is true of its cadet brother, *Who's Who in America*, which is published biennially. How did Americans get along fifty years ago? It is invaluable.

I also have *Who Was Who*, a smaller English volume, giving the biographies of those who were in the former editions of *Who's Who*, and who died between the years 1897-1916. It is quite true that many who die, disappear from *Who's Who*, the world, and the memory of man, simultaneously; but there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, recently dead, not important enough to get into an encyclopaedia, and yet important enough for frequent reference; *Who Was Who*, for these, is better than freshly renewed flowers in the churchyard.

The *International Who's Who in Music* is another of my much-used reference books. But I love music more than most persons do, as is shown by the fact that I possess that monumental work of genius, *Grove's Dictionary of Music and of Musicians*, in five portly volumes.

In addition to the list given above, one should always have within reach a good, up-to-date, *History of England* in one volume, and a *History of America* in the same convenient form. The *Globe Edition* of Shakespeare's *Complete Works*, in one volume, is also extremely convenient for reference, but one should use it only for that purpose, never for reading. A one-volume Bible, Authorized Version, should always be near.

With the exception of the huge sets of books I have mentioned, every one who reads and thinks should have all my list. They are as important as the Telephone Directory, which has in several million homes, supplanted the City Directory. How essential that used to be, and how rarely one sees it today! I have not seen one for ten years.

Wm Lyon Phelps

A Fifteenth Century Carol

LULLY, lully, lully, lulley,
The faucon hath borne my mate away.
He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was a halle,
That was hanged with purpill and pall.

And in that hall there was a bede,
It was hanged with gold so rede.

And in that bede there lithe a knight,
His woundes bleding day and night.

By that bede side kneleth a may,
And she wepeth both night and day.

And by that bede side there stondeth a stone,
Corpus Christi wreten there on.

A Mere Formality

By LUIGI PIRANDELLO

IN THE spacious counting-room of the Orsani Bank, furnished with rich but quiet elegance, the old bookkeeper, Carlo Bertone, with skull-cap on head and glasses on the tip of his nose, was standing in front of a tall desk on which a huge leather-bound register lay open. He was engaged in casting up an account with an air of dazed suspense. Behind him was Gabriele Orsani, handsome, young and fair, tall of stature and strong of limb, but excessively pale and with deep circles around his blue eyes. He was watching the operation and from time to time spoke some word to spur on the old bookkeeper, who, in proportion as the sum mounted higher and higher, seemed to be losing the courage to proceed to the end.

"These glasses! plague take them!" Bertone exclaimed all of a sudden in a burst of impatience, and a wave of his hand sent them flying from his nose down upon the register.

Gabriele Orsani burst into a laugh. "Are the glasses to blame for what you see? Come, come, my poor old friend! Zero times zero is zero."

Carlo Bertone in exasperation lifted the big register from off the desk:

"Will you permit me to withdraw to the other room? Here, with you in this mood, it is, believe me, impossible. I must have quiet!"

"Quite right, Carlo, fine idea!" approved Orsani ironically. "Quiet, quiet, by all means! And yet," he added, indicating the register, "you are taking with you a storm-center like that!"

He turned and flung himself full length upon a sofa near the window and lighted a cigar.

The blue window curtain, which kept the light in the room agreeably softened, swayed inward from time to time, under the impulse of the breeze coming from the sea. At such times there entered, not only a sudden glare, but also the surge of waves breaking on the strand.

Before leaving the room, Bertone asked his employer whether he should show in a "queer sort of gentleman," who was waiting outside; he himself, meanwhile, could proceed, unhindered, to straighten out the much involved accounts.

"A *queer sort?*" questioned Gabriele, "who can he be?"

"I don't know; he has been waiting for half an hour. Dr. Sarti sent him."

"In that case show him in."

A moment later there entered a little man, in the early fifties, with abundant gray hair, loose combed and flying to the four winds. He made one think of an automatic marionette, to whom some higher power had entrusted the strings that produced his exceedingly comical bows and gesticulations. He was still in possession of both his hands, but of only one eye, though perhaps he flattered himself that he still got the credit of having two, because he hid his glass eye behind a monocle, which no doubt had to strain itself considerably, in order to remedy his little visual defect.

He presented Orsani with his visiting card:

LAPO VANNETTI
INSPECTOR FROM LONDON
Life Assurance Society, Limited
Assets, 4,500,000 fcs.
Liabilities, 2,559,400 fcs.

"Most esteemed sir,—" he began, and talked on endlessly.

Besides the defect in his sight, he had another in his pronunciation; and, just as he sought to hide the former behind his monocle, so he also tried to hide the latter by inserting an affected little laugh after every *z*, which he regularly substituted for *ch* and for *g*.

In vain Orsani attempted, several times, to interrupt him.

"I am making a zourney all through this most zarming neighborhood," the imperturbable little man insisted on explaining, with dizzy loquacity, "and since our company is the oldest and the most reliable of any in existence, for the same zeneral purposes, I have arranzed some splendid, splendid contracts, I azzure, in all the special combinazzions that the company offers its associates, not to mention the exceptional advantazes that I will zeerfully explain in a few words, for whichever combinazzion that you wish to zoose."

Gabriele Orsani pleaded poverty; but Signor Vannetti at once was ready with a remedy. He proceeded to carry on the whole argument by himself, questioning and answering, raising difficulties and clearing them away:

"At this zuncture, my dear sir, I quite understand, you might say to me, you might obzect: 'All very well, my dear Vannetti; full confidence in your company; but what can I do? Your rates are,' let us suppose, 'a little too high for me; I haven't quite enough marzin in my bank account, and so'—(for everyone knows his own business best, and here you might say with perfect zustice: 'On this point, dear Vannetti, I do not allow discuzzions'). At the same time, my dear sir, I allow myself to call your attenzzion to this: How about the special advantazes that our company offers? 'Oh, I know,' you rezoin, 'all the companies offer the same, more or less.' No, my dear sir, forgive me if I dare to question your assertion. The advantazes——"

At this point Gabriele, seeing his visitor draw from his pocket a leather pocketbook full of printed policies, held up both hands, as if in defense:

"Excuse me," he said, "but I read in a newspaper of a company that insured the hand of a celebrated violinist for I don't know how much! Is it true?"

Signor Lapo Vannetti was for the moment disconcerted; then he answered, with a smile:

"An American notion! Yes, sir. But our company——"

"I ask this," rejoined Gabriele promptly, "because, once upon a time, I also, you see?—" and he made the motions of playing upon a violin.

Vannetti, not quite at ease yet, decided that he was safest in adopting a complimentary tone:

"Capital, capital! But our company, I regret, does not give policies of that sort."

"It would be quite useful, just the same," sighed Orsani, rising to his feet, "to be able to insure all that one leaves behind or loses along the road of life: the hair! the teeth! And the head? one loses one's head so easily! See here: a violinist insures his hand; a dandy, his hair; a glutton, his teeth; a financier, his head. Think of it! It's a great idea!"

He crossed over to press the electric button on the wall beside the desk, adding as he did so:

"Pardon me a moment, my dear sir."

Vannetti, much mortified, replied with a bow. He imagined that Orsani, in order to get rid of him, had intended to make a rather unkind allusion to his glass eye.

Bertone re-entered the room, his whole manner even more perturbed than before.

"In the pigeon-holes at the back of your desk," Gabriele began, "under the letter S——"

"The accounts of the sulphur mine?" queried Bertone.

"The last ones, after the construction of the inclined plane——"

Carlo Bertone nodded his head several times:

"I have included them."

Orsani scrutinized the old bookkeeper's eyes, remained for a while in gloomy thought, then suddenly demanded:

"Well, how about it?"

Bertone glanced at Vannetti in embarrassment.

Hereupon the latter realized that for the moment he was in the way, and resuming his ceremonious air, took his leave.

"There is no need of another word, with me. I can take a hint. I withdraw. That is to say, if you have no obzections, I will take a bite of lunzeon near by, and come back again. Do not disturb yourselves, I beg. I know the way. I will come back."

One more bow, and he departed.

II

"Well, how about it?" Gabriele once more asked the aged clerk, the instant that Vannetti had withdrawn.

"That—that construction work,—just at present—" answered Bertone, almost stammering.

Gabriele lost his temper.

"How many times have you told me that? Besides, what else would you have me do? Cancel the contract, would you? But so long as that sulphur mine represents for all the creditors the only hope of my solvency—Oh, I know! I know! There are more than three hundred thousand francs buried there at present, earning nothing. I know that, better than you do! Don't get me roused up!"

Bertone passed his hands several times over his tired eyes; then, slapping his sleeves lightly, although there was not even the shadow of dust upon them, he said in a low tone, as though speaking to himself:

"If there were only some way of at least raising money to set in motion all that machinery, which is not—not even wholly paid for yet. But besides that we have the bills of exchange falling due at the bank——"

Gabriele Orsani, who had begun to stride up and down the room, frowning, with his hands in his pockets, came to a sudden halt:

"How much?"

"Well—" sighed Bertone.

"Well—?" echoed Gabriele; then, in an outburst: "Oh, come! tell me the worst at once! Speak frankly. Is it all ended? Bankruptcy? Praised be the sacred memory of my good father! He wanted to put me here, by force. I have done what I had to do: *tabula rasa,* and nothing more to be said!"

"But no, don't give up yet," said Bertone, deeply moved. "To be sure, matters are in a condition—let me explain!"

Gabriele Orsani laid his hands on the old bookkeeper's shoulders:

"But what do you want to tell me, old friend, what do you want to tell me? You are trembling all over. It's no use now. Earlier, with the authority belonging to your white hairs, you ought to have opposed me, opposed my plans, given me advice, knowing as you did how useless I was in business matters. But now, would you try to deceive me? I can't bear that!"

"What could I do?" murmured Bertone, with tears in his eyes.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Orsani. "And no more could I. I felt the need of blaming someone. Don't let it trouble you. But, is it possible? I, really I, here, engaged in business? When I can't see, even yet, what blunders were at the bottom of the trouble? Putting aside that last matter of the construction of the inclined plane, that I seemed to be forced into, to keep my head above water,—what have been my blunders?"

Bertone shrugged his shoulders, closed his eyes, and opened his palms, as if to say: How does that help now?

"The important thing is to find some remedy," he suggested, in a tone that sounded muffled, as if with tears.

Gabriele Orsani once more burst into a laugh.

"I know the remedy! Take up my old violin again, the one that my father snatched from my hands in order to put me here, to condemn me to this fine diversion, and go away like a blind beggar, playing little tunes from door to door, to earn a crust of bread for my children! How does it strike you?"

"If you will allow me to speak," repeated Bertone, with half-closed eyes. "All things considered, if we can only manage those promissory notes, and cut down naturally all expenses (even those—pardon me—of the home), I think that—at least for four or five months we could show a bold front to our creditors. In the meanwhile——"

Gabriele Orsani shook his head, smiling; then, drawing a long sigh, he said:

"Meanwhile, old friend, it is no use to try and shut our eyes to the truth!"

But Bertone insisted upon his predictions and left the counting-room in order to finish drawing up a complete balance sheet.

"I am going to show you. Excuse me a moment."

Gabriele flung himself down once more on the sofa by the window and, with fingers interlaced behind his neck, gave himself up to his thoughts.

No one as yet had any suspicions; but in his mind there was no doubt whatever that within five or six months would come the crash and then ruin!

For the past twenty days he had scarcely stirred from his office, just as though he was expecting from the recesses of his desk or from the big ledgers some idea, some suggestion. This violent, useless tension of his brain, however, little by little relaxed and his will power grew blunted. He became aware of it only when, at last, he caught himself wondering or absorbed in far-away thoughts quite removed from his persistent anxieties. Then it was that he would renew his self-reproaches, with increasing exasperation, for his blind, weak obedience to the wishes of his father, who had taken him away from his favorite study of mathematics, from his fervid passion for music, and had flung him here into this turbid and treacherous sea of commercial activity. After all these years he still felt keenly the wrench that it had cost him to leave Rome. He had come to Sicily with the degree of Doctor of Physical Sciences and Mathematics, with a violin and a nightingale. Happy innocence! He had hoped that he could still devote some time to his favorite science and his favorite instrument in the spare moments when his father's complicated business left him free. Happy innocence! On one occasion only, about three months after his arrival, he had taken his violin from its case, but only for the purpose of enclosing within it, as in a worthy tomb, the dead and embalmed body of his little nightingale.

And even now he asked himself how in the world his father, with all his experience in business, had not been aware of his son's absolute unfitness. His judgment had perhaps been clouded by his own passionate love for commerce, his proud desire that the time-honored firm of Orsani should not pass out of existence, and he may have flattered himself that with practical experience, coupled with the allurement of large gains, the son would, little by little, succeed in adapting himself to this manner of life and taking pleasure in it.

But why should he reproach his father if he had lent himself to the latter's wishes without opposing the least resistance, without venturing even the most timid observation, just as though it had been an agreement definitely understood from the day of his birth and placed beyond the power of discussion or change? Why blame his father if he himself, in order to escape the temptations that might come to him from the ideal of a very different sort of life that he had up to that time cherished, had deliberately forced himself to marry, to take as his wife the woman who had for many years been destined for him, his orphan cousin, Flavia?

Like all the women of that hateful country in which the men folk in their eager and constant preoccupation over financial risks never had time to devote to love, Flavia, who might have been for him the rose, the only rose among the thorns, had instead immediately settled down quietly without any remonstrance, indeed, as if it were understood beforehand, to play the modest part of looking after the house so that her husband should lack none of the material comforts when he came back wearied and exhausted from the sulphur mines, or from the bank, or from the deposit of sulphur down on the shore, where beneath a broiling sun he had spent the entire day superintending a shipment of the mineral.

After his father had died rather unexpectedly, he was left at the head of a business in which he had not yet learned to see his way clearly. Alone and without a guide, he had hoped for the moment that he could wind up affairs, save his capital, and withdraw from business. Why, yes! Almost all the capital was invested in the sulphur works. So he had resigned himself to go ahead on that line, taking as his guide that good old soul Bertone, a veteran employee of the bank in whom his father had placed the utmost trust.

But how utterly helpless he felt under the weight of a responsibility so unexpectedly thrust upon him and rendered all the more heavy by the remorse he felt at having brought into the world three children who were now threatened through his own unfitness with want of the necessities of life! Ah, until then he had not given them a thought; he had been like a blindfolded beast bound to a treadmill. There had always been pain blended with his love for his wife and children, for they were the living evidence of his renunciation of a different life; but now they racked his heart with bitter compassion. He could no longer hear the children cry or complain even for a moment without at once saying to himself: "Hear that! That is my fault!" And all this bitterness remained shut up in his heart, with no outlet. Flavia had never taken the trouble to find the way to his heart; perhaps, seeing him so sad, preoccupied, and silent, she had never even suspected that he shut up within him any thoughts foreign to those of business. Perhaps she, too, grieved secretly over the loneliness to which he left her, but she did not know how she could reproach him, assuming that he was wholly taken up with intricate operations and constant cares.

And certain evenings he saw his wife seated by the railing that enclosed the wide terrace beyond the house, whose walls almost thrust themselves out into the sea. She would gaze abstractedly upward into the night quivering with stars, her ears filled with the dull and eternal lamentation of that infinite extent of waters, in the presence of which men had had the bold confidence to build their little houses, placing their lives almost at the mercy of other far-off folk. From time to time there came from the harbor the hoarse, deep, melancholy whistle of some steamer that was preparing to weigh anchor. What was she thinking of in her absorption, with the cold light of the stars upon her face? Perhaps to her also the sea, with its lamentation of restless waters, was confiding its obscure prophecies.

He made no appeal to her; he knew, he knew only too well that she could not enter his world since both of them had been driven against their will to leave their chosen path. And there on the terrace he used to feel his eyes fill with silent tears. Was it to be like this always to the day of their death without any change whatever? Under the intense emotion of those mournful evenings the changelessness of the conditions of their own existence became intolerable to him and suggested sudden strange ideas almost like flashes of madness. However, could a man, knowing well that he has this one life to live, consent to follow all through this life a road that he hates? And he thought of all the other unhappy men and women constrained by fate to careers that were even harder and more miserable.

Sometimes a familiar cry, the cry of one of his children, would suddenly recall him to himself. Flavia, too, would be roused from her waking dream; but he would hasten to say: "No, I am going!" And he would take the child from its crib and begin to walk up and down the room, cradling it in his arms to hush it to sleep again and, as it were, at the same time to hush to sleep his own suffering. Little by little, as the child's eyes closed, the night became more tranquil to his own eyes; and when the baby had been restored to its crib he would stand for a while gazing out through the panes of the window up into the sky at the star that shone the brightest of them all.

In this way nine years had passed. At the beginning of the last of these years, just at the time when his financial position began to look dark, Flavia started in to overrun her allowance for her personal expenses; she had also demanded a carriage for herself, and he had not seen how he could refuse her.

And now Bertone was advising him to cut down all expenses, even, indeed, especially, those of the home.

To be sure, Dr. Sarti, who had been his intimate friend from childhood, had advised Flavia to change her mode of life, to give herself a little more freedom in order to overcome the depressed condition of nerves brought on by so many years of a shut-in and monotonous existence.

At this thought Gabriele aroused himself, rose from the sofa, and began to pace up and down the office, thinking now of his friend, Lucio Sarti, with a feeling divided between envy and scorn.

They had been together in Rome in their student days. At that time neither the one nor the other could let a single day pass without their seeing each other; and up to within a very recent time this old bond of fraternal affection had not in the least relaxed. He had absolutely refused to find an explanation for the change which had come in an impression he had received during the latest illness of one of the children,—namely, that Sarti had showed a rather exaggerated concern on behalf of his wife,—an impression and nothing more, which he had hastened to wipe out of his memory, knowing beyond question the strict honesty of his friend and of his wife.

Nevertheless, it was true and undeniable that Flavia agreed in everything, and despite of everything, with the doctor's way of thinking; in the discussions that lately had become rather frequent she always nodded assent to the doctor's words, although it was her habit at home never to take part in discussions. It had begun to annoy him. If she approved those ideas, why could she not have been the first to suggest them? Why could she not have been the one to open up a discussion with him regarding the education of their children, for example, if she approved the doctor's rigid standards rather than his own? And he had even reached the point of accusing his wife of lacking affection for the children. But what other view could he take, if she, believing secretly that he was educating his children badly, had chosen to remain silent and wait until someone else opened up the question?

Sarti, for that matter, had no right to interfere. For some little time back it seemed to Gabriele that his friend had been forgetting altogether too many little things, that he had forgotten, for example, that he owed everything or pretty nearly everything to him.

Who, if not he, Gabriele, had rescued Sarti from the miserable poverty into which the errors of his parents had thrown him? His father had died in prison for theft; and when his mother had taken him with her to another city he had left her as soon as he had become old enough to understand the sad expedient to which she was reduced in order to live. At all events, Gabriele had saved him from a wretched little restaurant in which he had been forced to take service and had found him a small place in his father's bank, and had lent him books and the money he needed for school in order to complete his education,—in short, had opened the way to him and assured his future.

And now look at them both: Sarti had won a position through his industry and his natural gifts without needing to make any sacrifice; *he* was a man; while as for himself, he was standing on the brink of an abyss!

A double knock upon the glass door which led into the apartments reserved for family use aroused Gabriele from these bitter reflections.

"Come in," he said.

And Flavia entered.

III

She was dressed in a gown of dark blue which seemed molded to her flexible and admirable figure and singularly enhanced her blond beauty. On her head she wore a dark hat, expensive yet simple. She had not yet finished buttoning her gloves.

"I came to ask you," she said, "whether you are going to need your carriage, because they say that I can't drive the bay horse to-day."

Gabriele glanced at her absent-mindedly: "Why?"

"Why, it seems that a nail has been driven into his hoof too far, poor thing. He limps."

"Who does?"

"The bay, don't you understand?"

"Oh," said Gabriele, rousing himself, "what a heartrending misfortune!"

"Oh, I don't expect you to concern yourself," said Flavia resentfully. "I only asked if I might have the carriage. But I can walk." She turned to leave.

"Take the carriage. I don't need it," Gabriele rejoined hastily, adding, "Are you going alone?"

"With little Carlo. Aldo and Titti are in punishment."

"Poor little things!" exclaimed Gabriele, almost involuntarily, his gaze fixed and absorbed.

Flavia assumed that this commiseration was meant as a reproof to her, and she begged her husband to trust her to know what was best for the children.

"Why, of course, of course, if they have done wrong," he answered. "I was only thinking that even if they do nothing, poor little things, they are likely to see a far heavier punishment fall upon their heads before many months are over." Flavia turned to look at him.

"You mean?"

"Nothing, my dear, a mere nothing, of no more importance than the veil or feather on your hat: just the ruin of our house, that's all."

"Ruin?"

"Yes, and poverty. And something worse, perhaps, for me."

"Do you know what you are saying?"

"Why, yes, and perhaps even—do I surprise you?"

Flavia drew nearer, deeply agitated, with her eyes fixed upon her husband, as if in doubt whether he was speaking seriously.

Gabriele, with a nervous laugh on his lips, answered her tremulous questions in a low, calm voice, as though it were a question of the ruin of some one else and not his own. Then, at the sight of her horrified face, he added:

"Ah, my dear! If you had cared even a little bit for me, if in all these years you had ever tried to understand just how much pleasure I got out of this delightful business of mine, you would not be quite so amazed now. There is a limit to every sacrifice. And when a poor man is constrained to make a sacrifice beyond his strength——"

"Constrained? Who has constrained you?" demanded Flavia, interrupting him because he had seemed to lay a special emphasis upon that word.

Gabriele stared at his wife as though disconcerted by the interruption and also by the attitude of defiance which she now assumed toward him under the impulse of some deep and secret agitation. It seemed as though a flood of bitterness welled up in his throat and burned his mouth. However, he forced his lips to take on their previous nervous smile, though not quite so successfully as before, and resumed:

"Or of my own free will, if you prefer."

"*I* don't come into it!" Flavia answered him emphatically, meeting his glance squarely. "If you made your sacrifice for me, you might have spared yourself. I would have preferred the most squalid misery, a thousand times over——"

"Stop, stop!" he cried. "Don't say what you were going to!"

"But what have I got out of life?"

"And what have I?"

They remained there for a time, facing each other, vibrating with emotion at the revelation of their intimate and reciprocal hatred which had been fostered for so many years in secret, and which now burst forth unexpectedly and against their will.

"Then why do you blame me?" resumed Flavia impetuously. "Supposing I didn't care for you, how much did you ever care for me? You reproach me now for the sacrifice you made, but wasn't I sacrificed, too, and condemned to stand in your eyes as the symbol of your renunciation of the life you dreamed of? And that's what my life had to be. I had no right to dream of anything else, had I? And you felt that you owed me no love. I was the chain, the hateful chain that imprisoned you here at forced labor. Who can love one's chain? And I ought to have been content, ought I not, so long as your worked, and not expect anything else from you. I have never spoken before, but you brought it on yourself this time."

Gabriele had hidden his face in his hands, murmuring from time to time: "This too! This too!" At last he burst forth: "And my children too, I suppose? They will be coming here, too, to fling my sacrifice in my face like so much rubbish?"

"You are distorting my words," she answered haughtily.

"Not at all," rejoined Gabriele, with cutting sarcasm. "I deserve no other thanks. Call them! Call them! I have ruined them. They will be quite right to reproach me for it!"

"No!" rejoined Flavia hastily, suddenly softening at thought of the children. "Poor little ones. They will never reproach you for our poverty, never!" She shut her eyes tightly a moment, wrung her hands, then raised them pathetically in the air.

"What are they to do!" she exlaimed, "brought up as they have been——"

"And how is that?" he rejoined sharply. "With no one to guide them, you mean? That, too, they will throw in my face. Go and teach them their lines! And Lucio Sarti's reproaches, too, while you are about it!"

"What affair is it of his?" murmured Flavia, dazed by this unexpected attack.

"Why don't you echo his words?" jeered Gabriele, who had become very pale while his features worked nervously. "All that you need is to put his near-sighted glasses onto your nose."

Flavia drew a long sigh and half closing her eyes with the calmness of contempt, replied:

"Anyone who has even had a slight glimpse of our intimate home life has been unable to help seeing——"

"No, I mean him!" interrupted Gabriele with increasing violence. "He alone! A man who keeps watch over himself as though he were his own jailer because his father—" He checked himself, thinking better of what he was about to say, then resumed: "I don't blame him for that, but I say that he was right in living as he has lived, strictly and anxiously watchful of his every act. He had to raise himself in the eyes of the public out of the wretched and infamous misery into which his parents had flung him. But what had that to do with my children? Why should I be expected to play the tyrant over my children?"

"Who says play the tyrant?" Flavia ventured to observe.

"I wanted them to be free," he burst out. "I wanted my children to grow up in freedom because I myself had been condemned by my own father to this torture, and I promised myself as a reward—my only reward—that I should share the joy of their freedom, procured at the cost of my sacrifice, at the cost of my shattered existence,—uselessly shattered, I see that now, uselessly shattered——"

At this point, as though the emotion which had been steadily increasing had all at once broken something within him, he burst into uncontrollable sobs; then in the midst of that strange and convulsive weeping he threw up his trembling arms as though suffocating and fell to the floor, unconscious.

Flavia, desperate and terrified, called for help. Bertone and another clerk hurried in from the adjoining rooms of the bank. They lifted Gabriele and laid him upon the sofa while Flavia, seeing his face overspread with a deadly paleness, kept repeating wildly: "What is the matter? What is the matter? Heavens, how pale he is! Send for help. To think it was my fault—" The younger clerk hurried off to fetch Dr. Sarti, who lived quite near by.

"And it was my fault, my fault!" Flavia kept repeating.

"No matter," answered Bertone, sliding his arm tenderly under Gabriele's head. "It was this morning—or rather for some time back,—the poor boy,—if you only knew!"

"Oh, I know, I know."

"Well, then, what could you expect, under such a strain!"

Meanwhile he urged that they should try some remedy, but what could they do? Bathe his temples? Yes, but perhaps a little smelling salts would be better. Flavia rang the bell. A servant responded.

"The smelling salt! My flask of smelling salts, upstairs, hurry!"

"What a blow! What a blow, poor boy!" lamented Bertone in a low tone, staring down through his tears at his master's face.

"And are we ruined, really ruined?" Flavia asked him with a slight shudder.

"If he had only listened to me!" sighed the old clerk. "But, poor boy, he was not born for this sort of life."

The servant came back on a run with the flask of smelling salts.

"On a handkerchief?"

"No, it's better right in the flask," advised Bertone. "Put your finger over it, like that, so that he can breathe it in slowly."

Shortly afterward Lucio Sarti arrived, out of breath, followed by the clerk.

He was tall and young, of a rigid and austere appearance that took away all the charm of the almost feminine beauty of his features. He wore glasses with small lenses that set very close to his keen black eyes. Over his forehead hung one lock of raven hair, glistening and wavy.

As though unaware of Flavia's presence, he waved them all aside and stooped to examine Gabriele; then turning to Flavia, who was panting forth her desperate anxiety in a flood of questions and exclamations, he said sternly:

"Don't act like that. Give me a chance to listen to him."

He bared the chest of the prostrate man and applied his ear to it in the vicinity of the heart. He listened for some time; then straightened up, looking disturbed, and fumbled as though searching in his pockets for something.

"Well?" Flavia asked once more. He drew forth his stethoscope, then inquired:

"Is their any caffeine in the house?"

"No,—I am not sure," Flavia answered hastily. "I sent for smelling salts."

"That is no good."

He crossed to the desk, wrote a prescription, handed it to the clerk.

"Get that. And hurry."

A moment later Bertone also was sent on a run to the drug store for a hypodermic syringe, because Sarti did not have his with him.

"Doctor—" besought Flavia.

But Sarti, paying no attention to her, again approached the sofa. Before bending over to listen again to the sick man's heart, he said without turning:

"Make arrangements to have him carried upstairs."

"Go, go!" Flavia ordered the servant; then, before the latter was fairly out of the room, she seized Sarti by the arm and looking up into his eyes, demanded: "What is the matter? Is it serious? I must know!"

"I don't know myself any too well yet," he answered with enforced calm.

He applied the stethoscope to the sick man's chest and bent his ear to listen. He kept it there a long, long time, contracting his eyes every now and then, and hardening his face as if to prevent the thoughts and feelings that stirred within him during this examination from taking definite form. His troubled conscience, overwhelmed by what he discovered in the heart of his friend, was for the time being incapable of entertaining those thoughts and feelings, and he himself shrank from entertaining them as though he was afraid of them

Like a man with a fever who has been left alone in the dark and suddenly hears the wind force open the fastening of his window, breaking the glass with a frightful crash, and finds himself all at once helpless and bewildered, out of his bed and exposed to the thunderbolts and the raging tempest of night, and nevertheless tries with his feeble arms to reclose the shutters: so in the same way Sarti strove to keep the surging thoughts of the future, the sinister light of a tremendous hope, from bursting in upon him at that moment;—the selfsame hope that, many and many a year ago, when first freed from the grim incubus of his mother, and encouraged by the impracticality of youth, he had made a sort of beacon light. It had seemed to him that he had some right to aspire so high, because of all the suffering he had innocently undergone, and because of the merciless rigor with which he had watched over himself to belie the reputation inherited from his parents.

He was unaware at that time that Flavia Orsani, the cousin of his friend and benefactor, was rich, and that her father when dying had entrusted his daughter's property to his brother; he believed her an orphan, received into her uncle's house as an act of charity. And strong in the consciousness of a blameless life dedicated to the task of effacing the stamp of infamy that his father and mother had left upon his brow, he saw no reason why he should not have the right, after returning home possessed of a doctor's degree and after winning an honorable position, to ask the Orsani, in proof of the affection they always had shown him, for the hand of the orphan, whose affection he flattered himself that he already possessed.

But not long after his return from his studies Flavia became the wife of Gabriele; to whom, as a matter of fact, he had never given any reason to suspect his love for her. Yes, none the less, Gabriele had robbed him of her, and that, too, without securing his own happiness or hers. Ah, it was not on his account alone, but on their own, that their marriage had been a crime; from that hour dated the misery of all three. Through all the years that followed he had attended his friend's family in the character of physician, whenever there was need, always acting as though nothing had happened, concealing beneath a rigid and impassive mask the torture caused him by his sad intimacy in a household without love, the sight of that woman abandoned to her own devices, whose very glance, none the less, revealed what treasures of affection were stored up in her heart,—never sought for, perhaps never even guessed at by her husband; the sight, too, of those children growing up without a father's guidance.

He denied himself even the privilege of reading in Flavia's eyes, or winning from her words, some fugitive sign, some slight proof that, as a girl, she had been aware of the affection she inspired in him. But this proof, although not sought for, not desired, was offered to him involuntarily on one of those occasions when human nature shatters and flings aside all obstacles, breaks down all social restraints,—like a volcano, that for many a year has allowed snow and snow and still more snow to fall upon it, and then all of a sudden flings aside its frozen mantle, and lays bare to the sun its fierce and inward fires. The occasion was precisely that of the baby's illness. Wholly absorbed in business, Gabriele had not even suspected the gravity of the attack, and had left his wife alone to tremble and fear for the child's life. And Flavia, in a moment of supreme anguish, almost beside herself, had spoken, had poured forth all her troubles, had allowed Sarti to see that she had understood everything, all the time, from the very beginning. And now?

"Tell me, for mercy's sake, doctor," insisted Flavia, almost losing her self-control as she watched his troubled face. "Is it very serious?"

"Yes," he answered, gloomily, bruskly.

"Is it the heart? What is the trouble? How could it come so suddenly? Tell me?"

"Does it help you any to know? Scientific terms,—what would they mean to you?"

But she was determined to know.

"Incurable?" she persisted.

He took off his glasses, contracted his eyes, then exclaimed:

"Oh, I wouldn't have had it happen like this! Not like this, believe me! I would give my life to save him."

Flavia turned even paler than before. She glanced at her husband, then said, more by her gesture than her voice:

"Keep quiet!"

"I want you to know that," he added. "But you understand me already, don't you? Everything, everything that is possible for me to do,—without thinking of myself, or of you——"

"Hush!" she repeated, as if horrified. She buried her face in her hands and groaned aloud, suffocated by her anguish: "He has lost everything! We are ruined!"

For the first moment after Lucio Sarti learned thus suddenly his friend's desperate financial straits, he remained stupefied; then, in the presence of the woman he loved, he found it impossible to restrain an impulse of selfish joy:

"You are poor, then? As poor as I once imagined that you were? Ah, Flavia, you have given me news that is sad, perhaps, for you,—but welcome, oh, so welcome, to me!"

She could not answer; she could only point with her hand to the prostrate man on the sofa. Then Sarti, recovering himself, and resuming his usual rigid and austere attitude, added:

"Have confidence in me. We have done nothing for which we need reproach ourselves. Of the harm he has done me he has never had a suspicion, and he never will. He shall have all the care that the most devoted friend can give him."

Flavia, breathless, trembling, could not withdraw her eyes from her husband:

"He is moving!" she exclaimed suddenly.

"No——"

"Yes, he moved again," she added faintly.

They remained some moments in suspense, watching. Then the doctor approached the sofa, bent over the sick man, grasped his wrist, and called to him:

"Gabriele,—Gabriele——"

IV

Pallid, as if made of wax, and even yet breathing with difficulty, Gabriele begged his wife, who in the confusion had not even thought to take off her hat, to go out as she had first meant to.

"I feel quite myself again," he said, in order to reassure her. "I want to have a talk with Lucio. Go, by all means."

To prevent him from suspecting the seriousness of his condition, Flavia pretended to accept his suggestion. She begged him on no account to over-exert himself, took leave of the doctor, and passed from the office into the house.

Gabriele remained for a while gazing abstractedly at the swinging office door through which she had departed; then he raised a hand to his breast, over his heart, and with a far-off expression in his eyes, murmured:

"Here, isn't it? You listened to me, here? And I,—how curious! It seemed to me that that man,—what was his name?—Lapo, yes, that's it,—that man with a glass eye, had me bound here; and I could not get free. *Insufficiency*—what did you call it?—*insufficiency of the aortic valves*, is that right?"

Hearing him repeat the very words that he himself had used to Flavia, Lucio Sarti turned white. Gabriele roused himself, turned his glance upon his companion, and smiled:

"I heard, you see!"

"What—what did you hear?" stammered Sarti, with a sickly smile on his lips, controlling himself with difficulty.

"What you said to my wife," replied Gabriele calmly, his eyes once more assuming a far-away, unseeing look. "And I could see, it seemed to me that I could see as clearly as though I had my eyes wide open. Tell me, I beg of you," he added, rousing himself again, "without disguise, without any merciful lies: How much longer can I live? The shorter the time, the better."

Sarti stared at him, overcome with amazement and alarm and especially perturbed by the other's calmness. With a strong effort he threw off the apprehension that was paralyzing him and broke forth:

"But what in the world have you got into your head?"

"An inspiration!" exclaimed Gabriele, his eyes suddenly flashing. "Good Lord, yes!" He rose to his feet, crossed to the door that led to the rooms of the bank and called to Bertone.

"Listen, Carlo: If that little man who was here this morning comes back again, ask him to wait. No, send someone at once to find him, or, better yet, go yourself! And hurry, won't you?"

He closed the door again and turned around to face Sarti, rubbing his hands together excitedly.

"Why, it was you who sent him to me. I will grab him by those flying gray hairs of his and plant him right here between you and me. Come, tell me, explain to me right away how the thing is done. I want to insure my life. You are the doctor for the company, aren't you?"

Lucio Sarti, tortured by the dreadful doubt that Orsani had overheard all that he had said to Flavia, was struck dumb by this sudden resolution which seemed to him absolutely irrelevant; then, relieved for the moment of a great weight, he exclaimed:

"But you are crazy!"

"Not at all," replied Gabriele promptly. "I can pay the premium for four or five months. I shall not live longer, I know that!"

"Oh, you know that?" rejoined Sarti, forcing a laugh, "and who has prescribed the limits of your days so infallibly? Nonsense, man, nonsense!"

Greatly relieved, he decided that it was merely a trick to force him to say what he really thought about his friend's health. But Gabriele, assuming a serious tone, continued to talk about his approaching and inevitable end. Sarti felt his blood turn cold. In his bewilderment and anxiety he had forgotten about Lapo. But now he saw the connection and the reason for this unexpected resolution, and he felt himself caught in a snare, in the dreadful trap that he himself unconsciously had set that very morning by sending to Orsani that inspector from the insurance company of which he was the doctor. How could he tell him now that he could not conscientiously assist him in getting his policy, without at the same time letting him know the desperate gravity of his condition which he himself had so suddenly discovered?

"But, even with the trouble you have," he said, "you may live a long, long time still, my dear fellow, if you will only take a little care of yourself——"

"Care of myself? How can I?" cried Gabriele. "I am ruined, I tell you! But you insist that I may live for a long time yet. Good. In that case, if it is really so, you will find no difficulty——"

"What becomes of your calculations in that case?" observed Sarti, with a smile of satisfaction; and he added, as though for the sheer pleasure of making clear to himself the lucky way of escape that had suddenly flashed upon him: "Since you say that you could not pay the premium for more than three or four months——"

Gabriele seemed to be thinking the matter over for a few moments.

"Take care, Lucio! Don't deceive me, don't raise up a difficulty like that in order to get the best of me, in order to prevent me from doing something of which you disapprove and in which you don't want a share, although you have little or no responsibility for it——"

"There you are mistaken!" The words escaped Sarti against his will.

Gabriele smiled rather bitterly.

"Then it is true," he said, "and you know that I am condemned, that I shall die very soon, perhaps even sooner than the time I have calculated. Well, never mind. I heard what you said. So no more of that. The question now is how to provide for my children. And I mean to provide for them! Even if you deceived me, don't be afraid but I shall find a way to die when the time comes without arousing suspicion."

Lucio Sarti arose, shrugged his shoulders, and glanced around for his hat.

"I see that you are not quite yourself, my dear fellow. You had better let me go."

"Not quite myself?" rejoined Gabriele, detaining him by the arm. "See here! I tell you it is a question of providing for my children! Do you understand that?"

"But how are you going to provide for them? Do you seriously mean to do it this way?"

"Through my own death? Yes."

"You are crazy! Do you expect me to listen to such a mad scheme!"

"Yes, I do," answered Gabriele violently, without relaxing his hold upon the other's arm. "Because it is your duty to help me."

"To help you kill yourself?" demanded Sarti in an ironical tone.

"No; if it comes to that I can attend to it myself."

"Then, you want me to help you to practice a fraud? To—pardon the word—to steal?"

"To steal? From whom am I stealing? And am I stealing on my own account? It concerns a company voluntarily exposed to the risk of just such losses—no, let me finish! What it loses through me it will win back through a hundred others. But call it theft, if you like. Don't interfere. I will answer for it to God. You don't come into it."

"There you are mistaken!" repeated Sarti, even more emphatically.

"The money isn't coming to you, is it?" demanded Gabriele, meeting his glance with a look of hatred. "It will go to my wife and those three poor innocent children. How would you be responsible?"

All of a sudden, under Orsani's keen and hostile gaze, Lucio Sarti understood everything. He understood that Gabriele had heard them distinctly and that he still controlled himself because he wanted first to accomplish his purpose; namely, to place an insurmountable obstacle between his friend and his wife by making the former his accomplice in this fraud. And of course if he, as the company's physician, should now certify that Gabriele was in sound health, it would be impossible for him ever to marry Flavia because, as Gabriele's widow, she would receive the insurance money, the fruit of his deception. The company, undoubtedly, would take action against him. But why such great and bitter hatred even beyond death? If Gabriele heard them, he must know that there was nothing, absolutely nothing for which either he or the wife need reproach themselves. Then, why? Why?

Lucio Sarti steadily met Orsani's glance, determined to defend himself to the last, and asked in a voice that was none too firm:

"My responsibility, you were saying, toward the company?"

"Wait!" rejoined Gabriele, as though dazzled by the forcefulness of his own reasoning. "You ought to remember that I was your friend long before you became the doctor of this company. Isn't that so?"

"That is so,—but——" stammered Lucio.

"Don't get excited. I don't wish to recall the past, but merely to remind you that at the present moment and under existing conditions you are not thinking of me as you ought to, but of the company——"

"I was thinking of the deception!" replied Sarti gloomily.

"So many doctors deceive themselves!" retorted Gabriele quickly. "Who could accuse you, who could prove that at this moment I am not perfectly sound. I have health for sale! Supposing I die five or six months from now: The doctor could not foresee that. You did not foresee it. And on the other side, your share in the deception, as far as your personal feeling and your own conscience goes, is a friend's act of charity."

Completely vanquished and with bowed head, Sarti removed his glasses and rubbed his eyes; then, blindly and with half-closed lids, he attempted in trembling tone a last defense:

"I should prefer," he said, "to show you in some other way what you call a friend's act of charity."

"And how so?"

"Do you remember where my father died and why?"

Gabriele stared at him in amazement, murmuring to himself:

"What has that to do with it?"

"You are not in my position," replied Sarti firmly, harshly, replacing his glasses. "You are unable to judge for me. Remember how I grew up. I beg of you, let me act honestly and without remorse."

"I don't understand," answered Gabriele coldly, "what remorse you could feel for having conferred a benefit upon my children."

"At the cost of someone else?"

"I do not seek that."

"You know you are doing it!"

"I know something else which is nearer to my heart and which ought to be nearer to yours also. There is no other remedy! Because of your scruples, which I can't share, you want me to refuse this means that is offered spontaneously, this anchor which you yourself threw to me." He crossed to the door and listened, making a sign to Sarti not to answer.

"There, he has come!"

"No, no, it is useless, Gabriele!" cried Sarti violently. "Don't force me!"

Gabriele Orsani seized him by the arm again:

"Think of it, Lucio! It is my last chance."

"Not this way, not this way!" protested Sarti. "Listen, Gabriele: Let this hour be sacred between us. I promise that your children——"

But Gabriele did not allow him to finish.

"Charity?" he said with scorn and indignation.

"No!" replied Lucio promptly. "I should be paying them back what I have received from you!"

"By what right? Why should you provide for my children? They have a mother! By what right, I ask? Not by the right of simple gratitude, at all events! You are lying. You have refused me for another reason which you dare not confess!"

So saying, Gabriele Orsani seized Sarti by both shoulders and shook him slightly, warning him to speak softly and demanding to know to what extent he had dared to deceive him. Sarti tried to free himself, defending both Flavia and himself against the cruel accusation and refusing even now to yield to compulsion.

"I want to see you refuse!" Orsani suddenly shouted at him between his teeth. With one spring he flung open the door and called Vannetti, masking his extreme agitation under a tumultuous gaiety:

"A premium, a premium!" he cried, dragging the ceremonious little man forward. "A big premium, Inspector, for our friend here, our friend the doctor who is not only the company's physician but its most eloquent champion. I had almost changed my mind. I was not willing to listen any further. Well, it was he who persuaded me, he who won me over. Give him the medical certificate to sign. Give it to him quickly: he is in a hurry, he has to go away. After that we can arrange between ourselves the amount and the terms."

Vannetti, overjoyed, drew forth from his portfolio, amid a shower of admiring exclamations and congratulations, a printed form, and repeating, "*A formality, a mere formality,*" handed it to Gabriele.

"There you are: sign it," said the latter, passing the blank on to Sarti, who was taking part in this scene as though in a dream and now gazed down at the odd little man standing there, vulgar, artificial, utterly ridiculous, the personification of his own odious destiny.

The Honor of the Name

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Being a Sequel to "Monsieur Lecoq"

CHAPTER I

ON THE first Sunday in the month of August, 1815, at ten o'clock precisely—as on every Sunday morning—the sacristan of the parish church at Sairmeuse sounded the three strokes of the bell which warn the faithful that the priest is ascending the steps of the altar to celebrate high mass.

The church was already more than half full, and from every side little groups of peasants were hurrying into the churchyard. The women were all in their bravest attire, with cunning little *fichus* crossed upon their breasts, broad-striped, brightly colored skirts, and large white *coifs*.

Being as economical as they were coquettish, they came barefooted, bringing their shoes in their hands, but put them on reverentially before entering the house of God.

But few of the men entered the church.

They remained outside to talk, seating themselves in the porch, or standing about the yard, in the shade of the century-old elms.

For such was the custom in the hamlet of Sairmeuse.

The two hours which the women consecrated to prayer the men employed in discussing the news, the success or the failure of the crops; and, before the service ended, they could generally be found, glass in hand, in the barroom of the village inn.

For the farmers for a league around, the Sunday mass was only an excuse for a reunion, a sort of weekly bourse.

All the *curés* who had been successively stationed at Sairmeuse had endeavored to put an end to this scandalous habit, as they termed it; but all their efforts had made no impression upon country obstinacy.

They had succeeded in gaining only one concession. At the moment of the elevation of the Host, voices were hushed, heads uncovered, and a few even bowed the knee, and made the sign of the cross.

But this was the affair of an instant only, and conversation was immediately resumed with increased vivacity.

But to-day the usual animation was wanting.

No sounds came from the little knots of men gathered here and there, not an oath, not a laugh. Between buyers and sellers, one did not overhear a single one of those interminable discussions, punctuated with the popular oaths, such as: "By my faith in God!" or "May the devil burn me!"

They were not talking, they were whispering together. A gloomy sadness was visible upon each face; lips were placed cautiously at the listener's ear; anxiety could be read in every eye.

One scented misfortune in the very air.

Only a month had elapsed since Louis XVIII. had been, for the second time, installed in the Tuileries by a triumphant coalition.

The earth had not yet had time to swallow the sea of blood that flowed at Waterloo; twelve hundred thousand foreign soldiers desecrated the soil of France; the Prussian General Muffling was Governor of Paris.

And the peasantry of Sairmeuse trembled with indignation and fear.

This king, brought back by the allies, was no less to be dreaded than the allies themselves.

To them this great name of Bourbon signified only a terrible burden of taxation and oppression.

Above all, it signified ruin—for there was scarcely one among them who had not purchased some morsel of government land; and they were assured now that all estates were to be returned to the former proprietors, who had emigrated after the overthrow of the Bourbons.

Hence, it was with a feverish curiosity that most of them clustered around a young man who, only two days before, had returned from the army.

With tears of rage in his eyes, he was recounting the shame and the misery of the invasion.

He told of the pillage at Versailles, the exactions at Orleans, and the pitiless requisitions that had stripped the people of everything.

"And these accursed foreigners to whom the traitors have delivered us, will not go so long as a shilling or a bottle of wine is left in France!" he exclaimed.

As he said this he shook his clenched fist menacingly at a white flag that floated from the tower.

His generous anger won the close attention of his auditors, and they were still listening to him with undiminished interest, when the sound of a horse's hoofs resounded upon the stones of the only street in Sairmeuse.

A shudder traversed the crowd. The same fear stopped the beating of every heart.

Who could say that this rider was not some English or Prussian officer? He had come, perhaps, to announce the arrival of his regiment, and imperiously demand money, clothing, and food for his soldiers.

But the suspense was not of long duration.

The rider proved to be a fellow countryman, clad in a torn and dirty blue linen blouse. He was urging forward, with repeated blows, a little, bony, nervous mare, covered with foam.

"Ah! it is Father Chupin," murmured one of the peasants, with a sigh of relief.

"The same," observed another. "He seems to be in a terrible hurry."

"The old rascal has probably stolen the horse he is riding."

This last remark disclosed the reputation Father Chupin enjoyed among his neighbors.

He was, indeed, one of those thieves who are the scourge and the terror of the rural districts. He pretended to be a day-laborer, but the truth was, that he held all work in holy horror, and spent all his time in sleeping and idling about his hovel. Hence, stealing was the only means of support for himself, his wife, and two sons—terrible youths, who, somehow, had escaped the conscription.

They consumed nothing that was not stolen. Wheat, wine, fuel, fruits—all were the rightful property of others. Hunting and fishing at all seasons, and with forbidden appliances, furnished them with ready money.

Every one in the neighborhood knew this; and yet when Father Chupin was pursued and captured, as he was occasionally, no witness could be found to testify against him.

"He is a hard case," men said; "and if he had a grudge against any one, he would be quite capable of lying in ambush and shooting him as he would a squirrel."

Meanwhile the rider had drawn rein at the inn of the Bœuf Couronne.

He alighted from his horse, and, crossing the square, approached the church.

He was a large man, about fifty years of age, as gnarled and sinewy as the stem of an old grape-vine. At the first glance one would not have taken him for a scoundrel. His manner was humble, and even gentle; but the restlessness of his eye and the expression of his thin lips betrayed diabolical cunning and the coolest calculation.

At any other time this despised and dreaded individual would have been avoided; but curiosity and anxiety led the crowd toward him.

"Ah, well, Father Chupin!" they cried, as soon as he was within the sound of their voices; "whence do you come in such haste?"

"From the city."

To the inhabitants of Sairmeuse and its environs, "the city" meant the country town of the *arrondissement*, Montaignac, a charming sub-prefecture of eight thousand souls, about four leagues distant.

"And was it at Montaignac that you bought the horse you were riding just now?"

"I did not buy it; it was loaned to me."

This was such a strange assertion that his listeners could not repress a smile. He did not seem to notice it, however.

"It was loaned me," he continued, "in order that I might bring some great news here the quicker."

Fear resumed possession of the peasantry.

"Is the enemy in the city?" anxiously inquired some of the more timid.

"Yes; but not the enemy you refer to. This is the former lord of the manor, the Duc de Sairmeuse."

"Ah! they said he was dead."

"They were mistaken."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, *I* have not seen him, but some one else has seen him for me, and has spoken to him. And this some one is Monsieur Laugeron, the proprietor of the Hôtel de France at Montaignac. I was passing the house this morning, when he called me. 'Here, old man,' he said, 'do you wish to do me a favor?' Naturally I replied: 'Yes.' Whereupon he placed a coin in my hand and said: 'Well! go and tell them to saddle a horse for you, then gallop to Sairmeuse, and tell my friend Lacheneur that the Duc de Sairmeuse arrived here last night in a post-chaise, with his son, Monsieur Martial, and two servants."

Here, in the midst of these peasants, who were listening to him with pale cheeks and set teeth, Father Chupin preserved the subdued mien appropriate to a messenger of misfortune.

But if one had observed him carefully, one would have detected an ironical smile upon his lips and a gleam of malicious joy in his eyes.

He was, in fact, inwardly jubilant. At that moment he had his revenge for all the slights and all the scorn he had been forced to endure. And what a revenge!

And if his words seemed to fall slowly and reluctantly from his lips, it was only because he was trying to prolong the sufferings of his auditors as much as possible.

But a robust young fellow, with an intelligent face, who, perhaps, read Father Chupin's secret heart, bruskly interrupted him:

"What does the presence of the Duc de Sairmeuse at Montaignac matter to us?" he exclaimed. "Let him remain at the Hôtel de France as long as he chooses; we shall not go in search of him."

"No! we shall not go in search of him," echoed the other peasants, approvingly.

The old rogue shook his head with affected commiseration.

"Monsieur le Duc will not put you to that trouble," he replied; "he will be here in less than two hours."

"How do you know?"

"I know it through Monsieur Laugeron, who, when I mounted his horse, said to me: 'Above all, old man, explain to my friend Lacheneur that the duke has ordered horses to be in readiness to convey him to Sairmeuse at eleven o'clock.'"

With a common movement, all the peasants who had watches consulted them.

"And what does he want here?" demanded the same young farmer.

"Pardon! he did not tell me," replied Father Chupin; "but one need not be very cunning to guess. He comes to revisit his former estates, and to take them from those who have purchased them, if possible. From you, Rousselet, he will claim the meadows upon the Oiselle, which always yield two crops; from you, Father Gauchais, the ground upon which the Croix-Brulée stands; from you, Chanlouineau, the vineyards on the Borderie——"

Chanlouineau was the impetuous young man who had interrupted Father Chupin twice already.

"Claim the Borderie!" he exclaimed, with even greater violence; "let him try, and we will see. It was waste land when my father bought it—covered with briers; even a goat could not have found pasture there. We have cleared it of stones, we have scratched up the soil with our very nails, we have watered it with our sweat, and now they would try to take it from us! Ah! they shall have my last drop of blood first!"

"I do not say but——"

"But what? Is it any fault of ours that the nobles fled to foreign lands? We have not stolen their lands, have we? The Government offered them for sale; we bought them, and paid for them; they are lawfully ours."

"That is true; but Monsieur de Sairmeuse is the great friend of the king."

The young soldier, whose voice had aroused the most noble sentiments only a moment before, was forgotten.

Invaded France, the threatening enemy, were alike forgotten. The all-powerful instinct of avarice was suddenly aroused.

"In my opinion," resumed Chanlouineau, "we should do well to consult the Baron d'Escorval."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the peasants; "let us go at once!"

They were starting, when a villager who sometimes read the papers, checked them by saying:

"Take care what you do. Do you not know that since the return of the Bourbons, Monsieur d'Escorval is of no account whatever? Fouché has him upon the proscription list, and he is under the surveillance of the police."

This objection dampened the enthusiasm.

"That is true," murmured some of the older men; "a visit to Monsieur d'Escorval would, perhaps, do us more harm than good. And, besides, what advice could he give us?"

Chanlouineau had forgotten all prudence.

"What of that?" he exclaimed. "If Monsieur d'Escorval has no counsel to give us about this matter, he can, perhaps, teach us how to resist and to defend ourselves."

For some moments Father Chupin had been studying, with an impassive countenance, the storm of anger he had aroused. In his secret heart he experienced the satisfaction of the incendiary at the sight of the flames he has kindled.

Perhaps he already had a presentiment of the infamous part he would play a few months later.

Satisfied with his experiment, he assumed, for the time, the rôle of moderator.

"Wait a little. Do not cry before you are hurt," he exclaimed, in an ironical tone. "Who told you that the Duc de Sairmeuse would trouble you? How much of his former domain do you all own between you? Almost nothing. A few fields and meadows and a hill on the Borderie. All these together did not in former times yield him an income of five thousand francs a year."

"Yet, that is true," replied Chanlouineau; "and if the revenue you mention is quadrupled, it is only because the land is now in the hands of forty proprietors who cultivate it themselves."

"Another reason why the duke will not say a word; he will not wish to set the whole district in commotion. In my opinion, he will dispossess only one of the owners of his former estates, and that is our worthy ex-mayor—Monsieur Lacheneur, in short."

Ah! he knew only too well the egotism of his compatriots. He knew with what complacency and eagerness they would accept an expiatory victim whose sacrifice should be their salvation.

"That is a fact," remarked an old man; "Monsieur Lacheneur owns nearly all the Sairmeuse property."

"Say all, while you are about it," rejoined Father Chupin. "Where does Monsieur Lacheneur live? In that beautiful Château de Sairmeuse whose gable we can see there through the trees. He hunts in the forests which once belonged to the Ducs de Sairmeuse; he fishes in their lakes; he drives the horses which once belonged to them, in the carriages upon which one could now see their coat-of-arms, if it had not been painted out.

"Twenty years ago, Lacheneur was a poor devil like myself; now, he is a grand gentleman with fifty thousand livres a year.

He wears the finest broadcloth and top-boots like the Baron d'Escorval. He no longer works; he makes others work; and when he passes, every one must bow to the earth. If you kill so much as a sparrow upon his lands, as he says, he will cast you into prison. Ah, he has been fortunate. The emperor made him mayor. The Bourbons deprived him of his office; but what does that matter to him? He is still the real master here, as the Sairmeuse were in other days. His son is pursuing his studies in Paris, intending to become a notary. As for his daughter, Mademoiselle Marie-Anne——"

"Not a word against her!" exclaimed Chanlouineau; "if she were mistress, there would not be a poor man in the country; and yet, how some of her pensioners abuse her bounty. Ask your wife if this is not so, Father Chupin."

Undoubtedly the impetuous young man spoke at the peril of his life.

But the wicked old Chupin swallowed this affront which he would never forget, and humbly continued:

"I do not say that Mademoiselle Marie-Anne is not generous; but after all her charitable work she has plenty of money left for her fine dresses and her fallals. I think that Monsieur Lacheneur ought to be very well content, even after he has restored to its former owner one-half or even three-quarters of the property he has acquired—no one can tell how. He would have enough left then to grind the poor under foot."

After his appeal to selfishness, Father Chupin appealed to envy. There could be no doubt of his success.

But he had not time to pursue his advantage. The services were over, and the worshipers were leaving the church.

Soon there appeared upon the porch the man in question, with a young girl of dazzling beauty leaning upon his arm.

Father Chupin walked straight toward him, and bruskly delivered his message.

M. Lacheneur staggered beneath the blow. He turned first so red, then so frightfully pale, that those around him thought he was about to fall.

But he quickly recovered his self-possession, and without a word to the messenger, he walked rapidly away, leading his daughter.

Some minutes later an old post-chaise, drawn by four horses, dashed through the village at a gallop, and paused before the house of the village *curé*.

Then one might have witnessed a singular spectacle.

Father Chupin had gathered his wife and his children together, and the four surrounded the carriage, shouting, with all the power of their lungs:

"Long live the Duc de Sairmeuse!"

CHAPTER II

A GENTLY ascending road, more than two miles in length, shaded by a quadruple row of venerable elms, led from the village to the Château de Sairmeuse.

Nothing could be more beautiful than this avenue, a fit approach to a palace; and the stranger who beheld it could understand the naïvely vain proverb of the country: "He does not know the real beauty of France, who has never seen Sairmeuse nor the Oiselle."

The Oiselle is the little river which one crosses by means of a wooden bridge on leaving the village, and whose clear and rapid waters give a delicious freshness to the valley.

At every step, as one ascends, the view changes. It is as if an enchanting panorama were being slowly unrolled before one.

On the right you can see the saw-mills of Fereol. On the left, like an ocean of verdure, the forest of Dolomien trembles in the breeze. Those imposing ruins on the other side of the river are all that remain of the feudal manor of the house of Breulh. That red brick mansion, with granite trimmings, half concealed by a bend in the river, belongs to the Baron d'Escorval.

And if the day is clear, one can easily distinguish the spires of Montaignac in the distance.

This was the path traversed by M. Lacheneur after Chupin had delivered his message.

But what did he care for the beauties of the landscape!

Upon the church porch he had received his death-wound; and now, with a tottering and dragging step, he dragged himself along like one of those poor soldiers, mortally wounded upon the field of battle, who go back, seeking a ditch or quiet spot where they can lie down and die.

He seemed to have lost all thought of his surroundings—all consciousness of previous events. He pursued his way, lost in his reflections, guided only by force of habit.

Two or three times his daughter, Marie-Anne, who was walking by his side, addressed him; but an "Ah! let me alone!" uttered in a harsh tone, was the only response she could draw from him.

Evidently he had received a terrible blow; and undoubtedly, as often happens under such circumstances, the unfortunate man was reviewing all the different phases of his life.

At twenty Lacheneur was only a poor plowboy in the service of the Sairmeuse family.

His ambition was modest then. When stretched beneath a tree at the hour of noonday rest, his dreams were as simple as those of an infant.

"If I could but amass a hundred pistoles," he thought, "I would ask Father Barrois for the hand of his daughter Martha; and he would not refuse me."

A hundred pistoles! A thousand francs!—an enormous sum for him who, in two years of toil and privation had only laid by eleven louis, which he had placed carefully in a tiny box and hidden in the depths of his straw mattress.

Still he did not despair. He had read in Martha's eyes that she would wait.

And Mlle. Armande de Sairmeuse, a rich old maid, was his godmother; and he thought, if he attacked her adroitly, that he might, perhaps, interest her in his love-affair.

Then the terrible storm of the revolution burst over France.

With the fall of the first thunderbolts, the Duke of Sairmeuse left France with the Count d'Artois. They took refuge in foreign lands as a passer-by seeks shelter in a doorway from a summer shower, saying to himself: "This will not last long."

The storm did last, however; and the following year Mlle. Armande, who had remained at Sairmeuse, died.

The château was then closed, the president of the district took possession of the keys in the name of the government, and the servants were scattered.

Lacheneur took up his residence in Montaignac.

Young, daring, and personally attractive, blessed with an energetic face, and an intelligence far above his station, it was not long before he became well known in the political clubs.

For three months Lacheneur was the tyrant of Montaignac.

But this *métier* of public speaker is by no means lucrative, so the surprize throughout the district was immense, when it was ascertained that the former plowboy had purchased the château, and almost all the land belonging to his old master.

It is true that the nation had sold this princely domain for scarcely a twentieth part of its real value. The appraisement was sixty-nine thousand francs. It was giving the property away.

And yet, it was necessary to have this amount, and Lacheneur possessed it, since he had poured it in a flood of beautiful louis d'or into the hands of the receiver of the district.

From that moment his popularity waned. The patriots who had applauded the plowboy, cursed the capitalist. He discreetly left them to recover from their rage as best they could, and returned to Sairmeuse. There every one bowed low before Citoyen Lacheneur.

Unlike most people, he did not forget his past hopes at the moment when they might be realized.

He married Martha Barrois, and, leaving the country to work out its own salvation without his assistance, he gave his time and attention to agriculture.

Any close observer, in those days, would have felt certain that the man was bewildered by the sudden change in his situation.

His manner was so troubled and anxious that one, to see him, would have supposed him a servant in constant fear of being detected in some indiscretion.

He did not open the château, but installed himself and his young wife in the cottage formerly occupied by the head gamekeeper, near the entrance of the park.

But, little by little, with the habit of possession, came assurance.

The Consulate had succeeded the Directory, the Empire succeeded the Consulate, Citoyen Lacheneur became M. Lacheneur.

Appointed mayor two years later, he left the cottage and took possession of the château.

The former plowboy slumbered in the bed of the Ducs de Sairmeuse; he ate from the massive plate, graven with their coat-of-arms; he received his visitors in the magnificent *salon* in which the Ducs de Sairmeuse had received their friends in years gone by.

To those who had known him in former days, M. Lacheneur had become unrecognizable. He had adapted himself to his lofty station. Blushing at his own ignorance, he had found the courage—wonderful in one of his age—to acquire the education which he lacked.

Then, all his undertakings were successful to such a degree that his good fortune had become proverbial. That he took any part in an enterprise, sufficed to make it turn out well.

His wife had given him two lovely children, a son and a daughter.

His property, managed with a shrewdness and sagacity which the former owners had not possessed, yielded him an income of at least sixty thousand francs.

How many, under similar circumstances, would have lost their heads! But he, M. Lacheneur, had been wise enough to retain his *sang-froid*.

In spite of the princely luxury that surrounded him, his own habits were simple and frugal. He had never had an attendant for his own person. His large income he consecrated almost entirely to the improvement of his estate or to the purchase of more land. And yet he was not avaricious. In all that concerned his wife or children, he did not count the cost. His son, Jean, had been educated in Paris; he wished him to be fitted for any position. Unwilling to consent to a separation from his daughter, he had procured a governess to take charge of her education.

Sometimes his friends accused him of an inordinate ambition for his children; but he always shook his head sadly, as he replied:

"If I can only insure them a modest and comfortable future! But what folly it is to count upon the future. Thirty years ago, who could have foreseen that the Sairmeuse family would be deprived of their estates?"

With such opinions he should have been a good master; he was, but no one thought the better of him on that account. His former comrades could not forgive him for his sudden elevation.

They seldom spoke of him without wishing his ruin in ambiguous words.

Alas! the evil days came. Toward the close of the year 1812, he lost his wife; the disasters of the year 1813 swept away a large portion of his personal fortune, which had been invested in a manufacturing enterprise. Compromised by the first Restoration, he was obliged to conceal himself for a time; and to cap the climax, the conduct of his son, who was still in Paris, caused him serious disquietude.

Only the evening before he had thought himself the most unfortunate of men.

But here was another misfortune menacing him; a misfortune so terrible that all the others were forgotten.

From the day on which he had purchased Sairmeuse to this fatal Sunday in August, 1815, was an interval of twenty years.

Twenty years! And it seemed to him only yesterday that blushing and trembling, he had laid those piles of louis d'or upon the desk of the receiver of the district.

Had he dreamed it?

He had not dreamed it. His entire life, with its struggles and its miseries, its hopes and its fears, its unexpected joys and its blighted hopes, all passed before him.

Lost in these memories, he had quite forgotten the present situation, when a commonplace incident, more powerful than the voice of his daughter, brought him back to the terrible reality.

The gate leading to the Château de Sairmeuse, to *his* château, was found to be locked.

He shook it with a sort of rage; and, being unable to break the fastening, he found some relief in breaking the bell.

On hearing the noise, the gardener came running to the scene of action.

"Why is this gate closed?" demanded M. Lacheneur, with unwonted violence of manner. "By what right do you barricade my house when I, the master, am without?"

The gardener tried to make some excuse.

"Hold your tongue!" interrupted M. Lacheneur. "I dismiss you; you are no longer in my service."

He passed on, leaving the gardener petrified with astonishment, crossed the court-yard—a court-yard worthy of the mansion, bordered with velvet turf, with flowers, and with dense shrubbery.

In the vestibule, inlaid with marble, three of his tenants sat awaiting him, for it was on Sunday that he always received the workmen who desired to confer with him.

They rose at his approach, and removed their hats deferentially. But he did not give them time to utter a word.

"Who permitted you to enter here?" he said, savagely, "and what do you desire? They sent you to play the spy on me, did they? Leave, I tell you!"

The three farmers were even more bewildered and dismayed than the gardener had been, and their remarks must have been interesting.

But M. Lacheneur could not hear them. He had opened the door of the grand *salon*, and dashed in, followed by his frightened daughter.

Never had Marie-Anne seen her father in such a mood; and she trembled, her heart torn by the most frightful presentiments.

She had heard it said that oftentimes, under the influence of some dire calamity, unfortunate men have suddenly lost their reason entirely; and she was wondering if her father had become insane.

It would seem, indeed, that such was the case. His eyes flashed, convulsive shudders shook his whole body, a white foam gathered on his lips.

He made the circuit of the room as a wild beast makes the circuit of his cage, uttering harsh imprecations and making frenzied gestures.

His actions were strange, incomprehensible. Sometimes he seemed to be trying the thickness of the carpet with the toe of his boot; sometimes he threw himself upon a sofa or a chair, as if to test its softness.

Occasionally, he paused abruptly before some one of the valuable pictures that covered the walls, or before a bronze. One might have supposed that he was taking an inventory, and appraising all the magnificent and costly articles which decorated this apartment, the most sumptuous in the château.

"And I must renounce all this!" he exclaimed, at last.

These words explained everything.

"No, never!" he resumed, in a transport of rage; "never! never! I cannot! I will not!"

Now Marie-Anne understood it all. But what was passing in her father's mind? She wished to know; and, leaving the low chair in which she had been seated, she went to her father's side.

"Are you ill, father?" she asked, in her sweet voice; "what is the matter? What do you fear? Why do you not confide in me? Am I not your daughter? Do you no longer love me?"

At the sound of this dear voice, M. Lacheneur trembled like a sleeper suddenly aroused from the terrors of a nightmare, and he cast an indescribable glance upon his daughter.

"Did you not hear what Chupin said to me?" he replied, slowly. "The Duc de Sairmeuse is at Montaignac; he will soon be here; and we are dwelling in the château of his fathers, and his domain has become ours!"

The vexed question regarding the national lands, which agitated France for thirty years, Marie understood, for she had heard it discussed a thousand times.

"Ah, well, dear father," said she, "what does that matter, even if we do hold the property? You have bought it and paid for it, have you not? So it is rightfully and lawfully ours."

M. Lacheneur hesitated a moment before replying.

But his secret suffocated him. He was in one of those crises in which a man, however strong he may be, totters and seeks some support, however fragile.

"You would be right, my daughter," he murmured, with drooping head, "if the money that I gave in exchange for Sairmeuse had really belonged to me."

At this strange avowal the young girl turned pale and recoiled a step.

"What?" she faltered; "this gold was not yours, my father? To whom did it belong? From whence did it come?"

The unhappy man had gone too far to retract.

"I will tell you all, my daughter," he replied, "and you shall judge. You shall decide. When the Sairmeuse family fled from France, I had only my hands to depend upon, and as it was almost impossible to obtain work, I wondered if starvation were not near at hand.

"Such was my condition when someone came after me one evening to tell me that Mademoiselle Armande de Sairmeuse, my godmother, was dying, and wished to speak with me. I ran to the château.

"The messenger had told the truth. Mademoiselle Armande was sick unto death. I felt this on seeing her upon her bed, whiter than wax.

"Ah! if I were to live a hundred years, never should I forget her face as it looked at that moment. It was expressive of a strength of will and an energy that would hold death at bay until the task upon which she had determined was performed.

"When I entered the room I saw a look of relief appear upon her countenance.

"'How long you were in coming!' she murmured faintly.

"I was about to make some excuse, when she motioned me to pause, and ordered the women who surrounded her to leave the room.

"As soon as we were alone:

"'You are an honest boy,' said she, 'and I am about to give you a proof of my confidence. People believe me to be poor, but they are mistaken. While my relatives were gaily ruining themselves, I was saving the five hundred louis which the duke, my brother, gave me each year.'

"She motioned me to come nearer, and to kneel beside her bed.

"I obeyed, and Mademoiselle Armande leaned toward me, almost glued her lips to my ear, and added:

"'I possess eighty thousand francs.'

"I felt a sudden giddiness, but my godmother did not notice it.

"'This amount,' she continued, 'is not a quarter part of the former income from our family estates. But now, who knows but it will, one day, be the only resource of the Sairmeuse? I am going to place it in your charge, Lacheneur. I confide it to your honor and to your devotion. The estates belonging to the emigrants are to be sold, I hear. If such an act of injustice is committed, you will probably be able to purchase our property for seventy thousand francs. If the property is sold by the government, purchase it; if the lands belonging to the emigrants are not sold, take that amount to the duke, my brother, who is with the Count d'Artois. The surplus, that is to say, the ten thousand francs remaining, I give to you—they are yours.'

"She seemed to recover her strength. She raised herself in bed, and, holding the crucifix attached to her rosary to my lips, she said:

"'Swear by the image of our Saviour, that you will faithfully execute the last will of your dying godmother.'

"I took the required oath, and an expression of satisfaction overspread her features.

"'That is well,' she said; 'I shall die content. You will have a protector on high. But this is not all. In times like these in which we live, this gold will not be safe in your hands unless those about you are ignorant that you possess it. I have been endeavoring to discover some way by which you could remove it from my room, and from the château, without the knowledge of anyone; and I have found a way. The gold is here in this cupboard, at the head of my bed, in a stout oaken chest. You must find strength to move the chest—you must. You can fasten a sheet around it, and let it down gently from the window into the garden. You will then leave the house as you entered it, and as soon as you are outside, you must take the chest and carry it to your home. The night is very dark, and no one will see you, if you are careful. But make haste; my strength is nearly gone.'

"The chest was heavy, but I was very strong.

"In less than ten minutes the task of removing the chest from the château was accomplished, without a single sound that would betray us. As I closed the window, I said:

"'It is done, godmother.'

"'God be praised!' she whispered; 'Sairmeuse is saved!'

"I heard a deep sigh. I turned; she was dead."

This scene that M. Lacheneur was relating rose vividly before him.

To feign, to disguise the truth, or to conceal any portion of it was an impossibility.

He forgot himself and his daughter; he thought only of the dead woman, of Mlle. Armande de Sairmeuse.

And he shuddered on pronouncing the words: "She was dead." It seemed to him that she was about to speak, and to insist upon the fulfilment of his pledge.

After a moment's silence, he resumed, in a hollow voice:

"I called for aid; it came. Mademoiselle Armande was adored by everyone; there was great lamentation, and a half hour of indescribable confusion followed her death. I was able to withdraw, unnoticed, to run into the garden, and to carry away the oaken chest. An hour later, it was concealed in the miserable hovel in which I dwelt. The following year I purchased Sairmeuse."

He had confessed all; and he paused, trembling, trying to read his sentence in the eyes of his daughter.

"And can you hesitate?" she demanded.

"Ah! you do not know——"

"I know that Sairmeuse must be given up."

This was the decree of his own conscience, that faint voice which speaks only in a whisper, but which all the tumult on earth cannot overpower.

"No one saw me take away the chest," he faltered. "If anyone suspected it, there is not a single proof against me. But no one does suspect it."

Marie-Anne rose; her eyes flashed with generous indignation.

"My father!" she exclaimed; "oh! my father!"

Then, in a calmer tone, she added:

"If others know nothing of this, can *you* forget it?"

M. Lacheneur appeared almost ready to succumb to the torture of the terrible conflict raging in his soul.

"Return!" he exclaimed. "What shall I return? That which I have received? So be it. I consent. I will give the duke the eighty thousand francs; to this amount I will add the interest on this sum since I have had it, and—we shall be free of all obligation."

The girl sadly shook her head.

"Why do you resort to subterfuges which are so unworthy of you?" she asked, gently. "You know perfectly well that it was Sairmeuse which Mademoiselle Armande intended to intrust to the servant of her house. And it is Sairmeuse which must be returned."

The word "servant" was revolting to a man, who, at least, while the empire endured, had been a power in the land.

"Ah! you are cruel, my daughter," he said, with intense bitterness; "as cruel as a child who has never suffered—as cruel as one who, having never himself been tempted, is without mercy for those who have yielded to temptation.

"It is one of those acts which God alone can judge, since God alone can read the depths of one's secret soul.

"I am only a depositary, you tell me. It was, indeed, in this light that I formerly regarded myself.

"If your poor sainted mother was still alive, she would tell you the anxiety and anguish I felt on being made the master of riches which were not mine. I trembled lest I should yield to their seductions; I was afraid of myself. I felt as a gambler might feel who had the winnings of others confided to his care; as a drunkard might feel who had been placed in charge of a quantity of the most delicious wines.

"Your mother would tell you that I moved heaven and earth to find the Duc de Sairmeuse. But he had left the Count d'Artois, and no one knew where he had gone or what had become of him. Ten years passed before I could make up my mind to inhabit the château—yes, ten years—during which I had the furniture dusted each morning as if the master was to return that evening.

"At last I ventured. I had heard Monsieur d'Escorval declare that the duke had been killed in battle. I took up my abode here. And from day to day, in proportion as the domain of Sairmeuse became more beautiful and extensive beneath my care, I felt myself more and more its rightful owner."

But this despairing pleading in behalf of a bad cause produced no impression upon Marie-Anne's loyal heart.

"Restitution must be made," she repeated.

M. Lacheneur wrung his hands.

"Implacable!" he exclaimed; "she is implacable. Unfortunate girl! does she not understand that it is for her sake I wish to remain where I am? I am old, and I am familiar with toil and poverty; idleness has not removed the callosities from my hands. What do I require to keep me alive until the day comes for me to take my place in the graveyard? A crust of bread and an onion in the morning, a porringer of soup in the evening, and for the night a bundle of straw. I could easily earn that. But you, unhappy child! and your brother, what will become of you?"

"We must not discuss nor haggle with duty, my father. I think, however, that you are needlessly alarmed. I believe the duke is too noble-hearted ever to allow you to suffer want after the immense service you have rendered him."

The old servitor of the house of Sairmeuse laughed a loud, bitter laugh.

"You believe that!" said he; "then you do not know the nobles who have been our masters for ages. 'A., you are a worthy fellow!'—very coldly said—will be the only recompense I shall receive; and you will see us, me, at my plough; you, out at service. And if I venture to speak of the ten thousand francs that were given me, I shall be treated as an impostor, as an impudent fool. By the holy name of God this shall not be!"

"Oh, my father!"

"No! this shall not be. And I realize—as you cannot realize—the disgrace of such a fall. You think you are beloved in Sairmeuse? You are mistaken. We have been too fortunate not to be the victims of hatred and jealousy. If I fall to-morrow, you will see all who kissed your hands to-day fall upon you to tear you to pieces!"

His eye glittered; he believed he had found a victorious argument.

"And then you, yourself, will realize the horror of the disgrace. It will cost you the deadly anguish of a separation from him whom your heart has chosen."

He had spoken truly, for Marie-Anne's beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"If what you say proves true, father," she murmured, in an altered voice, "I may, perhaps, die of sorrow; but I cannot fail to realize that my confidence and my love has been misplaced."

"And you still insist upon my returning Sairmeuse to its former owner?"

"Honor speaks, my father."

M. Lacheneur made the arm-chair in which he was seated tremble by a violent blow of his fist.

"And if *I* am just as obstinate," he exclaimed—"if I keep the property—what will you do?"

"I shall say to myself, father, that honest poverty is better than stolen wealth. I shall leave this château, which belongs to the Duc de Sairmeuse, and I shall seek a situation as a servant in the neighborhood."

M. Lacheneur sank back in his arm-chair sobbing. He knew his daughter's nature well enough to be assured that what she said, that she would do.

But he was conquered; his daughter had won the battle. He had decided to make the heroic sacrifice.

"I will relinquish Sairmeuse," he faltered, "come what may——"

He paused suddenly; a visitor was entering the room.

It was a young man about twenty years of age, of distinguished appearance, but with a rather melancholy and gentle manner.

His eyes when he entered the apartment encountered those of Marie-Anne; he blushed slightly, and the girl half turned away, crimsoning to the roots of her hair.

"Monsieur," said the young man, "my father sends me to inform you that the Duc of Sairmeuse and his son have just arrived. They have asked the hospitality of our *curé*."

M. Lacheneur rose, unable to conceal his frightful agitation.

"You will thank the Baron d'Escorval for his attention, my dear Maurice," he responded. "I shall have the honor of seeing him to-day, after a very momentous step which we are about to take, my daughter and I."

Young D'Escorval had seen, at the first glance, that his presence was inopportune, so he remained only a few moments.

But as he was taking leave, Marie-Anne found time to say, in a low voice:

"I think I know your heart, Maurice; this evening I shall know it certainly."

CHAPTER III

Few of the inhabitants of Sairmeuse knew, except by name, the terrible duke whose arrival had thrown the whole village into commotion.

Some of the oldest residents had a faint recollection of having seen him long ago, before '89 indeed, when he came to visit his aunt, Mademoiselle Armande.

His duties, then, had seldom permitted him to leave the court.

If he had given no sign of life during the empire, it was because he had not been compelled to submit to the humiliations and suffering which so many of the emigrants were obliged to endure in their exile.

On the contrary, he had received, in exchange for the wealth of which he had been deprived by the revolution, a princely fortune.

Taking refuge in London after the defeat of the army of Condé, he had been so fortunate as to please the only daughter of Lord Holland, one of the richest peers in England, and he had married her.

She possessed a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, more than six million francs.

Still the marriage was not a happy one. The chosen companion of the dissipated and licentious Count d'Artois was not likely to prove a very good husband.

The young duchess was contemplating a separation when she died, in giving birth to a boy, who was baptized under the names of Anne-Marie-Martial.

The loss of his wife did not render the Duc de Sairmeuse inconsolable.

He was free and richer than he had ever been.

As soon as *les convenances* permitted, he confided his son to the care of a relative of his wife, and began his roving life again.

Rumor had told the truth. He had fought, and that furiously, against France in the Austrian, and then in the Russian ranks.

And he took no pains to conceal the fact; convinced that he had only performed his duty. He considered that he had honestly and loyally gained the rank of general which the Emperor of all the Russias had bestowed upon him.

He had not returned to France during the first Restoration; but his absence had been involuntary. His father-in-law, Lord Holland, had just died, and the duke was detained in London by business connected with his son's immense inheritance.

Then followed the "Hundred Days." They exasperated him.

But "the good cause," as he styled it, having triumphed anew, he hastened to France.

Alas! Lacheneur judged the character of his former master correctly, when he resisted the entreaties of his daughter. This man, who had been compelled to conceal himself during the first Restoration, knew only too well, that the returned *émigrés* had learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

The Duc de Sairmeuse was no exception to the rule.

He thought, and nothing could be more

sadly absurd, that a mere act of authority would suffice to suppress forever all the events of the Revolution and of the empire.

When he said: "I do not admit that!" he firmly believed that there was nothing more to be said; that controversy was ended; and that what *had* been was as if it had never been.

If some, who had seen Louis XVII at the helm in 1814, assured the duke that France had changed in many respects since 1789, he responded with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Nonsense! As soon as we assert ourselves, all these rascals, whose rebellion alarms you, will quietly sink out of sight."

Such was really his opinion.

On the way from Montaignac to Sairmeuse, the duke, comfortably ensconced in his berlin, unfolded his theories for the benefit of his son.

"The King has been poorly advised," he said, in conclusion. "Besides, I am disposed to believe that he inclines too much to Jacobinism. If he would listen to my advice, he would make use of the twelve hundred thousand soldiers which our friends have placed at his disposal, to bring his subjects to a sense of their duty. Twelve hundred thousand bayonets have far more eloquence than the articles of a charter."

He continued his remarks on this subject until the carriage approached Sairmeuse.

Though but little given to sentiment, he was really affected by the sight of the country in which he was born—where he had played as a child, and of which he had heard nothing since the death of his aunt.

Everything was changed: still the outlines of the landscape remained the same; the valley of the Oiselle was as bright and laughing as in days gone by.

"I recognize it!" he exclaimed, with a delight that made him forget politics. "I recognize it!"

Soon the changes became more striking. The carriage entered Sairmeuse, and rattled over the stones of the only street in the village.

This street, in former years, had been unpaved, and had always been rendered impassable by wet weather.

"Ah, ha!" murmured the duke, "this is an improvement!"

It was not long before he noticed others. The dilapidated, thatched hovels had given place to pretty and comfortable white cottages with green blinds, and a vine hanging gracefully over the door.

As the carriage passed the public square in front of the church, Martial observed the groups of peasants who were still talking there.

"What do you think of all these peasants?" he inquired of his father. "Do they have the appearance of people who are preparing a triumphal reception for their old masters?"

M. de Sairmeuse shrugged his shoulders. He was not the man to renounce an illusion for such a trifle.

"They do not know that I am in this post-chaise," he replied. "When they know——"

Shouts of "Vive Monsieur le Duc de Sairmeuse!" interrupted him.

"Do you hear that, Marquis?" he exclaimed.

And pleased by these cries that proved him in the right, he leaned from the carriage-window, waving his hand to the honest Chupin family, who were running after the vehicle with noisy shouts.

The old rascal, his wife, and his children, all possessed powerful voices; and it was not strange that the duke believed the whole village was welcoming him. He was convinced of it; and when the berlin stopped before the house of the *curé*, M. de Sairmeuse was persuaded that the *prestige* of the nobility was greater than ever.

Upon the threshold of the parsonage, Bibiaine, the old housekeeper, was standing. She knew who these guests must be, for the *curé's* servants always know what is going on.

"Monsieur has not yet returned from church," she said, in response to the duke's inquiry; "but if the gentlemen wish to wait, it will not be long before he comes, for the poor, dear man has not breakfasted yet."

"Let us go in," the duke said to his son.

And guided by the housekeeper, they entered a sort of drawing-room, where the table was spread.

M. de Sairmeuse took an inventory of the apartment in a single glance. The habits of a house reveal those of its master. This was clean, poor, and bare. The walls were whitewashed; a dozen chairs composed the entire furniture; upon the table, laid with monastic simplicity, were only tin dishes.

This was either the abode of an ambitious man or a saint.

"Will these gentlemen take any refreshments?" inquired Bibiaine.

"Upon my word," replied Martial, "I must confess that the drive has whetted my appetite amazingly."

"Blessed Jesus!" exclaimed the old housekeeper, in evident despair. "What am I to do? I, who have nothing! That is to say—yes—I have an old hen left in the coop. Give me time to wring its neck, to pick it, and clean it——"

She paused to listen, and they heard a step in the passage.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "here is Monsieur le Curé now!"

The son of a poor farmer in the environs of Montaignac, he owed his Latin and tonsure to the privations of his family.

Tall, angular, and solemn, he was as cold and impassive as the stones of his church.

By what immense efforts of will, at the cost of what torture, had he made himself what he was? One could form some idea of the terrible restraint to which he had subjected himself by looking at his eyes, which occasionally emitted the lightnings of an impassioned soul.

Was he old or young? The most subtle observer would have hesitated to say on seeing his pallid and emaciated face, cut in two by an immense nose—a real eagle's beak—as thin as the edge of a razor.

He wore a white cassock, which had been patched and darned in numberless places, but which was a marvel of cleanliness, and which hung about his tall, attenuated body like the sails of a disabled vessel.

He was known as the Abbé Midon.

At the sight of the two strangers seated in his drawing-room, he manifested some slight surprise.

The carriage standing before the door had announced the presence of a visitor; but he had expected to find one of his parishioners.

No one had warned him or the sacristan, and he was wondering with whom he had to deal, and what they desired of him.

Mechanically, he turned to Bibiaine, but the old servant had taken flight.

The duke understood his host's astonishment.

"Upon my word, Abbé!" he said, with the impertinent ease of a *grand seigneur* who makes himself at home everywhere, "we have taken your house by storm, and hold the position, as you see. I am the Duc de Sairmeuse, and this is my son, the Marquis."

The priest bowed, but he did not seem very greatly impressed by the exalted rank of his guests.

"It is a great honor for me," he replied, in a more than reserved tone, "to receive a visit from the former master of this place."

He emphasized this word "former" in such a manner that it was impossible to doubt his sentiments and his opinions.

"Unfortunately," he continued, "you will not find here the comforts to which you are accustomed, and I fear——"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the duke. "An old soldier is not fastidious, and what suffices for you, Monsieur Abbé, will suffice for us. And rest assured that we shall amply repay you in one way or another for any inconvenience we may cause you."

The priest's eye flashed. This want of tact, this disagreeable familiarity, this last insulting remark, kindled the anger of the man concealed beneath the priest.

"Besides," added Martial, gayly, "we have been vastly amused by Bibiaine's anxieties, we already know that there is a chicken in the coop——"

"That is to say there was one, Monsieur le Marquis."

The old housekeeper, who suddenly reappeared, explained her master's response. She seemed overwhelmed with despair.

"Blessed Virgin! Monsieur, what shall I do?" she clamored. "The chicken has disappeared. Someone has certainly stolen it, for the coop is securely closed!"

"Do not accuse your neighbor hastily," interrupted the *curé;* "no one has stolen it from us. Bertrande was here this morning to ask alms in the name of her sick daughter. I had no money, and I gave her this fowl that she might make a good *bouillon* for the sick girl."

This explanation changed Bibiaine's consternation to fury.

Planting herself in the center of the room, one hand upon her hip, and gesticulating wildly with the other, she exclaimed, pointing to her master:

"That is just the sort of man he is; he has less sense than a baby! Any miserable peasant who meets him can make him believe anything he wishes. Any great falsehood brings tears to his eyes, and then they can do what they like with him. In that way they take the very shoes off his feet and the bread from his mouth. Bertrande's daughter, messieurs, is no more ill than you or I!"

"Enough," said the priest, sternly, "enough." Then, knowing by experience that his voice had not the power to check her flood of reproaches, he took her by the arm and led her out into the passage.

M. de Sairmeuse and his son exchanged a glance of consternation.

Was this a comedy that had been prepared for their benefit? Evidently not, since their arrival had not been expected.

But the priest, whose character had been so plainly revealed by this quarrel with his domestic, was not a man to their taste.

At least, he was evidently not the man they had hoped to find—not the auxiliary whose assistance was indispensable to the success of their plans.

Yet they did not exchange a word; they listened.

They heard the sound as of a discussion in the passage. The master spoke in low tones, but with an unmistakable accent of command; the servant uttered an astonished exclamation.

But the listeners could not distinguish a word.

Soon the priest reentered the apartment.

"I hope, gentlemen," he said, with a dignity that could not fail to check any attempt at raillery, "that you will excuse this ridiculous scene. The *curé* of Sairmeuse, thank God! is not so poor as she says."

Neither the duke nor Martial made any response.

Even their remarkable assurance was very sensibly diminished; and M. de Sairmeuse deemed it advisable to change the subject.

This he did, by relating the events which he had just witnessed in Paris, and by insisting that His Majesty, Louis XVIII, had been welcomed with enthusiasm and transports of affection.

Fortunately, the old housekeeper interrupted this recital.

She entered, loaded with china, silver, and bottles, and behind her came a large man in a white apron, bearing three or four covered dishes in his hands.

It was the order to go and obtain this repast from the village inn which had drawn from Bibiaine so many exclamations of wonder and dismay in the passage.

A moment later the *curé* and his guests took their places at the table.

Had the much-lamented chicken constituted the dinner the rations would have been "short." This the worthy woman was obliged to confess, on seeing the terrible appetite evinced by M. de Sairmeuse and his son.

"One would have sworn that they had eaten nothing for a fortnight," she told her friends, the next day.

Abbé Midon was not hungry, though it was two o'clock, and he had eaten nothing since the previous evening.

The sudden arrival of the former masters of Sairmeuse filled his heart with gloomy forebodings. Their coming, he believed, presaged the greatest misfortunes.

So while he played with his knife and fork, pretending to eat, he was really occupied in watching his guests, and in studying them with all the penetration of a priest, which, by the way, is generally far superior to that of a physician or of a magistrate.

The Duc de Sairmeuse was fifty-seven, but looked considerably younger.

The storms of his youth, the dissipation of his riper years, the great excesses of every kind in which he had indulged, had not impaired his iron constitution in the least.

Of herculean build, he was extremely proud of his strength, and of his hands, which were well-formed, but large, firmly knit and powerful, such hands as rightly belonged to a gentleman whose ancestors had given many a crushing blow with ponderous battle-axe in the crusades.

His face revealed his character. He possessed all the graces and all the vices of a courtier.

He was, at the same time *spirituel* and ignorant, skeptical and violently imbued with the prejudices of his class.

Though less robust than his father, Martial was a no less distinguished-looking cavalier. It was not strange that women raved over his blue eyes, and the beautiful blond hair which he inherited from his mother.

To his father he owed energy, courage, and, it must also be added, perversity. But he was his superior in education and in intellect. If he shared his father's prejudices, he had not adopted them without weighing them carefully. What the father might do in a moment of excitement, the son was capable of doing in cold blood.

It was thus that the *abbé*, with rare sagacity, read the character of his guests.

So it was with great sorrow, but without surprise, that he heard the duke advance, on the questions of the day, the impossible ideas shared by nearly all the *émigrés*.

Knowing the condition of the country, and the state of public opinion, the *curé* endeavored to convince the obstinate man of his mistake; but upon this subject the duke would not permit contradiction, or even raillery; and he was fast losing his temper, when Bibiaine appeared at the parlor door.

"Monsieur le Duc," said she, "Monsieur Lacheneur and his daughter are without and desire to speak to you."

CHAPTER IV

THIS name Lacheneur awakened no recollection in the mind of the duke.

First, he had never lived at Sairmeuse. And even if he had, what courtier of the *ancien régime* ever troubled himself about the individual names of the peasants, whom he regarded with such profound indifference?

When a *grand seigneur* addressed these people, he said: "Halloo! hi, there! friend, my worthy fellow!"

So it was with the air of a man who is making an effort of memory that the Duc de Sairmeuse repeated:

"Lacheneur—Monsieur Lacheneur——"

But Martial, a closer observer than his father, had noticed that the priest's glance wavered at the sound of this name.

"Who is this person, Abbé?" demanded the duke, lightly.

"Monsieur Lacheneur," replied the priest with very evident hesitation, "is the present owner of the Château de Sairmeuse."

Martial, the precocious diplomat, could not repress a smile on hearing this response, which he had foreseen. But the duke bounded from his chair.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is the rascal who has had the impudence— Let him come in, old woman, let him come in."

Bibiaine retired, and the priest's uneasiness increased.

"Permit me, Monsieur le Duc," he said, hastily, "to remark that Monsieur Lacheneur exercises a great influence in this region —to offend him would be impolitic——"

"I understand—you advise me to be conciliatory. Such sentiments are purely Jacobin. If His Majesty listens to the advice of such as you, all these sales of confiscated estates will be ratified. Zounds! our interests are the same. If the Revolution has deprived the nobility of their property, it has also impoverished the clergy."

"The possessions of a priest are not of this world, Monsieur," said the *curé*, coldly.

M. de Sairmeuse was about to make some impertinent response, when M. Lacheneur appeared, followed by his daughter.

The wretched man was ghastly pale, great drops of perspiration stood out upon his temples, his restless, haggard eyes revealed his distress of mind.

Marie-Anne was as pale as her father, but her attitude and the light that burned in her eyes told of invincible energy and determination.

"Ah, well! friend," said the duke, "so we are the owner of Sairmeuse, it seems."

This was said with such a careless insolence of manner that the *curé* blushed that they should thus treat, in his own house, a man whom he considered his equal.

He rose and offered the visitors chairs.

"Will you take a seat, dear Monsieur Lacheneur?" said he, with a politeness intended as a lesson for the duke; "and you, also, Mademoiselle, do me the honor——"

But the father and the daughter both refused the proffered civility with a motion of the head.

"Monsieur le Duc," continued Lacheneur, "I am an old servant of your house——"

"Ah! indeed!"

"Mademoiselle Armande, your aunt, accorded my poor mother the honor of acting as my godmother——"

"Ah, yes," interrupted the duke. "I remember you now. Our family has shown great goodness to you and yours. And it was to prove your gratitude, probably, that you made haste to purchase our estate!"

The former ploughboy was of humble origin, but his heart and his character had developed with his fortunes; he understood his own worth.

Much as he was disliked, and even detested, by his neighbors, everyone respected him.

And here was a man who treated him with undisguised scorn. Why? By what right?

Indignant at the outrage, he made a movement as if to retire.

No one, save his daughter, knew the truth; he had only to keep silence and Sairmeuse remained his.

Yes, he had still the power to keep Sairmeuse, and he knew it, for he did not share the fears of the ignorant rustics. He was too well informed not to be able to distinguish between the hopes of the *émigrés* and the possible. He knew that an abyss separated the dream from the reality.

A beseeching word uttered in a low tone by his daughter, made him turn again to the duke.

"If I purchased Sairmeuse," he answered, in a voice husky with emotion, "it was in obedience to the command of your dying aunt, and with the money which she gave me for that purpose. If you see me here, it is only because I come to restore to you the deposit confided to my keeping."

Anyone not belonging to that class of spoiled fools which surround a throne would have been deeply touched.

But the duke thought this grand act of honesty and of generosity the most simple and natural thing in the world.

"That is very well, so far as the principal is concerned," said he. "Let us speak now of the interest. Sairmeuse, if I remember rightly, yielded an average income of one thousand louis per year. These revenues, well invested, should have amounted to a very considerable amount. Where is this?"

This claim, thus advanced and at such a moment, was so outrageous, that Martial disgusted, made a sign to his father, which the latter did not see.

But the *curé* hoping to recall the extortioner to something like a sense of shame, exclaimed:

"Monsieur le Duc! Oh, Monsieur le Duc!"

Lacheneur shrugged his shoulders with an air of resignation.

"The income I have used for my own living expenses, and in educating my children; but most of it has been expended in improving the estate, which to-day yields an income twice as large as in former years."

"That is to say, for twenty years, Monsieur Lacheneur has played the part of lord of the manor. A delightful comedy. You are rich now, I suppose."

"I possess nothing. But I hope you will allow me to take ten thousand francs, which your aunt gave to me."

"Ah! she gave you ten thousand francs? And when?"

"On the same evening that she gave me the eighty thousand francs intended for the purchase of the estate."

"Perfect! What proof can you furnish that she gave you this sum?"

Lacheneur stood motionless and speechless. He tried to reply, but he could not. If he opened his lips it would only be to pour forth a torrent of menaces, insults, and invectives.

Marie-Anne stepped quickly forward.

"The proof, Monsieur," said she, in a clear, ringing voice, "is the word of this man, who, of his own free will, comes to return to you—to give you a fortune."

As she sprang forward her beautiful dark hair escaped from its confinement, the rich blood crimsoned her cheeks, her dark eyes flashed brilliantly, and sorrow, anger, horror at the humiliation, imparted a sublime expression to her face.

She was so beautiful that Martial regarded her with wonder.

"Lovely!" he murmured, in English; "beautiful as an angel!"

These words, which she understood, abashed Marie-Anne. But she had said enough; her father felt that he was avenged.

He drew from his pocket a roll of papers, and throwing them upon the table:

"Here are your titles," he said, addressing the duke in a tone full of implacable hatred. "Keep the legacy that your aunt gave me, I wish nothing of yours. I shall never set foot in Sairmeuse again. Penniless I entered it, penniless I will leave it!"

He quitted the room with head proudly erect, and when they were outside he said but one word to his daughter:

"Well!"

"You have done your duty," she replied; "it is those who have not done it, who are to be pitied!"

She had no opportunity to say more. Martial came running after them, anxious for another chance of seeing this young girl whose beauty had made such an impression upon him.

"I hastened after you," he said, addressing Marie-Anne, rather than M. Lacheneur, "to reassure you. All this will be arranged, Mademoiselle. Eyes so beautiful as yours should never know tears. I will be your advocate with my father——"

"Mademoiselle Lacheneur has no need of an advocate!" a harsh voice interrupted.

Martial turned, and saw the young man, who, that morning, went to warn M. Lacheneur of the duke's arrival.

"I am the Marquis de Sairmeuse," he said, insolently.

"And I," said the other, quietly, "am Maurice d'Escorval."

They surveyed each other for a moment; each expecting, perhaps, an insult from the other. Instinctively, they felt that they were to be enemies; and the bitterest animosity spoke in the glances they exchanged. Perhaps they felt a presentiment that they were to be champions of two different principles, as well as rivals.

Martial, remembering his father, yielded.

"We shall meet again, Monsieur d'Escorval," he said, as he retired. At this threat, Maurice shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"You had better not desire it."

(To be continued)

Leviathan

Collected by HERMAN MELVILLE

Yours truly

Herman Melville

(SUPPLIED BY A SUB-SUB-LIBRARIAN.)

[*It will be seen that this mere painstaking burrower and grubworm of a poor devil of a Sub-Sub appears to have gone through the long Vaticans and street-stalls of the earth, picking up whatever random allusions to whales he could anyways find in any book whatsoever, sacred or profane. Therefore you must not, in every case, at least, take the higgledy-piggledy whale statements, however authentic, in these extracts, for veritable gospel cetology. Far from it. As touching the ancient authors generally, as well as the poets here appearing, these extracts are solely valuable or entertaining, as affording a glancing bird's-eye view of what has been promiscuously said, thought, fancied, and sung of Leviathan, by many nations and generations, including our own.*

So fare thee well, poor devil of a Sub-Sub, whose commentator I am. Thou belongest to that hopeless, sallow tribe which no wine of this world will ever warm; and for whom even Pale Sherry would be too rosy strong; but with whom one sometimes loves to sit, and feel poor devilish, too; and grow convivial upon tears; and say to them bluntly, with full eyes and empty glasses, and in not altogether unpleasant sadness—Give it up, Sub-Subs! For by how much the more pains ye take to please the world, by so much the more shall ye for ever go thankless! Would that I could clear out Hampton Court and the Tuileries for ye! But gulp down your tears and hie aloft to the royal-mast with your hearts; for your friends who have gone before are clearing out the seven-storied heavens, and making refugees of long-pampered Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael, against your coming. Here ye strike but splintered hearts together—there, ye shall strike unsplinterable glasses!—H. M.]

"And God created great whales." *Genesis.*

"Leviathan maketh a path to shine after him;
One would think the deep to be hoary." *Job.*

"Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah." *Jonah.*

"There go the ships; there is that Leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein."
Psalms.

"In that day, the Lord with his sore, and great, and strong sword, shall punish Leviathan the piercing serpent, even Leviathan that crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea." *Isaiah.*

"And what thing soever besides cometh within the chaos of this monster's mouth, be it beast, boat, or stone, down it goes all incontinently that foul great swallow of his, and perisheth in the bottomless gulf of his paunch." HOLLAND'S *Plutarch's Morals.*

"The Indian Sea breedeth the most and the biggest fishes that are: among which the Whales and Whirlpooles called Balæne, take up as much in length as four acres or arpens of land." HOLLAND'S *Pliny.*

"Scarcely had we proceeded two days on the sea, when about sunrise a great many Whales and other monsters of the sea, appeared. Among the former, one was of a most monstrous size. . . . This came toward us, open-mouthed, raising the waves on all sides, and beating the sea before him into a foam." TOOKE'S *Lucian*, "*The True History.*"

"He visited this country also with a view of catching horsewhales, which had bones of very great value for their teeth, of which he brought some to the king. . . . The best whales were catched in his own country, of which some were forty-eight, some fifty yards long. He said that he was one of six who had killed sixty in two days."
Other's or Octher's verbal narrative taken down from his mouth by King Alfred, A.D. 890.

"And whereas all the other things, whether beast or vessel, that enter into the dreadful gulf of this monster's (whale's) mouth, are immediately lost and swallowed up, the sea-gudgeon retires into it in great security, and there sleeps."
MONTAIGNE, *Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

"Let us fly, let us fly! Old Nick take me if it is not Leviathan described by the noble prophet Moses in the life of patient Job." *Rabelais.*

"This whale's liver was two cart-loads." STOWE'S *Annals.*

"The great Leviathan that maketh the seas to seethe like a boiling pan."
LORD BACON'S *Version of the Psalms.*

"Touching that monstrous bulk of the whale or ork we have received nothing certain. They grow exceeding fat, insomuch that an incredible quantity of oil will be extracted out of one whale." IBID., *History of Life and Death.*

"The sovereignest thing on earth is parmacetti for an inward bruise." *King Henry.*

"Very like a whale." *Hamlet.*

"Which to secure, no skill of leach's art
Mote him availle, but to returne againe
To his wound's worker, that with lowly dart,
Dinting his breast, had bred his restless paine,
Like as the wounded whale to shore flies thro' the maine."
The Faerie Queene.

"Immense as whales, the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peaceful calm trouble the ocean till it boil." SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, *Preface to Gondibert.*

"What spermaceti is, men might justly doubt, since the learned Hosmannus in his work of thirty years, saith plainly: '*Nescio quid sit.*'"
SIR T. BROWNE, *Of Sperma Ceti and the Sperma Ceti Whale. Vide his V.E.*

"Like Spencer's Talus with his modern flail
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail.

. . . . .

Their fixèd jav'lins in his side he wears,
And on his back a grove of pikes appears."
WALLER'S *Battle of the Summer Islands.*

"By art is created that great Leviathan, called a Commonwealth or State—(in Latin, *Civitas*) which is but an artificial man." Opening sentence of HOBBES'S *Leviathan.*

"Silly Mansoul swallowed it without chewing, as if it had been a sprat in the mouth of a whale." *Pilgrim's Progress.*

"That sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all His works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream." *Paradise Lost.*

——"There Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, in the deep
Stretched like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his breath spouts out a sea." *Ibid.*

"The mighty whales which swim in a sea of water, and have a sea of oil swimming in them." FULLER'S *Profane and Holy State.*

"So close behind some promontory lie
The huge Leviathans to attend their prey,
And give no chance, but swallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way."
DRYDEN'S *Annus Mirabilis.*

"While the whale is floating at the stern of the ship, they cut off his head, and tow it with a boat as near the shore as it will come; but it will be aground in twelve or thirteen feet of water." THOMAS EDGE'S *Ten Voyages to Spitzbergen in Purchas.*

"In their way they saw many whales sporting in the ocean, and in wantonness fuzzing up the water through their pipes and vents, which nature has placed on their shoulders."
SIR T. HERBERT'S *Voyages to Asia and Africa.* (Harris Coll.)

"Here they saw such large troops of whales, that they were forced to proceed with a great deal of caution for fear they should run their ship upon them."
SCHOUTEN'S *Sixth Circumnavigation.*

"We set sail from the Elbe, wind N. E., in the ship called *The Jonas-in-the-Whale.* . . .

"Some say the whale can't open his mouth, but that is a fable. . . .

"They frequently climb up the masts to see whether they can see a whale, for the first discoverer has a ducat for his pains. . . .

"I was told of a whale taken near Shetland, that had above a barrel of herrings in his belly. . . .

"One of our harpooneers told me that he caught once a whale in Spitzbergen that was white all over." *A Voyage to Greenland, A.D.* 1671. (Harris Coll.)

"Several whales have come in upon this coast (Fife). Anno 1652, one eighty feet in length of the whale-bone kind came in, which (as I was informed) besides a vast quantity of oil, did afford 500 weight of baleen. The jaws of it stand for a gate in the garden of Pitferren." SIBBALD'S *Fife and Kinross.*

"Myself have agreed to try whether I can master and kill this Spermaceti whale, for I could never hear of any of that sort that was killed by any man, such is his fierceness and swiftness." RICHARD STRAFFORD'S *Letter from the Bermudas. Phil. Trans., A.D.* 1668.

"Whales in the sea
God's voice obey." *N. E. Primer.*

"We saw also abundance of large whales, there being more in those southern seas, as I may say, by a hundred to one, than we have to the northward of us."
CAPTAIN COWLEY'S *Voyage round the Globe, A. D.* 1729.

". . . and the breath of the whale is frequently attended with such an insupportable smell, as to bring on a disorder of the brain." ULLOA'S *South America.*

"To fifty chosen sylphs of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat.
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops and armed with ribs of whale."
Rape of the Lock.

"If we compare land animals in respect to magnitude, with those that take up their abode in the deep, we shall find they will appear contemptible in the comparison. The whale is doubtless the largest animal in creation." GOLDSMITH, *Nat. His.*

"If you should write a fable for little fishes, you would make them speak like great whales." *Goldsmith to Johnson.*

"In the afternoon we saw what was supposed to be a rock, but it was found to be a dead whale, which some Asiatics had killed, and were then towing ashore. They seemed to endeavor to conceal themselves behind the whale, in order to avoid being seen by us."
COOK'S *Voyages.*

"The larger whales, they seldom venture to attack. They stand in so great dread of some of them, that when out at sea they are afraid to mention even their names, and carry dung, limestone, juniper-wood, and some other articles of the same nature in their boats, in order to terrify and prevent their too near approach."
UNO VON TROIL'S *Letters on Banks's and Solander's Voyage to Iceland in* 1772.

"The Spermaceti Whale found by the Nantuckois, is an active, fierce animal, and requires vast address and boldness in the fishermen."
THOMAS JEFFERSON'S *Whale Memorial to the French Minister in* 1778.

"And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it?"
EDMUND BURKE'S *Reference in Parliament to the Nantucket Whale Fishery.*

"Spain—a great whale stranded on the shores of Europe."
EDMUND BURKE (*somewhere*).

"A tenth branch of the king's ordinary revenue, said to be grounded on the consideration of his guarding and protecting the seas from pirates and robbers, is the right to *royal* fish, which are whale and sturgeon. And these, when either thrown ashore or caught near the coast, are the property of the king." BLACKSTONE.

"Soon to the sport of death the crews repair:
Rodmond unerring o'er his head suspends
The barbèd steel, and every turn attends."
FALCONER'S *Shipwreck.*

"Bright shone the roofs, the domes, the spires,
And rockets blew self driven,
To hang their momentary fire
Around the vault of heaven.

"So fire with water to compare,
The ocean serves on high,
Up-spouted by a whale in air,
To express unwieldy joy."
COWPER, *On the Queen's Visit to London.*

"Ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart at a stroke, with immense velocity." JOHN HUNTER'S *Account of the Dissection of a Whale.* (*A small-sized one.*)

"The aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main pipe of the water-works at London Bridge, and the water roaring in its passage through that pipe is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from the whale's heart." PALEY'S *Theology.*

"The whale is a mammiferous animal without hind feet." BARON CUVIER.

"In 40 degrees south, we saw Spermaceti Whales, but did not take any till the first of May, the sea being then covered with them."
COLNETT'S *Voyage for the Purpose of Extending the Spermaceti Whale Fishery.*

"In the free element beneath me swam,
Floundered and dived, in play, in chase, in battle,
Fishes of every colour, form, and kind;
Which language cannot paint, and mariner
Had never seen; from dread Leviathan
To insect millions peopling every wave:
Gather'd in shoals immense, like floating islands,
Led by mysterious instincts through that waste
And trackless region, though on every side
Assaulted by voracious enemies,
Whales, sharks, and monsters, arm'd in front or jaw
With swords, saws, spiral horns, or hooked fangs."
Montgomery's *World before the Flood.*

"Io! Pæan! Io! sing,
To the Finny people's king.
Not a mightier whale than this
In the vast Atlantic is;
Not a fatter fish than he,
Flounders round the Polar Sea."
Charles Lamb's *Triumph of the Whale.*

"In the year 1690 some persons were on a high hill observing the whales spouting and sporting with each other, when one observed: 'There'—pointing to the sea—'is a green pasture where our children's grandchildren will go for bread.'"
Obed Macy's *History of Nantucket.*

"I built a cottage for Susan and myself and made a gateway in the form of a Gothic Arch, by setting up a whale's jawbones." Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales.*

"She came to bespeak a monument for her first love, who had been killed by a whale in the Pacific Ocean, no less than forty years ago." *Ibid.*

"No, Sir, 'tis a Right Whale," answered Tom; "I saw his spout; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow!" Cooper's *Pilot.*

"The papers were brought in, and we saw in the *Berlin Gazette* that whales had been introduced on the stage there." Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe.*

"My God! Mr. Chace, what is the matter?" I answered, "We have been stove by a whale."
Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Whale Ship "Essex" of Nantucket, which was attacked and finally destroyed by a large Sperm Whale in the Pacific Ocean. By Owen Chace *of Nantucket, first mate of said vessel. New York,* 1821.

"A mariner sat in the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimmed, was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale
As it floundered in the sea." Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

"The quantity of line withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture of this one whale, amounted to 10,440 yards or nearly six English miles." . . .

"Sometimes the whale shakes its tremendous tail in the air, which, cracking like a whip, resounds to the distance of three or four miles. Scoresby.

"Mad with the agonies he endures from these fresh attacks, the infuriated Sperm Whale rolls over and over; he rears his enormous head, and with wide expanded jaws snaps at everything around him; he rushes at the boats with his head; they are propelled before him with vast swiftness, and sometimes utterly destroyed.

". . . It is a matter of great astonishment that the consideration of the habits of so interesting, and, in a commercial point of view, of so important an animal (as the Sperm Whale) should have been so entirely neglected, or should have excited so little curiosity among the numerous, and many of them competent observers, that of late years must have possessed the most abundant and the most convenient opportunities of witnessing their habitudes." THOMAS BEALE'S *History of the Sperm Whale*, 1839.

"The Cachalot" (Sperm Whale) "is not only better armed than the True Whale" (Greenland or Right Whale) "in possessing a formidable weapon at either extremity of its body, but also more frequently displays a disposition to employ these weapons offensively, and in a manner at once so artful, bold, and mischievous, as to lead to its being regarded as the most dangerous to attack of all the known species of the whale tribe."
FREDERICK DEBELL BENNETT'S *Whaling Voyage Round the Globe*, 1840.

October 13.—"There she blows," was sung out from the masthead.
"Where away?" demanded the captain.
"Three points off the lee bow, sir."
"Raise up your wheel. Steady!"
"Steady, sir."
"Masthead ahoy! Do you see that whale now?"
"Ay ay, sir! A shoal of Sperm Whales! There she blows! There she breaches!"
"Sing out! sing out every time!"
"Ay, ay, sir! There she blows! there—there—*thar*—she blows—bowes—bo-o-o-s!"
"How far off?"
"Two miles and a half."
"Thunder and lightning! so near! call all hands!"
J. ROSS BROWNE'S *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*, 1846.

"The whale ship *Globe*, on board of which vessel occurred the horrid transactions we are about to relate, belonged to the island of Nantucket."
Narrative of the "Globe" Mutiny, by LAY *and* HUSSEY, *survivors, A. D.* 1828.

"Being once pursued by a whale which he had wounded, he parried the assault for some time with a lance; but the furious monster at length rushed on the boat; himself and comrades only being preserved by leaping into the water when they saw the onset was inevitable." *Missionary Journal of Tyerman and Bennett.*

"Nantucket itself," said Mr. Webster, "is a very striking and peculiar portion of the National interest. There is a population of eight or nine thousand persons, living here in the sea, adding largely every year to the National wealth by the boldest and most persevering industry."
Report of Daniel Webster's Speech in the U. S. Senate, on the application for the Erection of a Breakwater at Nantucket, 1828.

"The whale fell directly over him, and probably killed him in a moment."
The Whale and his Captors, or The Whaleman's Adventures and the Whale's Biography, gathered on the Homeward Cruise of the "Commodore Preble," by the REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

"If you make the least damn bit of noise," replied Samuel, "I will send you to hell."
Life of Samuel Comstock (the mutineer), by his brother, WILLIAM COMSTOCK. *Another Version of the Whale Ship "Globe" Narrative.*

"The voyages of the Dutch and English to the Northern Ocean, in order, if possible, to discover a passage through it to India, though they failed of their main object, laid open the haunts of the whale." McCULLOCH'S *Commercial Dictionary.*

"These things are reciprocal; the ball rebounds, only to bound forward again; for now in laying open the haunts of the whale, the whalemen seem to have indirectly hit upon new clews to that same mystic North-West Passage." *From "Something" unpublished.*

"It is impossible to meet a whale ship on the ocean without being struck by her neat appearance. The vessel under short sail, with lookouts at the mastheads, eagerly scanning the wide expanse around them, has a totally different air from those engaged in a regular voyage." *Currents and Whaling. U. S. Ex. Ex.*

"Pedestrians in the vicinity of London and elsewhere may recollect having seen large curved bones set upright in the earth, either to form arches over gateways, or entrances to alcoves, and they may perhaps have been told that these were the ribs of whales." *Tales of a Whale Voyage to the Arctic Ocean.*

"It was not till the boats returned from the pursuit of these whales, that the whites saw their ship in bloody possession of the savages enrolled among the crew." *Newspaper Account of the Taking and Retaking of the Whale Ship "Hobomack."*

"It is generally well known that out of the crews of Whaling vessels (American) few ever return in the ships on board of which they departed." *Cruise in a Whale Boat.*

"Suddenly a mighty mass emerged from the water, and shot up perpendicularly into the air. It was the whale." *Miriam Coffin, or the Whale Fisherman.*

"The Whale is harpooned, to be sure; but bethink you, how you would manage a powerful unbroken colt, with the mere appliance of a rope tied to the root of his tail." *A Chapter on Whaling in Ribs and Trucks.*

"On one occasion I saw two of these monsters (whales), probably male and female, slowly swimming, one after the other, within less than a stone's throw of the shore" (Terra del Fuego), "over which the beech tree extended its branches." DARWIN'S *Voyage of a Naturalist.*

"'Stern all!' exclaimed the mate, as upon turning his head, he saw the distended jaws of a large Sperm Whale close to the head of the boat, threatening it with instant destruction;—'Stern all, for your lives!'" *Wharton the Whale Killer.*

"So be cheery, my lads, let your hearts never fail,
While the bold harpooneer is striking the whale!" *Nantucket Song.*

"Oh, the rare old Whale, mid storm and gale,
In his ocean home will be
A giant in might, where might is right,
And King of the boundless sea." *Whale Song.*

* * *

Laurence Sterne was assured by a prominent Yorkshire lady that she had not read "Tristram Shandy." "And to be plain with you, Mr. Sterne, I am informed it is not proper for female persons."

"My dear good lady," replied the author, "do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there" (pointing to a child three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunic); "he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence."

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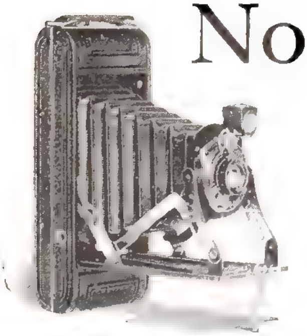

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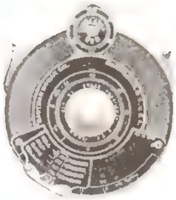

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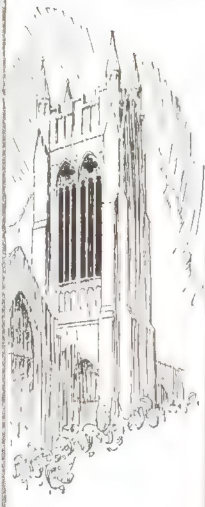

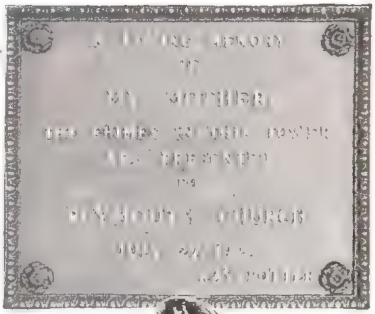

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Golden Ways To Golden Places

The Other Side of the World

The Rise of the Globe-trotter and World Cruises

IT WAS Rudyard Kipling whose keen though bespectacled eyes first noted the increasing number and accomplishments of the new human species, the "globe-trotter." Writing in the *Civil and Military Gazette* in 1887, he said:

"It is good to escape for a time from the House of Rimmon—be it office or cutchery—and go abroad under no more exacting master than personal inclination. The first result of such freedom is extreme bewilderment, and the second reduces the freed to a state of mind which, for his sins, must be the normal portion of the globe-trotter. And this desperate facility is not as strange as it seems. By the time that an Englishman has come by sea and rail via America, Japan, Singapore, and Ceylon to India, he can—these eyes have seen him do so—master in five minutes the intricacies of the Indian Bradshaw, and tell an old resident exactly how and where trains run. Can we wonder that the intoxication of success in hasty assimilation should make him over-bold? . . . The globe-trotter is worthy of a book."

But the globe-trotter has become worthy of not one but *many* books, and a vast machinery of travel, in the 38 years since Kipling wrote this! Globe-trotting is no longer mainly for the occasional restless Englishman; indeed the American has long since held all globe-trotting records. Half a dozen ships of major size, filled from top to bottom with nothing but globe-trotters, on organized world-cruises, leave American ports every year. And this is only the *group* globe-trotting! American organizing ability has made globe-trotting a continuous, not merely an occasional joy, and it has made possible the escape from most of the petty annoyances of travel. Most remarkable of all, it has provided almost continuous access to American standards of comfort during the entire trip, without change of steamer. And so well are these trips planned and timed that the ship is always in pleasant summer climes.

But this is enough to say of comfort. The objectives of the new species of globe-trotter are after all the garnering of the wonders of many lands. These wonders palsy the very hand of the ordinary writer in any descriptive attempt. Why not take a master's word? How, for instance, does a Kipling describe the Taj Mahal in India, said to be the most beautiful building in all the world? Diligent search reveals that Kipling has penned in his own way an inimitable picture:

"On a date and a place which have no concern in our story, an Englishman became a globe-trotter, leaving behind him his old and well-known life and journeyed to Jeypore. Before he had fully settled to his part or accustomed himself to saying 'please take out this luggage' to the coolies at the stations—he saw from the train the Taj wrapped in the mists of the morning. . . . "There is a story of a Frenchman who feared not God, nor regarded man, sailing to Egypt for the express purpose of scoffing at the Pyramids, and—though this is hard to believe—at the great Napoleon who had warred under their shadow. It is on record that that blasphemous Gaul came to the Great Pyramid and wept—through mingled reverence and contrition; for he sprang from an emotional race. . . . To understand the Englishman's feelings it is necessary to have read a great deal too much about the Taj, its design and proportions; to have seen execrable pictures of it, to have had its praises sung by superior and traveled friends till the brain loathed the repetition of the word; —and then, sulky with the want of sleep, heavy-eyed, unwashed and chilled, to come upon it suddenly. . . . Under these circumstances everything, you will concede, is in favor of a cold, critical and not too partial verdict. . . . As the Englishman leaned out of the carriage he saw first an opal-tinted cloud on the horizon, and later, certain towers. The mists lay on the ground, so that the Splendour seemed to be floating free of the earth; and the mists rose in the background, so that at no time could everything be seen clearly. Then, as the train sped forward, and the mists shifted, and the sun shone upon the mists, the Taj took a hundred new shapes, each perfect and each beyond description. It was the Ivory Gate through which all good dreams come; it was the realization of 'the gleaming halls of dawn' that Tennyson sings of; it was veritably the 'aspiration fixed,' the 'sigh made stone'

(Continued on page 58)

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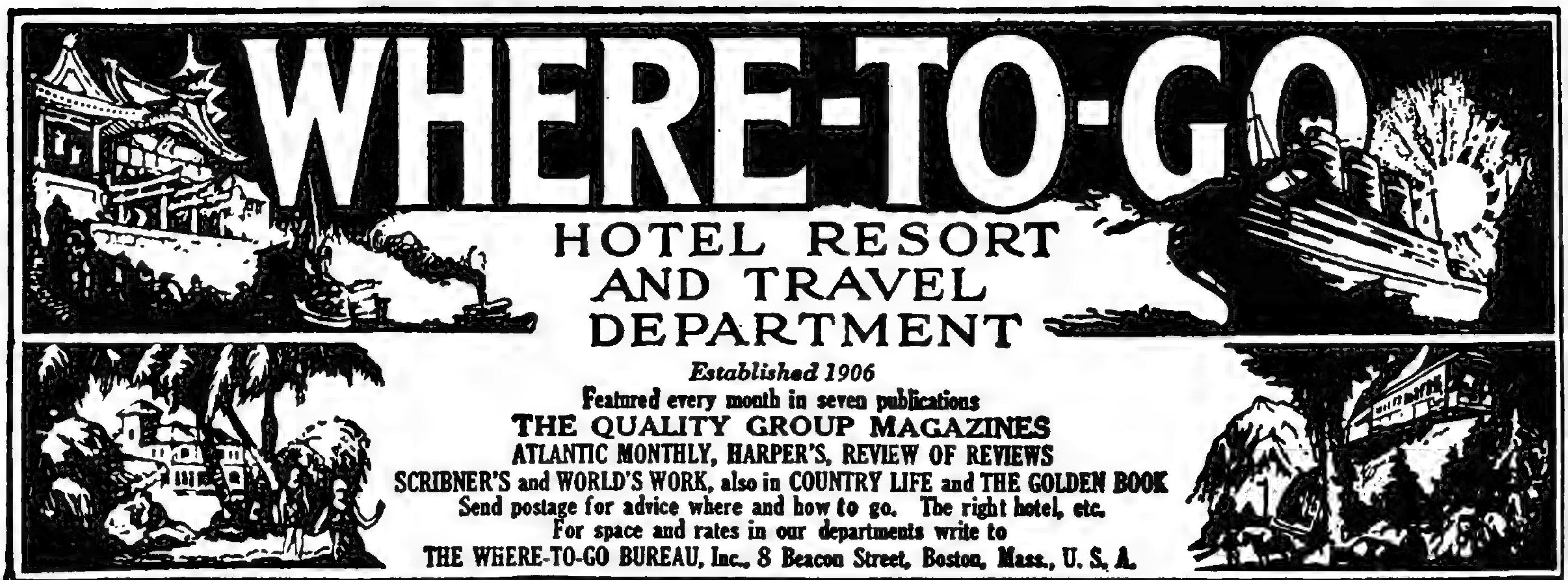

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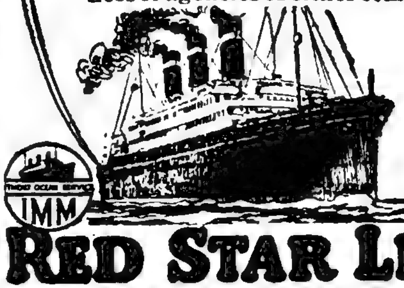

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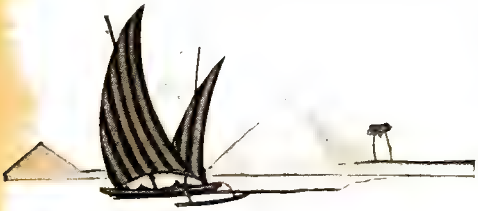

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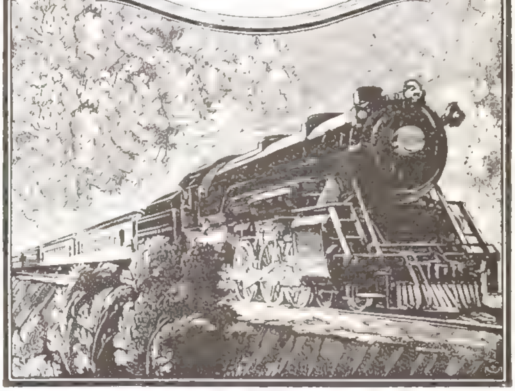

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55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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If agreeable, kindly state business..................

I do
I do not { object to my name being given to the financial houses selected. Strike out "do" or "do not."

The Other Side of the World—(*Continued from page 57*)

of a lesser poet; and over and above concrete comparisons, it seemed the embodiment of all things pure, all things holy and all things unhappy. That was the mystery of the building! It may be that the mist wrought the witchery, and that the Taj, seen in the dry sunlight, is only, as guide books say, "a noble structure." . . . The Englishman could not tell, and has made a vow that he will never go nearer the spot for fear of breaking the 'charm of the unearthy pavilions.'"

Hear too what Kipling says of the Japanese temples of Nikko, celebrated for its Shintoist and Buddhist shrines:

"Men say that never man was given complete drawings, details or description of the temples of Nikko. Only a German would try, and he would fail in spirit. Only a Frenchman could succeed in spirit, but he would be inaccurate. . . . I have a recollection of passing through a door with *cloisonné* hinges, with a golden lintel and red lacquer jambs, with panels of tortoise-shell lacquer and clamps of bronze tracery. It opened into a half-lighted hall on whose blue ceiling a hundred golden dragons romped and spat fire. A priest moved about the gloom with noiseless feet and showed me a pot-bellied lantern four feet high sent as a present by Dutch traders of olden time. . . . The temple steps were of black lacquer and there were posts of red lacquer, dusted over with gold, to support the roof. . . . Round each temple stood a small army of priceless bronze or stone lanterns. . . .

"After a while the builder's idea entered into my soul. He had said: 'Let us build blood-red chapels in a Cathedral.' So they planted the Cathedral three hundred years ago, knowing that tree-boles would make the pillars and the sky the roof."

And these two points on the other side of the world are but two out of two hundred things which appreciative globe-trotters never forget, and which all world-cruises never fail to include in their itinerary!

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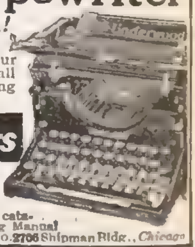

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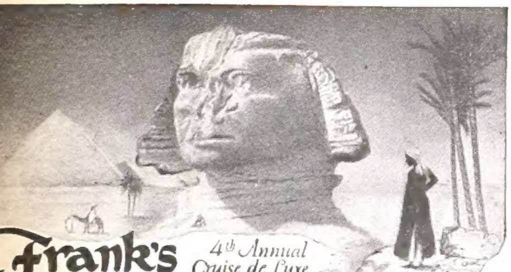

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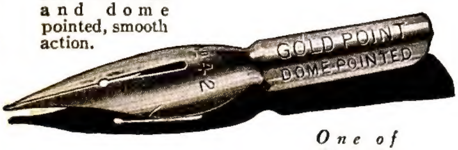

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SPENCERIAN Personal Steel Pens differ from ordinary kinds just as tailored clothes differ from "ready-mades." They are *hand-built* from the finest Spencerian steel. They are perfect in finish, with just the proper flexibility and smoothest possible points. One of the fifty different styles and sizes was built especially for your handwriting! It will prove a revelation in writing-ease. It is worth any two ordinary pens. It costs no more.

Send 10c for 10 sample pens and free booklet, "What your handwriting reveals."

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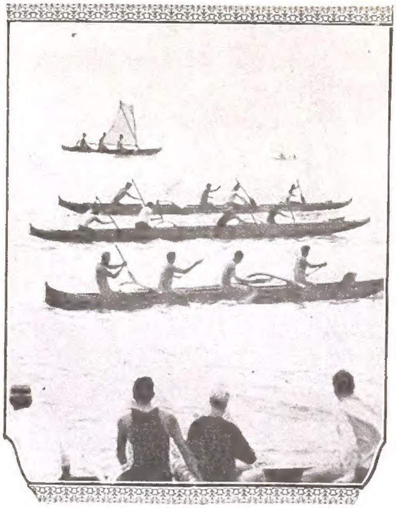

dreamy *Autumn* holidays *in* Hawaii

When the children are in school, why not take *your* holiday this fall? A gorgeous vacation in the Paradise of the Pacific, in the months between now and Christmas!

Strange as the outrigger canoes that race like long-legged waterflies at Waikiki, Hawaii is a territory of the United States with modern conveniences at moderate prices.

Long autumn days, sunny yet cool, to enjoy golf, polo, motoring, tennis, county fairs, swimming meets, surfing, inter-island cruising, deep-sea fishing. Tropic fruits, fragrant flowers and Hawaiian music. Hawaii National Park's volcanic wonderland is especially attractive in autumn.

Enjoy it longer

Plan to stay longer than the one or two weeks which a round trip of 3 or 4 weeks from the Coast allows. But the latter, costing as little as $300 to $400 for all expense including first-class travel and accommodation ashore, will give you a taste of Hawaiian enchantment.

Your nearest railway, steamship or travel agent will book you direct via Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Vancouver or Victoria, B. C. You'll enjoy the 5 or 6 days voyage to Honolulu on stately liners. Ample modern hotels on 4 larger islands.

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You Can Cook with the Gas Turned Off!

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Extra Hours of Freedom

The gas is burned with the Chambers Range just to start the cooking process. It is then turned off—and entire meals are completed without further care or attention. While your Chambers Range cooks with the heat you now waste, you are free to leave your kitchen for entire afternoons. Food is never burned or over-cooked, and keeps hot for serving for several hours.

Boiling and Stewing

Fully 75% of the average woman's cooking is done over the open burner. In all of this work the Chambers Thermodome applies the *retained heat* principle. While the gas is burning, it traps the heat escaping around the sides of the cooking vessels. The turn of the handle that shuts off the gas automatically lowers the Thermodome, and food cooks on with the gas turned off.

Roasting and Baking

While soup and vegetables cook under the Chambers Thermodome, the meats and baked dishes that complete the meal can be cooking in the Chambers Insulated Oven with the gas turned off. There is nothing to be made ready. The handle that turns off the gas closes the vents in the oven, and starts the process of cooking with *retained heat*.

Only 30 Minutes of Gas for Veal Loaf

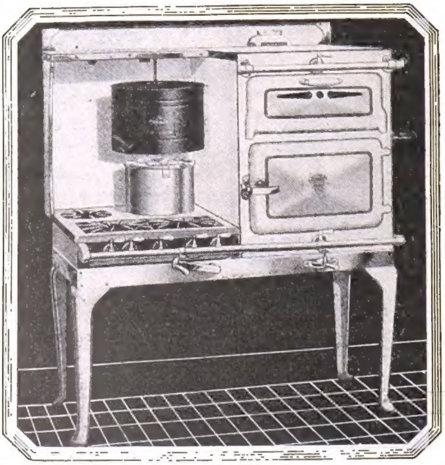
Entire meals can be cooked with the Chambers Range with but 30 minutes gas. With rich juices and flavor kept in—food is thoroughly cooked in the time ordinarily required with the gas constantly burning. Just consider these examples—

Boiling — Under the Thermodome

Dish	Gas Required
Fresh Vegetables	Bring to Boil
Prunes	10 minutes
Stewed Veal, etc.	15 minutes

Baking or Roasting in the Insulated Oven

Dish	Gas Required
Layer Cake	12 minutes
Meats	5 minutes per lb. (less if over 5 lbs.)
Apple Dumpling	8 to 10 minutes



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COOKS *with the* GAS TURNED OFF!

Gas Bills Cut in Half

Gas Bill
Gas Bill

The big saving on gas bills alone makes the Chambers Range a profitable investment in every home. Thorough tests have proved the value of the patented Chambers Features and have secured their national endorsement. The daily saving on gas helps to pay for one of the beautiful white porcelain, or black and white enameled Models while you enjoy all of its advantages.

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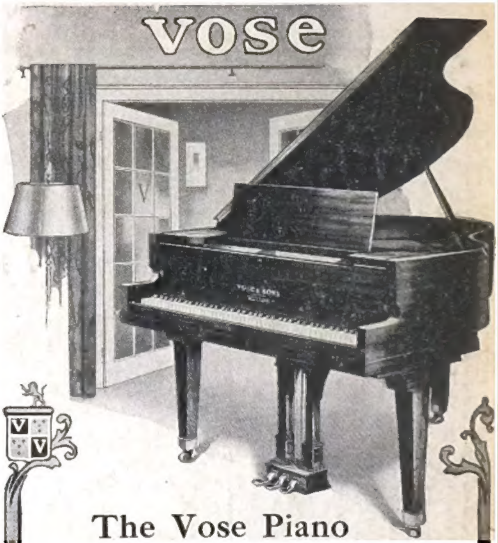

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